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THE HULL
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MISCELLANY,



VOL. I.

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HULL:

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W. STEPHENSON, R. T. CUSSONS, AND D. KAY, LOWGATE; J. PURDON AND

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AND J. LENG, SAVILE-STREET.

—
1844.



ADDRESS TO THE READER.

The conductors of the HULL LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY have been induced to bring the first volume of the work to a close earlier than they intended, in consequence of certain changes about to take place in the publishing department.

In the volume of the Miscellany which is now before the public, the conductors have endeavoured to carry out the principles stated in the prospectus, without introducing anything of a sectarian character, and from the support their work has received they are persuaded that their efforts to merit the approving smile of the reader have not been altogether unsuccessful.

It is their intention to introduce some slight alteration in the future numbers of the Magazine, in order that more space may be devoted to articles of an amusing and purely literary character. Finding that the limits of the Miscellany will not admit of the notices of lectures, delivered at the Philosophical Society and Mechanics' Institute, being extended to a sufficient length to give the reader a correct idea of the principles laid down and views taken by the lecturers, they intend in future to omit them. The meteorological table will also be omitted to make room for matter of more general interest.

Feeling conscious that a periodical of this kind is needed in Hull, they are determined, notwithstanding the numerous difficulties with which they have to contend, to persevere in their undertaking and rely with confidence on the support of their townsmen.

To their esteemed correspondents and regular subscribers they present their warmest thanks, and trust the alterations which they have thought advisable to make in their next volume will meet with their approbation.

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ERRATA.—Page 235, fifth line, for dish, read disk.



THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY.

OCTOBER.



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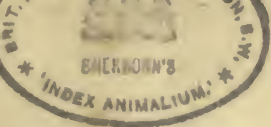
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No. I.

OCTOBER.

VOL. I.

INTRODUCTION.

THE rapidly extending diffusion of a literary taste is one of the most conspicuous and animating characteristics of our time. It is clear that our age is not fertile in those gigantic creations of original thought, that constitute the glory of our national literature, still it must be conceded, that no prior age ever witnessed literature assume so wide-spread a dominion over the public mind: "If we have ceased to produce profound thinkers, we have become more generally intelligent." The indications of this spirit of our times are to be discovered in the vast numbers of periodicals of the most dissimilar nature, that weekly and monthly issue from the press, and are greedily read by the public, notwithstanding the incalculable amount of matter daily addressed to them through the newspapers on the absorbing struggles of party politics. Admitting the predilection for productions of literary skill to be a general one in our day, are we to assume that Hull is exempted from its influence—that it is a sort of peculium into which the spirit of authorship has as yet not penetrated? We certainly do not discover one of the indications which ordinarily accompany it; we have no magazine, review, or other periodical. Does the feeling itself, then, pervade our town? It may be answered—

But such periodicals did exist—that several literary experiments were made ; and, whatever their imperfections, they developed some ability, and they only required the aid of public patronage to stimulate and mature what latent they exhibited. But this was withheld—they failed, to the disappointment of their projectors, and the regret of their contributors. With these inauspicious reminiscences to revert to, the projector of the present Miscellany has made another effort to furnish a medium for the literary talents of his townsmen. And did he limit his undertaking to this object, he might be reasonably diffident of success ; but when he announces that it is his intention to introduce into its pages reports of the lectures and addresses delivered at the Literary and Philosophical Society and the Mechanics' Institute—the importance and popularity of which is conclusively attested by the numbers who always listen to them with attention and delight—he hopes to receive the patronage of the public.

The more detailed enumeration of the objects and design of the periodical belongs to the prospectus ; and how the design and objects there stated will have been accomplished is to be ascertained from the periodical itself. Further premise, therefore, would be useless ; and the proprietor commits his publication to the public judgment, neither anticipating nor desiring any further favour than a fair appreciation of its merits, and a just construction of its imperfections.

TREVALLYAN :

A TALE OF CORNWALL.

“Like the pine, uprooted by the blast, he fell ; and the wailing wind sighed o’er his grave. Bards wept ; for he left no son. Mourn for him ! O mourn for him !—Oscar was the last of his race !”

OSSIAN .

CHAPTER I.

ON the south-western point of the county of Cornwall, there stood, in the sixteenth century, a fortress, named Trevallyan Castle. It was an extremely old fabric, and no vestige thereof now remains. Its architecture was, for the most part, in the Gothic style, though frequent additions, made by its successive lords to add to its strength and capabilities for resisting the attacks of an enemy, did not so strictly adhere to the architectural fashion of the rest of the building, as a fastidious critic would desire. No record remained to shew the exact date at which the castle was commenced ; but it was the prevailing belief that it had been erected by one of the nobles of Harold, as a sort of fastness to which he might convey for safety spoils unscrupulously obtained, either from the ocean, or by inroads upon the lands of his warlike neighbours. This nobleman, tradition tells us, was slain on the bloody field of Hastings, by the side of his brave, though unfortunate prince. Shortly subsequent to this fatal strife, by which the Normans gained possession of England, the castle and its domains were given to a follower of the Conqueror, by name Evereux, who added considerably to the extent of the edifice, by building on every side a massive battlemented wall, and by digging a moat on three sides of it ; the one remaining being sufficiently defended by a precipice, which, though it might, by great courage and perseverance, be ascended, yet could be maintained by one man against any number of the most fearless assailants. These fortifications, natural and artificial, contributed to render this fortress one of the strongest in Cornwall, and its possessor both feared and respected. The last of the Evereux family, Sir Ralph d’Evereux, was slain in the Holy

Land during the second crusade. By a grant from the crown, the castle and estates now passed into the hands of Sir Hugh Trevallyan, as a reward for good service done in battle, and for wise counsel in the cabinet. Sir Hugh was created an earl by Richard the Second. Hitherto the fortress had borne the name of *Le Chateau d'Evereux*, but was changed by him to that of *Trevallyan Castle*, in honour of his own family; he also made some additions to the fortifications of the place. Of its internal accommodations, it is needless to say more than that they partook of the general character of those of that period, little regard being paid to that polish and elegance which distinguishes later days. The waves of the ocean washed the sands which lay at the base of the rock on which the fortress was built; and about two miles to the southward were seen the white walls of *St. Anne's convent*, on the apex of *St. Michael's Mount*. There were several other monasteries in Cornwall and its neighbouring county, Devonshire, but none equal to this of *St. Anne*, which was celebrated not only for the piety of its nuns, but also for the riches of its treasury.

The name of the last Earl of Trevallyan, the hero of our story, was Richard. He was a man of tall stature and dark complexion. He was fierce and intractable in his nature, though long experience had taught him sometimes to listen to the suggestions of prudence. He was honourable in his conduct, yet a certain rapacity of disposition did at times exhibit itself; but this last was a failing of the times. His features were handsome, but a cast of sternness which they habitually wore, made him, at first sight, appear a man to be feared rather than loved.

It was a bright morning in the spring of the year 1538, that a herald demanded admittance at the carefully-guarded gate of Trevallyan Castle. The seneschal having, with his accustomed caution, carefully peered forth from a loophole, hidden from the gaze of any person standing without the entrance, demanded from whom the messenger had come. He replied that he brought letters of importance from the sovereign himself, which must immediately be submitted to the inspection of the Earl of Trevallyan, in order that the king might have his answer with the shortest possible delay. This message having been communicated to his lord, the seneschal ordered the draw-bridge to be lowered, and the portcullis raised; after which the herald was admitted, and conducted into a spacious and lofty hall, lighted at

each end by large arched windows of stained glass, which, combined with the loftiness of the apartment, threw over it a gloom by no means unpleasing. At the opposite end of the room to that by which the herald entered, was seated the possessor of the fortress, in a chair of dark oak, upon which were carved the arms distinguishing the family. The earl was busily engaged in examining a cross-bow, which a page who stood near him had brought; and so intent was he on his occupation, that he had forgotten the message brought to him a few minutes before by his seneschal. At a short distance on his right was seated a lady of great personal beauty, working at an embroidery frame; this being, at that period, a favourite employment of ladies of high birth. The herald had stood, viewing the scene before him, for some time, and looking occasionally at the tapestry with which the hall was hung. He was first observed by the lady, who instantly apprised her companion of the presence of the courier. The knight immediately gave the warlike instrument he had been examining to the page in attendance, and notified to the herald to approach. This he did until he reached the earl, when, after bending his knee, he presented the letters of his master, which were enclosed in an envelope of silk, and secured by a scarlet string of the same material. The string having been severed by the page's dagger, the Earl of Trevallyan took from the envelope a letter written by the hand of the king himself.

During its perusal, the lady raised her eyes to the earl's face, and carefully scrutinised its expression. At first a slight elevation of the eyebrows discovered that he was surprised at the contents of the royal epistle; then a smile of pleasure was observed to illuminate his swarthy features, and exclaiming, "'Tis well that my counsels are followed; and yet I deserve not this sarcasm!" he re-folded the letter, and, turning to the messenger, he said, "Thou hast been faithful in fulfilling the commands of our liege the king, and I owe thee thanks; take this," he continued, handing a purse to him,—“thou wilt not find it an empty one; and say not that the Earl of Trevallyan was ungrateful to the man who brought him good news. Tracy,” he proceeded, turning to the page, “take this faithful servant of the king, (whom God long preserve!) and see that he be well entertained, until he can be sped on his journey; and, hark ye! tell Walter Fitzalan to hie him hither forthwith!”

The page and his companion had scarcely vanished, when the lady

turned to her companion, and said, "Tell me, Richard, what that missive can contain to affect you so strongly, and to cause your brow so to display alternate shade and sunshine?"

"Why should I reveal to thee, dear Margaret, the secrets of monarchs?" returned the earl; "suffice it that this letter calls me to the capital on the king's service; but my absence will be brief."

"Again!" said the lady, rising and advancing towards him; "again to London, said you? Surely you have been torn from me enough already: seek not, dear Richard, to embroil yourself in the many plots and schemes which so characterise and disgrace these troublous times!"

"Fear not," replied the earl; "no danger is near; I go on no warlike mission. Here," continued he, handing her the letter, "this will explain all: thou art too fearful, Margaret, for the daughter of a Percy!"

The lady took the letter in her trembling fingers, and read as follows:—

"To our trusty and well-beloved Richard, Earl of Trevallyan, and Member of our Privy Council, Henry, by the grace of God, King of these realms, sendeth greeting.

"It was not well of thee, Trevallyan, to leave our royal presence with such lack of respect as thou shewedst when we last gave audience to thee; nevertheless, though reverence is especially due to us as the Lord's anointed and defender of the faith, we grant thee forgiveness, and the remembrance of thy contumely shall fade from our mind. The counsel thou didst give in the matter of the monasteries and religious houses has found favour in our sight; and that we may further advise with thee, let us see thee in three days after thou receivest this letter. And let me tell thee to beware of Norfolk, for he is thine enemy.—Henry R.

"From our royal house of Whitehall, this tenth day of April, A.D. fifteen hundred and thirty-eight."

When the lady had concluded her perusal of this epistle, she further inquired of her husband the import of the several parts of it; for not being accustomed to know his secret plans and purposes, she was much in the dark about the real meaning of the king. Her husband, contrary to his wont, gave her an explanation, the substance of which we shall here submit to the reader.—In 1536, Henry the Eighth

destroyed several of the lesser monasteries in England, chiefly by the advice of the Earl of Trevallyan and Thomas Cromwell, then at the summit of kingly favour. It was the strenuous advice of the former that the whole of the monastic establishments should be destroyed at a blow, and their revenues divided between the crown and its faithful vassals. This advice was exceedingly grateful to the monarch; but he, with some of his privy council, were fearful that it would be proceeding with too great impetuosity, and therefore he thought it prudent merely to order commissioners to examine into and confiscate a few of the lesser convents. At the conference which resulted in this order, the Earl of Trevallyan was so chagrined and angered that his advice was not followed, that he actually forgot that deference which he owed to his sovereign, and, in consequence of this impolitic and uncourtier-like behaviour, had lost ground in the favour of Henry. This was the circumstance to which the king's letter alluded as the "lack of respect shewn in the royal presence." Henry now found an opportunity for prosecuting those plans which had been recommended by the earl, who, though he had temporarily disgraced him, he believed to be one of his most faithful subjects.—That part of the epistle relating to the Duke of Norfolk, was intended to put Trevallyan upon his guard against that powerful and wily nobleman, who had long borne a secret dislike to the earl. This dislike had been recently discovered by the king, through some unguarded expressions uttered by Norfolk, which were immediately reported to him by a person inimical to that nobleman. The hatred of Norfolk, who was a bigoted papist, partly took its rise from the advice given by Trevallyan to the king, concerning the destruction of the monasteries, but more from the following circumstance:—The Duke of Norfolk had sued for the hand of Margaret Percy, daughter of the Earl of Northumberland. He was accepted by the damsel's father, but the maiden was unwilling to trust herself to the protection of Norfolk because he was a papist, the Percys having been favourable to the doctrines of the Reformation, ever since they were first promulgated; and, in addition to this, she could not bring herself to like his person, which was under the middle height of man, and inelegantly formed, though his countenance bore the most unquestionable marks of high birth and breeding. At this crisis, the Earl of Trevallyan,—who had been with Lord Dacre, the Warden of the Western Marshes,

on a foray into Scotland,—in returning into Northumberland, rode down to the earl's castle to renew an acquaintance, which had commenced when Henry the Eighth made his celebrated journey into France, and held conference with Francis the First on the "Field of the Cloth of Gold."

(To be continued.)

THE SPIRIT OF HOPE.

From the regions of Fancy I burst into life,
With the pastoral pipe and the bugle of strife;
My colours are planted, my aide-de-camp, Fame,
Makes the whole human family echo my name.
I'm found in the borders with eglantine drest,
Where Love is attended by all things but rest;
I enter on shipboard, the sailors to please
By fairy-wove dreams as they plough the salt seas;
'Tis the good bark Adventure, and soon she'll be found
Under vertical suns, or where icebergs abound;
I'm enthroned in their hearts, and with me they disdain
To think of the dangers that lurk on the main.
I'm found with the statesman—I'm found at the throne—
With Ambition and Glory—and virgins alone;
I'm found with the Poet 'midst paper and pens,—
Who ne'er had a patron, and very few friends;
And, low in the pocket, he's used like a Turk,—
But I've lent him my name to commence a new work.
I'm found in the dungeon the patriot to cheer,—
I'm found with the Chief when the battle draws near;
In fine I am pacing for ever and aye,
Where the breathings of life meet the breezes of day;
I'm the Spirit of Hope! see, my standard's unfurl'd,
And I'm coming, I'm coming to light up the world.

FRED. BRYAN.

METEOROLOGY.

No. I.

ON LUNAR AND PLANETARY INFLUENCES OVER THE WEATHER.

IT may be regarded as a maxim, that the encouragement of a satisfied un-enquiring credulity is at variance with the spirit of a genuine philosophy, and that the general tendency of the latter is to explain and elucidate. Still, as science advances, in proportion as its elaborations are unfolded and its combinations resolved, in many instances, the statement, the satisfactory and continuous chain of proof, becomes of more intricate and complicate detail. Every step, however, in such a process abundantly repays the attentive enquirer for a little of close and it may be of difficult attention. Fresh prospects of beauty and of wonder are from time to time disclosed, the mental stimulus indispensable to the successful pursuit of knowledge is more and more vigorously excited, until at length the laborious ascent of the "Hill of Science" is rewarded by a thrilling and enrapturing view of those unseen and beautiful operations and relations, which are manifested to untiring diligence alone. In other words, an industrious accumulation of facts, and the careful and accurate record of phenomena require to be inductively pursued through their several and varied connections : we are by this means led to the discovery of first principles and simple laws, and to a revelation of the beauties and wonders of organic and inanimate nature. All past experience assures us of everything to hope from an assiduous pursuit of the mode of philosophising which in later ages has been thus successfully adopted ; for however desirable in certain stages of philosophic investigation, theories, hypotheses, or even empiricism may be, it cannot be questioned that ultimately they must abide the test of facts, phenomena, and experience.

Occult or mysterious influences might, in the infancy of science, seem to comport with phenomena, frequently to appearance paradoxical and still more often inexplicable ; these however have gradually weakened their hold on public credence, as the obscurity and difficulties connected with the various departments of natural science have been

clearly and satisfactorily removed. Under these circumstances, we are excited to some degree of surprise, that at the present day, in any quarter, astrology, (a fiction suited only to the darkness of the middle ages,) should be seriously entertained and studied : previous to the era of Bacon, speculations and fancies in which even the profound mathematician Kepler indulged may easily be excused. "The love of the marvellous" which furnishes an indulgence to the mind unaccustomed to rigorous scrutiny and searching investigation, was then fed by conflicting theories and the great uncertainty regarding stellar motions and design; the now complete state of physical astronomy, however, which leaves no planetary or lunar motion unexplained or unaccounted for, and which exhibits a perfection of design at once making provision for every variety of position and distance as may be clearly and mathematically shown, and quite irrespective, indeed contradictory of the fanciful configurations of the astrologer, when properly viewed, renders absurd any theory merely arbitrary, of a subordinate and mysterious influence whether exerted over the weather, individuals or nations. Such voluntary theories are dependant chiefly on a latent predisposition which leads the uninformed to reverence mysterious, albeit, often incongruous predictions, and to yield credence to whatever savours of that *sort of* knowledge of futurity which true philosophy rejects, and which, there is abundant evidence to show, the arrangements of the great Author of nature entirely preclude.

More particularly to notice that branch of astrology which connects itself with atmospherical phenomena : since the time of Kepler (to whom allusion has been made, and who, notwithstanding his discovery of principles which lie *near* the foundation of all physical astronomy, wasted much valuable time in fanciful imaginative conjectures) no name of astronomical eminence is to be found associated with occult planetary predictions.

It is known that the immediate agency so affecting the atmosphere as to produce changes of weather is a variation in temperature : the fundamental conditions of the evaporation of moisture from the earth's surface and its re-condensation in the atmosphere are essentially dependant on such variations for their fulfilment, and it may be remarked in passing, that the unseen but beautiful operations of nature are in no case more interesting than under the circumstances of the reciprocal action of evaporation and condensation. The atmosphere

of air above the earth's surface, as is well known, decreases in temperature in a certain ratio to its altitude; in this atmosphere rises another of aqueous vapour, exhaled from the earth and ocean in quantities proportionate to the heat prevailing at the surface, and which also decreases in temperature as it rises in the air: the two atmospheres, it should be noticed, continuing quite distinct and disunited. Now if both atmospheres cooled in ascending at the same rate, as much vapour would continually exist, as the atmosphere of air could sustain—in other words, it would always be saturated with moisture; the effect would be that a thin mist would generally obscure the sky, and the least fall of temperature produce copious depositions of dew. By a beautiful arrangement, however, the air cools more rapidly upwards than the vapour, from which it follows that in the higher regions the vapour mingling with colder air, gives out its latent heat and is condensed into clouds; the pressure on the vapour below being thus removed, more water rises by evaporation, and when as much exists in the upper regions as their temperature will sustain in the form of gas, a fall of rain ensues. In the mean time the lower part of the atmosphere is kept clear, or unmistified, and considerably above the point of saturation; thus instead of obscuring the entire depth of the atmosphere by thick, palpable, and almost continual mists, the vapour on condensing is formed into thin strata or layers of clouds, leaving the great bulk of the atmosphere clear and transparent. It may be noticed that after a warm day, a clear sky at night induces a rapid radiation of heat from the earth's surface, and by this means a great fall of its temperature; on these occasions there are copious deposits of dew, and the vapour becomes visible in condensing, as a thick mist creeping along the surface; this does not generally rise very high, the temperature being then always lowest near the earth, the air above being warmer the vapour there remains uncondensed and invisible: a fall, however, of several degrees of the thermometer is necessary to produce these mists and dews, and if an equable decrease of atmospheric and aqueous temperature had occurred in ascending, such mists and dews would have been continual and pervading the whole depth of the atmosphere. The general operation of the two atmospheres is thus simply stated. The atmosphere of air, rarified by heat at the equator, ascends and proceeds in upper currents towards each pole, a returning current sets in towards the equator at the surface filling up

the void created by the ascent. On the contrary, the atmosphere of vapour raised at the equator has a continual tendency to proceed to the poles in the lower strata of the atmosphere: the air tends from the colder to the warmer parts; the vapour from the warmer to the colder. From this circumstance alone it will be seen that the solution of their actual effects in any locality becomes very difficult, dependent on the predominance of one current or the other, and which currents themselves are modified by the varied distribution of land and water and many other causes.

In the aggregate such a balanced provision exists, that no excess of rain or of drought incompatible with the requirements of animal and vegetable life is possible. This, however, is entirely dependent on the sun's action in producing heat varied according to the different circumstances of the earth's surface afterwards to be noticed: it must be borne in mind that the important elements of weather, clouds, mists, fogs, rain, hail, and snow, result from the sole operation of the two principles before stated viz. —condensation and evaporation: again, the effect of the presence or absence of the sun, occasioning heat or cold is through the media of absorption and radiation. A reference to actual phenomena will illustrate this:—during the winter months in this country, a rapid fall of the thermometer, or cold weather, succeeds a short continuance of a clear and still atmosphere, a very few days of such a state bringing on a severe frost; this arises from the unimpeded *radiation* of previously *absorbed* heat from the earth's surface into open space. In summer, on the contrary, absorption predominates over radiation, and a consequent higher temperature results. It may be here noticed as a peculiarity of the climate of England, that unless with the continuance of a North or East wind, no frost lasts beyond a few days without intervals of thaw: this arises from our insular position; the ocean which surrounds us preserves a greater uniformity of temperature than large continents, its surface in summer absorbs less heat and is cooler, and in winter radiates less and is warmer, the capacities of the two surfaces for absorption and radiation, and indeed, the mode of the action of the sun's heat on the two being different: thus at sea the daily range of the thermometer is rarely more than 4° to 6° , whereas, on the continent of Europe it often amounts to 20° to 30° ; when, therefore, by rapid and continued radiation produced by a cloudless sky, the temperature of this

island has in winter been reduced 20° to 30° , there exists a strong tendency to the restoration of equilibrium with the warmer atmosphere of the contiguous ocean. The first effects of condensation then, in the contact of strata of air of differing density and temperature containing aqueous vapour ensues, and we soon perceive indications of change, by the formation of cirrus, the lightest modification of cloud in the higher regions of the air; the sky speedily becomes obscured, heat which before was radiated from the earth and dissipated, is now prevented from escaping by opaque clouds, and a gradual rise of temperature is the result, generally followed by rain: we thus see that it arises from the insular position of this country that the weather is subject to such frequent changes in winter. The alternate action of radiation from the earth, and reflection by the clouds, is often very sensibly evinced during seasons of severe cold; a passing cloud will occasion a rise in the thermometer of a degree or more, the radiated heat being confined by the cloud near the earth; when the cloud has passed and the sky has vertically become clear, the thermometer again falls, the radiation being uninterrupted and the heat lost in space.

The same principles are effective over the earth's entire surface, each prevailing in proportion to the predominance of large surfaces of earth or ocean. Within the tropics the vertical rays of the sun are so absorbed in continental situations as to occasion intense heat, in islands and places on the coast nearer to the ocean the heat is mitigated: again, within the arctic circle, the heat absorbed during the brief summer is rapidly radiated when the sun approaches the horizon, and during his long absence the earth's surface is at its lowest temperature. It is well known that the atmosphere of the sea coast in this country is cooler during the summer months than the interior of the island; it is equally true, though perhaps less generally known, that in winter the sea coast is warmer than the interior, its annual range of temperature being more limited and uniform.

Seeing then that all the elements of weather and its changes are essentially dependent on temperature and its variations, it is proper to enquire whether the moon, planets or stars have been ascertained to produce thermal action on the earth's surface. That the planets, in common with the fixed stars, are powerless in exciting heat, may be regarded as certain by the following fact—their combined effect in those parts of the globe refrigerated by the long absence of the sun,

produces no more than is supposed to be the temperature of space, viz. 58° below zero, a degree of cold which prevails in Arctic regions before the close of their long winter. The nearness of the moon, and the quantity of reflected light proceeding from it, has led to the conjecture that when at full, it may occasion a rise in temperature; careful experiments, however, have demonstrated, that no perceptible rise of the thermometer occurs from this cause, even when the moon is at full, at its greatest altitude, and in perigee, or at its nearest distance from the earth; moreover, a record of the weather, at the quadratures and changes, perigee and apogee of the moon, during a fifty years course of observation, exhibits such varied results as leaves no possibility for the construction of even an approximative theory of the weather dependent on lunar action. From the eccentricity of the moon's orbit, and its nearness to the earth, its attraction on the earth's atmosphere is slightly variable: it is, however, ascertained that no *sensible* effect is produced in the weight of the atmosphere by these causes not at all affecting barometric pressure: indeed it is more than probable that any minute perturbative effects from this source are so far overruled by the many causes at all times operating in bringing about atmospheric change, and which may perhaps on a future occasion be stated, as to render the minute fluctuations dependent upon it quite irreducible to law, and utterly undiscoverable by observation. All mutual planetary connections with which we are made demonstrably acquainted depend upon the following law, viz.—their influence is in the inverse ratio of the square of the distance; that is to say, at twice any given distance only one fourth of the influence, and in that inverse proportion for every variation. Now, from the incommensurability of the periods of all the planets, every successive conjunction of any two takes place in different points of their orbits; hence the difference of distance from the earth, say of Saturn, in successive conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn, amounts to 700 millions of miles: in one conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, Saturn may be distant from the earth 800 millions of miles, in the next conjunction of the same planets he may be distant 1500 millions of miles; now from the operation of the law just named, the influence of Saturn on the earth at a distance of 1500 millions of miles, would only be 1-4th of its influence at a distance of 800 millions, so that the greatest diversities in result would accompany every conjunction,—but what

modification, it may be asked, could the remote and comparatively small body Saturn, although one of the largest planets, induce on the direct action of the sun distant from the earth not 100 millions of miles, more voluminous in bulk than Saturn by 1000 times, and by its physical nature so distinct from that of the planets, evidently intended to be not only the centre or focus of planetary motion, but the great and only source of heat, light and vitality. Even the known and demonstrated perturbative influence of Jupiter, Saturn, Venus, and the whole of the planets on the earth's motion, is an almost inappreciable fraction as opposed to the predominating force of the sun; and with reference to any other species of their mode of action it has yet to be discovered.

Again, in disproof of planetary configurations being any thing but a figment in the brain of the astrologer, it may be stated that their variations as seen from the earth, being dependent merely in their synodic periods, or that portion of time which brings them to the same aspect with respect to the earth, do not exhibit an astronomical connection, but only an apparent coincidence of place as seen from the earth and consequent on the earth's position being eccentric to the planetary paths of motion.

If anything depended on the co-operation or conflicting of planetary power denoted by the terms conjunctions, trines, quartiles, sextiles, oppositions, &c., it would not be to their geocentric places, or such as they appear to occupy when seen from the earth, that we must refer to detect their real position and influence. Our position is unfixed with regard to their paths, and renders every successive aspect, although bearing the same name variable by our great changes in relative distances. It is only as viewed from the sun that the real, or as it is termed the heliocentric place of a planet is accurately defined, and it cannot fail to be regarded as absurd that relative positions in the planetary system, which in reality involve no consequent increase or diminution of distance, should be regarded with superstitious interest. When a certain amount of meteorological change is considered due to the influence of two planets because they are in conjunction in reality they may be wider apart than when viewed from another point of the earth's orbit they may appear as in opposition; and similarly regarding the other aspects, a trine aspect or an angular distance of 120° , may be a real one of no more than 90° or equal to a quartile

and so for the rest ; in fact if any one study for himself the effect of all the planetary configurations connecting the superior and inferior planets, as viewed from the earth, he cannot fail to recognize the absurdity of attaching any importance to relations so varied and so little founded on any real mutual state of approach or recess : astronomically, all these motions and configurations are mathematically determined, and beautifully harmonise by referring them to the sun, the centre of the system, and to the mutually perturbing but ultimately compensating periods among themselves, but astrologically, their places, configurations, and supposed influences are chaotic and irreconcilable. But again, the ever varying positions of the planets among themselves renders it impossible that more than one observation can have been made when their combined influence on the earth (speaking astrologically) was the same ; for instance, there has been but one conjunction of the five principal planets since the christian era, and a long period has yet to elapse before the whole five will again be in conjunction. On this incommensurability of periods depends, as might be shown, the stability of the entire planetary system : any particular aspect then including all the planets, has existed but once during the long period before referred to : if each planet then exert an influence modified by its relation to others manifesting a different or counter agency, it is evident that the mingled result is, and has been momentarily varying from century to century, and before the lapse of thousands of years but one cycle of variation will be complete. The conjunctions of Jupiter and Saturn, for instance, take place periodically five times in a century, but every succeeding conjunction is effected under different aspects to Mars, Venus, and the other planets ; the same will hold good, concerning any pair of planets which we may select, becoming of course more complex as we combine them beyond two, three, or four ; it will therefore, beyond doubt, require far more than astrological skill to determine *a priori*, the occult nature of planetary combined influence, of which neither history nor experience can furnish an example.

We are confessedly but in the infancy of the age of definite electrical observation and experiment ; its various developements seem to have sanctioned the conclusion that all the phenomena of electricity, galvanism, and magnetism, are connected by one original and mutual principle : we are informed that electricity cannot be elicited in the

absence of calorific and mechanical action unless through the medium of chemical action : the obvious incapability of the distant planets to produce any of these effects is conclusive against their asserted share in affecting the weather through the medium of electric excitation. It is true it has been thought that in the analysis of the sun's light, some of the colours of the spectrum have been more effective than others in exciting electricity ; whether or not this be correct, and which appears from recent investigations very doubtful, the most powerful colours were considered to be indigo, violet, white, and green, whereas the prevailing planetary colours of yellow, orange, and red, were thought to be ineffective.

In some future number of this magazine an attempt will be made, to explain some of the causes which may and really *do* produce changes of the weather ; in the mean time I would conclude the present article with the following observations :—

Whilst a mean uniformity of distance, and of general influence, (I use the term with reference to a known and demonstrated power) has been maintained in the planetary system from the day of Creation, the investigations of geologists have shewn that this earth has undergone mutations of temperature and humidity so extensive as no longer to be adapted to the exigencies of the same organic nature ; entire genera and species have been swept away, fresh and *perfectly distinct* successions of animated nature have been from time to time created, and in their turn have been destroyed by the varying and important conditions of the earth and its atmosphere : even the elementary constitution of the atmosphere itself has been apparently reconstructed. During the deposition of part of the secondary formation of the earth's surface, it was inhabited by various species of the Saurian or Lizard tribe ; from an anatomical and physiological investigation into their structure these reptiles differ essentially from birds, and the mammalia, in the less active performance of the respiratory function, and in a lower and simpler structure of the lungs and heart, whereby they become less dependent on the oxygen of the atmosphere for existence. From this and the subsequent extinction of a vast portion of the reptilian class, the physiologist is led to conjecture that the atmosphere had not then undergone those changes which a subsequent consolidation and concentration of certain of its elements may have occasioned. And again, from considerations of the peculiar features of the extinct Flora

occurring in the same formation, the botanist has been led to suspect that the atmosphere of this globe formerly contained more carbon, and less oxygen, than at present; yet amidst these important and vital changes, affecting not merely the well being, but the very existence of plants and animals, lunar and planetary motions have been going on in one continuous cycle, their *mean* distances preserved unaltered, and their conjunctions, oppositions, and other aspects occurring periodically as at present, and we may be assured that whatever future modifications of the atmosphere may be in reserve, whether arising from astronomical, geological, or magnetic causes, that the same planetary and lunar configurations will be continued, ineffective however either to promote or retard the great transition: and that when perverted to the purposes of meteorological, or judicial predictions, their only effect is to astonish the ignorant, and mislead the credulous.

M.

SONG.

Sorrow hath shed
Her sad tears around thee,
Bright joy is fled
And pale grief hath found thee;
But weep not—oh! weep not, tho'
Sadness you see,
For Pleasure will yet wreath her
Garland for thee.

Now Sorrow's flown
And Joy is returning—
Gladness alone
In thy bosom is burning;
Then smile thou—oh! smile thou, for
Pleasure I see,
With sweet wreaths of flowers just
Woven for thee.

JANE E. PAGLAR.

OUR COUNTRY AND HER CLAIMS.

(From the Mines of Wielitezka.—A Tragedy.)

BY DR. BUCHANAN.

As the Poles are securing the Austrian soldiers—enter Miners armed, who engage the prisoners. Crasoski throws himself between the Combatants.

Crasoski. Art thou of Poland ?

Miner. Yes.

Crasoski. Then wherefore stand
You thus in arms arrayed,—against our Poland ?

The miners lower their arms.

The mountain stream—the plains—the desert wild,
Or cultured soil—or sterile rock,—all that
To Poland *did* pertain—is thy Country !
Nor tyrants sceptered, nor their numerous hosts,
Can e'er her sacred, immutable claims efface.
Thy country claims of thee—of all her sons
She claims, their riches—lands—whate'er of life's
Choice blessings they possess—nay, more; *their lives* !
Their toil, in strife—of battled fields—or blood—
Or treasures of the mind—by night—by day—
Bleak storms or sunshine—still, their sole delight
To guard the freedom of their native land !
And shall our POLAND be thus trode !—despoiled !
Of all her beauty—strength : her daughters—sons—
Her fair possessions—held in servile chains !
And we be men ! whose blood beats high on sound
Of Liberty ! Shall we endure this weight
Of slavery's vile doom ? NO. Rouse, Sarmatians !
Our Poland shall be FREE ! To arms !—awake !
Freedom calls ! and Victory, leads the van !

The miners join the prisoners with repeated huzzas.

AMYNTOR AND ALMIRA.

(Translated from the Phonographic Journal for March.)

THE following most interesting and instructive piece is copied from an old Magazine entitled the "*Aurora*," in which it appears as an "Extract from a well known Author". We should be glad if any of our readers can refer us to the original, or inform us who is the author of so beautiful a description of that heaven upon earth—true marriage, the union of congenial minds "in the Lord". [Ed. P. J.]

AMYNTOR AND ALMIRA.

HAVING been invited to breakfast with a gentleman and lady who had been married several years, I was shown by the servant into a neat little room and told to sit down till he should call his mistress, who, he said, had that moment stepped up stairs; the apparatus for the breakfast was upon the table, and as my eye glanced over it I observed a piece of paper carelessly folded up and thrown into one of the bowls: a pen and ink standing by, I immediately concluded that the lady, who was remarkable for being a good economist, had been setting down some little expences in a hurry, intending, perhaps, to enter them at leisure into her day book. My curiosity prompted me to unfold the paper, with a design of rallying her a little, when she appeared, upon the exactness of her economy; but judge of my surprise, when instead of a family account, I met with the following sensible, easy, and unassuming little essay, which seems to have been her morning meditation, just poured forth extempore from a heart deeply touched with a sensibility of its own domestic bliss.

As she did not come down immediately, I had leisure to peruse the whole. I here transcribe it, and doubt not that your honest heart will thrill with pleasure whilst you read it.

"Almira's Essay on the Marriage State.

"If ever we may be allowed to say that marriages are made in heaven, it must be when the union is formed upon a disinterested affection, a love that cannot be described even by those who have felt it; my own heart tells me that it is beyond all description; sure I am

that the flame is kindled and cherished too by a superior power. 'Tis not a pretty face, or an elegant person,—'tis not a brilliant wit, or a fine understanding, that can excite or preserve mutual affection, it springs from a higher source; it has been known to subsist in its utmost ardour where these accomplishments have been wanting; there is a nameless sympathy of congenial souls, even amongst those of the same sex, which is felt—which cannot be described,—but which lisping mortals have denominated *Friendship*.

“When this nameless sympathy meets in congenial souls of different sexes 'tis amazingly heightened, friendship cannot express the sensation, and we have learnt to call it by the name of *Love*: a name, indeed, sadly profaned by the lips of the sensualist, and covetous, and ambitious, but felt and understood in its true meaning and import by those alone who seek for happiness in the sweet tranquility of domestic endearments, who consider the lover and the husband but as one and the same character.

“Such an union is indeed devoutly to be wished for, and when once accomplished the pleasures of life are enjoyed with a double relish, because each, besides his own, partakes of the beloved partner's sensations. Misfortunes too—and whoever tasted the cup of life without finding some bitterness in the draft?—misfortunes too loose half their weight by being divided, and as each assists the other to bear the load, so each comforts the other whilst labouring under it.

“Time, that great destroyer of temporal objects and human joys, perpetuates and increases such a felicity as this, which depends not so much upon external circumstances as upon the internal feelings of their own breasts; in the days of their marriage they may with more propriety be called lovers than in the days of their courtship.

“Failings no doubt each will discover in the other as long as the angel is clogged with the fetters of mortality, but even in this they so much resemble one another, that they soon learn either to overlook them, or to bear them with a meekness which true love never fails to inspire.

“This sweetness of disposition, mutual forbearance, and uninterrupted intercourse of endearing sensibilities must not only secure to them all the bliss which this world has to give, but must be an excellent preparative for their future enjoyment of those external scenes, where love reigns without the least alloy of any sordid passion,

and to which they will carry with them the same affections doubly purified and darting back from their beatified spirits to that lovely centre whence they originally came.

“ Great source of love enable me * * * * *

Here stopt her hand, interrupted probably in her pious ejaculations by some family call, to which she always sacrificed her own private gratifications.

Scarcely had I read the paper and replaced it in the bowl, before Almira made her appearance, and welcomed me to her house with that unaffected sweetness of address which ever attends and indicates a meek and humble heart. Indeed I have long been of opinion that true politeness is not indebted solely to art, or what is called good company, but derives its peculiar charm from a higher original, and breathes and tastes of heaven.

I immediately confessed, and begged pardon of the good lady for the liberty I had taken to peep into her manuscript. With a blush of genuine modesty she excused me, and apologised delicately for the hasty scrawl, as she called it, and hoped that her sentiments met with my approbation.

I was just going to express the high satisfaction which those sentiments had given me, when Amyntor, the husband and the lover of Almira, entered in from his morning walk. I saw the glance darted and caught from the eyes of both; it spoke a thousand feelings, which all the softness of language could never have expressed. Amyntor's friendship for me dictating such a welcome as would have warmed the coldest heart, it failed not to kindle the flame in mine, and with these two married lovers I was more highly and rationally entertained than ever I had been at a breakfast before.

Just at parting I communicated to Amyntor what had passed, and at my request he furnished me the next morning with a copy of Almira's Essay

* * *

THE HUMBER WOLDS.

Sweet hills of beauty ! from your towering brows
 What lovely landscapes burst upon the sight
 In rich variety ! Afar ! afar !
 Our vision stretches o'er a mingled mass
 Of hill, dale, water, meadow, corn field, wood,
 In brightness blending.—At your bases lie
 Plains rich in rural elegance, and fraught
 With sylvan loveliness. Fair villages,
 Cots, hamlets, farms in sweet confusion gleam ;
 Here Welton hides beneath her sylvan shades,
 And rural Elloughton 'mid towering trees,
 And Brantingham with its romantic dale.—
 From your first rising nigh the Humber's shore
 Where Hessle lifts her village spire on high,
 To where, with bolder eminence, ye turn
 At Cave, laid hidden in its hollow dell,
 And sweep away in undulating line
 Far to the north, what beauties ye enclose
 Betwixt your summits and the water's marge !
 A poet's world ! where his keen eye may find
 The whole of nature which his heart could wish,
 Save cloud-encircled mountains, craggy rocks,
 And ocean more sublime. With pensive step
 He here may wander through sweet rural lanes,
 Whose mazy windings cheat the roving eye
 And charm it to delight ! His feet may roam
 Along the pathway through the yellow corn,
 Whose heads bow down with weighty fruitfulness,
 Whilst all around most lovely landscapes gleam
 In varied beauty, oft seen through the trees,
 Or o'er the hedges filled with fragrant flowers.—
 The fertile meadow, or the pasture land,
 With cattle feeding—oxen, kine or sheep,
 In perfect happiness, may glad his eye.

He then may wander through the spreading wood,
With tangled mazes and perplexing paths
Where darkness dwells eternal, though the sun
Be seated on his noon-tide throne of light.
Here springs gush out and winding weedy brooks
Roll their clear waters o'er smooth-pebbled beds,
And fill the air with pleasant murmurings.
Birds of all notes flit in the sunny air
Or carrol woodland melodies whilst perched
Upon the branches, or amidst the bush
Of elder or of hawthorn. Far on high,
Lost in the splendour of the dazzling rays,
The lark sings joyful, and his quick sharp notes
Fall softly on the ear. He seems a bird
Not born on earth, but one who oft descends
From some far sphere, so lofty is his flight !
But chief the poet will delight to climb
The breezy summits of the swelling hills,
Whilst the far prospects daze his eye and fill
His heart with exultation. In his breast
Such tumult swells at the enchanting sight,
That scarce his spirit can refrain from song,
His voice from uttering some impassioned strain.—
As he moves on from point to distant point,
The landscapes vary, and no pen can tell,
Or painter's graphic canvass e'er display
The scenes of crowded beauty.—From the heights
Of upland fields of pasturage, or corn,
Whose high-heaved plain is girt around with woods,
Above the pine-trees purple-pointed tops
At various intervals, on every hand,
The distant country, clad in tints of blue,
Is faintly seen. Sometimes along a vale
Our vision wanders, where steep winding sides
And hills circuitous present a bold
And noble foreground to the far-off scene,
Where Humber's waters, placid, calm and smooth,

Roll their bright current through the purpled land.
Within the vale of Brantingham, when eve
Turns slowly into night, and sombre shades
Enshroud all objects, making them appear
Of magnitude sublime, the pointed hills,
And rugged steeps with furze or pine trees clad,
'Mid the deceptive gloominess, a scene
Of mountain grandeur cast upon the sight.

Is there a portion of the British isles
Where nature in more rich profusion casts
The choicest of her treasures ! Where she crowds
All her mild beauties in so small a space !
It seems a spot where she has deigned to bind
Her fairest wreath of sight-delighting flowers ;
Her richest temple, where she would display
The winning softness of her gentle smile,
And chain all hearts in admiration's bonds !

Sweet hills of beauty ! be it oft my lot
To wander o'er ye, when the light of morn
With yellow lustre gilds your loveliness ;
When noon-tide radiance pours its silver tide
Of keen refulgence, making all things seem
The brighter visions of a fairy world ;—
But chief when eve with her unnumbered tints,
Her rainbow dyes, her sky-descended hues,
Paints every landscape, and brings out to view
Sweet lights and shades inimitably soft,
Supremely delicate, intensely fair.

May all your beauties on my spirit cast
Reflection of their beauty, and create
Within my mind those rich illumined thoughts,
Which, linked with numbered language, shall become
Soft songs of soul-entrancing poesy.

MEETING OF THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

THE British Association for the advancement of Science has this year held its Thirteenth Annual Meeting at Cork. In consequence of the distance from the metropolis, the attendance was not so numerous as usual. The proceedings commenced on Wednesday, the 16th August, by the meeting of the General Committee to arrange the business of the week. The Secretary, Col. Sabine, in the report which he had read, announced a grant from the Government of £1,000, for the purpose of publishing a Catalogue of the Stars in the *Histoire Celeste* of Lalande, and of Lucaille's Catalogue of the Stars in the Southern Hemisphere.

The first General Meeting was held on Thursday Evening, in the Corn Exchange, when the Marquis of Northampton (in the room of Lord Francis Egerton, who was kept away by indisposition) resigned the presidency to the Earl of Rosse. Mr. John Taylor read the accounts. The sum received at Manchester, from members, was £1,737; contributions and sale of books, £372; ladies and sectional tickets, £364. The sums paid in grants for prosecuting scientific purposes was £1,565. The property of the Association was, in Three per Cent. Consols, £5,500; balance of cash, £496; unsold reports, say £1,000; total, £6,700. The receipts at Cork amount to about £600.

The President (the Earl of Rosse) having taken the chair, after a short delay, rose to deliver the annual address, of which we can only present our readers with a very brief extract, and to which we would invite attention. The observations of the Noble President, applying as they do equally to *other* Institutions of a kindred nature, will be read with interest by all connected with the Literary and Scientific Institutions of our Town; after some remarks relative to his appointment to the office, &c., he observed, "It was impossible not to participate in the gratification which all must feel in seeing so many men of eminence assembled to assist each other in promoting objects of such deep and general interest. The man of the world who, busied in the changing scenes of life, watches with fixed attention the actions of men, while he occasionally perhaps casts a passing glance at science as it happens to present to him some new wonder—he cannot fail to

look with surprise, and, I may add, with gratification, at a meeting so large, (and in this country too,) from which politics are altogether excluded. Here he will see no angry conflict of passions, none of that feeling of bitterness and animosity, which never fails to attend the contests between man and man, between different classes in the same country, or between different nations : all proceeding from the same cause, or nearly so—a struggle for power ; in other words, a struggle for dominion over man, and through him over the material things of this world. But in such a contest, what is gained on one side must be lost on the other. Here, on the contrary, however much may be gained, there can be no loss to any one. This is no paradox ; for here the object of the contest is to increase man's knowledge, and with it at once his power over the material things of this world. It is plain, therefore, that in the objects we have in view, all have an equal interest ; that the contest we are engaged in is one of friendly rivalry, all competing in their efforts to promote that knowledge, that science, which has been given to us as the reward of industry, and by which the gifts of a bountiful Providence may be increased and improved, for the benefit of man, to an extent almost unlimited."

After calling the attention of the meeting to the reports and other documents of the Society, shewing what the Association had already effected, he said, " However it appears to me that—without presupposing any knowledge whatever of these matters, or of the past history of this Society—without assuming that it has in any one instance effected, by joint co-operation, important and laborious researches in the cause of science, still that, even to a person who will not take the trouble of enquiring and informing himself—an answer to the question, Does the Association advance science ? may be returned, short but conclusive. The answer I should give would be this: I appeal to the experience of every man at all conversant with the history of science, and with the working of scientific societies, whether it is not an indisputable fact, proved by experience, that all such societies, when properly conducted, are powerfully instrumental in promoting the advance of science.

" It may, perhaps, be worth while to inquire for a moment in what way the associations of scientific men promote science. There are many and very obvious ways in which they do so. I shall mention

but one. The love of truth ; the pleasure which the mind feels in overcoming difficulties ; the satisfaction of contributing to the general store of knowledge ; the engrossing nature of a pursuit so exalted as that of diving into the wonders of the creation ; all these are very powerful incentives to exertion ; and under their influence great works have been undertaken in the cause of science, and carried through to a successful termination ; but I believe few will be disposed to deny that further inducements must be highly useful.

“ Let it be for a moment recollected, that where any, even the most trifling, step in advance has been gained, except, perhaps, the accidental discovery of a simple fact, there has usually been a long and laborious course of previous preparation. It has been necessary, even in the more popular sciences, to know accurately, first, what had been done by others ; to see distinctly the boundary line between the known and the unknown, before there was the least chance of effecting anything ; and in the higher departments of science, such is the time to be expended, so great the toil to be endured in ascending to that elevation, from which the difficulties to be encountered but just begin to appear, that the task is one to which the undivided energies of man exerted for many years are no more than commensurate.

“ One disappointment succeeds another, and years of toil pass away and no result. Under these trying circumstances the Associations of scientific men afford their friendly aid ; they soothe disappointment, excite hope, and prepare the way to redoubled exertion : they call into active existence that principle which has been implanted in our nature for the noblest purposes—the legitimate ambition of meriting and receiving the approbation of our friends and associates. In the ordinary circles of acquaintances, the man engaged in scientific pursuits will find very few, if any, who can understand and appreciate his labours ; but in such associations as this, there are always many who see exactly the object aimed at, the difficulties to be encountered, and who are ready to acknowledge with gratitude every successful effort in the cause of science.

“ But this Association performs other important services. It appears to me to diffuse over scientific inquiry (if I may so express myself) a salutary influence—a healthy vigour of action. What more calculated to dispel that feeling of languor and weariness, the

consequence of excessive mental labour long continued, than the freshening excitement of an interchange of ideas with men to whom the same course of research had long been an object of interest ? What more likely to extinguish any petty jealousy which might arise—and scientific men, like other men, have their weaknesses sometimes—than to bring all the parties together in friendly intercourse, where they cannot but feel they have a common object, and are working in a common cause—the discovery of truth ?

“ Again : should the mind, pursuing in retirement some single scientific object, raise up to itself notions exaggerated and unreal, of the importance of that object, and then, elated and misled by some trifling success, should it throw off the garb of humility, the characteristic of science pursued in a proper spirit, what more calculated to dispel the illusion than these meetings, where the man, however eminent in that branch of science to which he may have devoted his almost exclusive attention, will be sure to find others immensely his superior in every other department of human knowledge ? And it is not merely for the sake of individuals engaged in the pursuit of science that these consequences are so valuable ; it is also for the sake of science itself.

“ I will not detain you by enlarging upon the other obvious beneficial consequences of these meetings, such as the opportunities they afford for the free discussion of questions upon which the concentrated knowledge of individuals may be brought to bear with so much success—the opportunities they afford for the formation of new friendships between scientific men, often fraught with consequences very important to science, and the necessary tendency of them to encourage a taste for science. Upon all these I will abstain from offering any observations. There is, however, one consequence of these meetings, to which, if you will permit me to detain you a moment longer, I will just advert.

“ It has been remarked by a modern traveller of considerable depth of observation, that he had always found in the children of the fields a more determined tendency to religion and piety, than amongst the dwellers in towns and cities, and that he conceived the reason to be obvious—that the inhabitants of the country were less accustomed to the works of man’s hands than to those of God. May not the

observation be of more extensive application than at first sight appears? and if it be true that where we dwell constantly in large cities the mind is liable to be led astray by the habitual contemplation of the works of man, forced upon it imperceptibly by the continual succession of ideas—all of the same character—all originating in objects which have been shaped and fashioned by man, may it not also be true that it is equally liable to be led astray where it concentrates its whole attention, and exerts its whole energy without relaxation in the contemplation of the greatest of all human works, that which the labour of so many centuries has raised up—the structure of the abstract sciences? And if that be so, what more calculated to unbend the mind, and to divert for a season the current of ideas into other channels, than these periodical meetings, where, in the proceedings of every section, matter will be found of the deepest interest to every true philosopher; and where, however dissimilar the facts, however varied the inferences, the results will everywhere be still the same—that of putting forward more prominently in bold relief the wonderful works of creation? It appears to me, if I may presume to offer an opinion on such a subject, that the continual progress of discovery is destined to answer objects far more important than the mere improvement of the temporal condition of man. Were there a limit to scientific discovery, and had we reached that limit, we should be in the condition of a man who, with the most splendid landscape before him, was insensible of its beauty because the charm of novelty had passed away. Each successive discovery, as it brings us nearer to first principles, opens out to our view a new and more splendid prospect, and the mind, led away by its charm, is carried beyond and far above the petty and ephemeral contests of life: but the more rapid the discoveries are, the more powerful the charm, and therefore great is the motive for exertion; and in labouring in this cause there is this gratifying reflection, that our labours cannot injure our successors, for the region of discovery is rich beyond the powers of conception; and however much we may draw from it we shall not leave its treasures exhausted—no, not even diminished, because they are infinite.”

FOR EVER.

YES, in "for ever" dwells a tone,
 A thrilling import all its own.
 Say, has not man some seat of bliss,
 Some rest more durable than this,
 Some home from whence a guiding ray
 Cheers the poor pilgrim on his way,
 Bids faith with eagle eye aspire,
 And hope light up the vestal fire?
 Yes, wait the few appointed years,
 A scene beyond the tomb appears,
 A scene—but ah! what mortal hand
 Can sketch the glory of that land?
 Eye hath not seen, nor ear, nor heart,
 Heard or conceived a thousandth part.
 To death's cold grasp alone 'tis given
 To lift the veil that hangs o'er heaven.
 Yet though so much lies hid from view,
 When truth shines clearly, brightly through,
 The glory, whatsoe'er it be,
 Is link'd with immortality.
 Once reach it, child of love divine,
 Once enter, 'tis for ever thine.
 No flight of time prescribes a bound,
 No mockery now is in that sound.
 No change is there, no sad decay,
 No shades of night, 'tis one long day;
 No seasons in their circle bring
 Winter and storms, 'tis one sweet spring,
 Nor weekly cares, nor worldly pains,
 The spirit vex, one Sabbath reigns,—
 All, all is fix'd on that blest shore,
 And fix'd in joy *for evermore*.

A LECTURE ON CHESS.

BY H. R. FRANCIS, ESQ.

Being an outline of that delivered before the Members of the Philosophical Society, on Tuesday, February 7th, 1843.

A LECTURE on "Chess," before such a society as I have the pleasure of addressing, may be objected to by some as wanting in dignity; by others as deficient in interest. To the former class I would reply, that the game of Chess is raised far above all other recreations by its high antiquity—by the great names which have been connected with its history—and still more by its highly philosophical character. In answer to the latter, I would merely refer to a small collection of Chess anecdotes which I hold in my hand, published early in this century. In one of its chapters, a catalogue is given of 50 works on Chess then extant. This number is now increased fully threefold, by treatises of every kind, from the simplest elementary lessons on Chess to Mons. Alexandre's elaborate and scientific compilation, "L'Encyclopedie des Echecs." Paris, moreover, and London, respectively maintain periodicals which enjoy an extensive circulation, though devoted entirely to Chess. I refer to the "Palamede," edited by the first of French Chess players, Mons. St. Amant, and the "Chess Players' Chronicle," conducted by Mr. Staunton, the first of English professors, excepting the veteran Lewis. These may, I think, be considered decisive proofs that there is a large and growing class to whom the subject which I have chosen is highly interesting. And if that class have but few representatives in Hull, I have only to hope that my present Essay may recommend the game to some who have neglected it, not from dislike, but from ignorance of its real character.

The subject naturally arranges itself under three heads—its history, its social value as a recreation, and its tactics. Under the first of these heads, I may naturally be expected to state the country where Chess originated, the name of its author, and the date of its invention. I regret, however, to say, that to none of these questions can a satisfactory answer be rendered. With regard to the first, however, the evidence appears to me to be strongly in favour of India. Europe

certainly has no claim to the honour. The story of Chess having been the invention of Palamedes is a modern error. No notice of any game more complicated than *Draughts* occurs in any ancient author; the "calculi" which were played with on the "tessellæ," or chequered board, having evidently possessed no distinction of ranks. This will appear from a careful examination of the often-quoted passage from a poem ascribed to Lucan, "Te si forte juvat," &c., and of a similar, though less ample description in Ovid's "Amores."

The *Pessoi*, or game of pebbles, ascribed to Palamades, was played (as appears from the first book of the *Odyssey*, where it is practised by Penelope's suitors) on the ground in the open air, and hence was probably not a sedentary game like draughts, but more resembling the schoolboy's diversion of "hop-scot." The same term would subsequently be applied to other games played with pebbles.

That the game of Chess was of Eastern origin, is rendered more than probable by the fact, that, whereas in Europe it is found only in its perfect state, it still exists in the East in a much ruder form, and abundantly mingled with chance. Nothing can be less likely than that the game should have sprung at once into being in its present complete array, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Many centuries probably elapsed ere it reached its present most scientific form. And this view of the case is strengthened by the name of the game (in the earliest form to which we can trace it), and those of several of the pieces, which are of Oriental, and most probably of Indian derivation; while they are apparently better suited to a form of the game unknown in Europe. The Persians declare that they derived the game from Hindostan; and though the Celestials put forth a rival claim, I cannot consider them either as trustworthy witnesses in their own case, or as equal to the Hindoos in antiquity or early civilization. A notice of Chess in one of the Byzantine historians early in the 11th century, leads one to believe that it was probably through Constantinople that the game was introduced from the East into Europe; and on the same principle I should ascribe to the Moors its early prevalence in Spain.

More modern times have furnished many interesting occurrences connected with the history of this pastime. Our own Charles the First was engaged at Chess when he learnt that the Scots had resolved to betray him—nor did the news prevent his finishing the game.

Charles XII., of Sweden (of whose characteristic style of play it is recorded, "*qu'il faisait toujours marcher son roi*") occupied himself with this while awaiting the Russian attack at Bender. And lastly, with these mimic conflicts did the restless spirit of Napoleon beguile the wearisome inaction of his "sullen isle."

But "let bygones be bygones"—let us turn from the Chess players of other days, and see what benefit we can draw for ourselves, for our friends, and our firesides, from this most intellectual recreation. We must (to use old *Æsop's* beautiful illustration) unbend the bow sometimes; and for myself, I confess I am acquainted with no sedentary amusement comparable to Chess. It exercises at once the inventive faculty, the powers of calculation, the judgment, and the temper. For a fuller investigation of these its effects, I would refer my hearers to an ingenious paper on the "*Morals of Chess*," written by the great Dr. Franklin, and deemed worthy of publication by the "*Society for promoting Christian Knowledge*." On one particular social advantage of Chess, however, I must for a short time dwell, and the more because on this point many persons are under a strange misconception. I allude to the total freedom of this game from any gambling tendency. Under this head, billiards, cards, and even backgammon, are all objectionable; at Chess alone is the intellectual struggle sufficiently exciting to need no stake. Indeed, were any one so far infected by the distemper of play as to be desirous of gambling at Chess, the very nature of the game would stand in his way to bet against the stronger player being mere madness. But in truth, no one for a century past has gambled or dreamed of gambling at Chess—and in the hundred clubs of Great Britain no stake is allowed beyond a sixpence, for the benefit of the general fund, imposed here and there as a sort of fine on the loser.

I have never heard but one objection to Chess which carried any resemblance of weight. I refer to the large outlay of time which it frequently occasions. To argue, however, from the abuse against the use of anything, is generally a logical fallacy. There is no amusement which may not be pursued to excess; and the very word excess implies evil. Those who are averse to grave occupation will always find excuses for neglecting it; and the man who wastes his time with Chess would probably have been equally idle without it.—(I remember a man who was considered a martyr to the billiard-room. On one

occasion he found himself in a remote corner of England, where billiards were unknown. He solaced himself for hours together by the solitary and senseless game of Patience!) To this general answer to the objection above named, I will add, that I have known very few tolerable Chess players who were of a frivolous turn of mind. To such, indeed, the intellectual conflict of Chess would scarcely prove a recreation.

A club, of course, affords the best opportunity both of enjoying the diversion of Chess, and of improving in the science. But it would be rendered easily attainable as a domestic recreation if the rudiments were in the first place generally learnt, and if beginners would resolve in general to match themselves fairly by giving or taking such odds as would equalise their strength. For want of this, many have quitted the chequered field either wearied and dejected by repeated defeats, or, like the Irish tailor of pugnacious memory, "*blue-moulded for want of a bating.*"

Ere I quit this part of my subject, I beg to remind my hearers that Hull possesses a Chess club containing several very promising players. The meetings are weekly, held in the Public Rooms on Monday evenings, from seven o'clock to eleven, during the whole winter season. After eleven o'clock no new game may be commenced. The numbers as yet are but limited; but convinced as I am that the natives of this district are generally gifted with more than average powers of calculation, I confidently hope to see a Chess-club in Hull rivalling even those of Leeds or Nottingham.

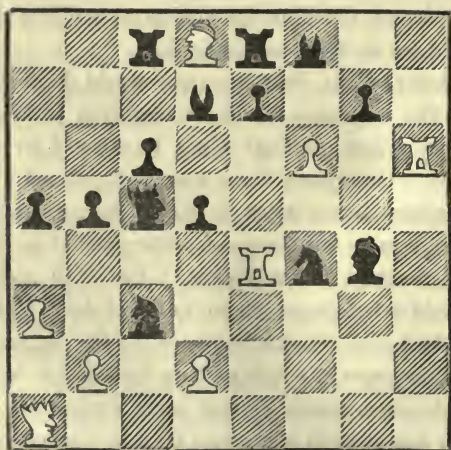
[The remainder of Mr. Francis's paper would be scarcely intelligible without the apparatus which he employed in illustrating the tactics of Chess. The openings which he selected for explanation and comment were the Giuoco Piano and the Evans and Cunningham Gambits. He likewise explained at length the construction of that ingenious, though in no fair sense *automatic* piece of mechanism, the celebrated "Automaton Chess Player." For a full account of this figure, we would refer our readers to Vol. 1 of the "Chess Player's Chronicle," which was repeatedly quoted by the lecturer. At the conclusion of the paper of which we have furnished a sketch, a short discussion took place, which elicited some curious and interesting anecdotes, and also brought into notice the four-handed game, which all seemed to agree in recommending, with the proviso that the time

allowed for moving should be limited. Subsequently, many of the company adjourned to the Chess-room, where some spirited games took place. We understand it is Mr. Francis's intention to give during the season a lecture confined to the tactics of Chess, especially the most celebrated openings. Boards and men will be set out in sufficient numbers to enable the audience to follow the course of the games, and one of the large saloons in the Public Rooms will be employed on the occasion as a lecture-room.]

C H E S S P R O B L E M .

No. 1.

BY H. R. FRANCIS, ESQ.



White moves, and forces Check Mate in 4 moves.

AN EVENING WITH THE STARS.

BY J. D. SOLLITT.

THE science of Astronomy has in all ages been highly calculated to produce a powerful influence on the human mind ; and if whilst it was in its infancy, it should cause the ancients to say, “ Quis est tam vecors, qui, cum suspexerit in cœlum, non sentiat Deum esse ?” no wonder that the pursuit of it to a certain extent should be highly delightful to every thinking mind, when we take into consideration the expanded views which modern discoveries have given to this science.

The last two or three months have, from the effect of the extraordinarily fine weather, together with the favourable situation of several of the planets, been most highly interesting to the practical astronomer. And for the sake of illustration we will take the evening of the 16th of September, than on which a finer or more beautiful sky was never seen. Looking out soon after sunset, we perceived the planet Mars in the south-west, Saturn near the meridian, and Jupiter in the south-east. As the evening advanced, the distant Herschel made his appearance in the east, and then the moon rose majestic as queen of the night in the north-east. Let us now suppose the telescope to be turned to each of them in succession ; first Mars, with a power of about 200 times, exhibited a beautiful round disk, larger than the full moon, on which we observed his surface shaded with continent and ocean, together with his polar regions wrapped in eternal snow—at once proving the connexion between the constitution of this planet and our earth. Passing from Mars to Jupiter, we observed him with his four attendant moons and surface, diversified with his belts, arising from the clouds in his atmosphere being thrown into this form by the rapid motion on his axis ; to see those appearances, a much smaller telescope and a lower power will suffice than what is required for shewing the various appearances on the surface of Mars, but his four attendants, rapid rotation on his axis, and want of obliquity to the plane of his orbit, at once point out a wide difference in the constitution of this planet and our earth, and shew that the all-wise Creator at once delights in beauty and variety, and is capable of fulfilling the intents of creation by a diversity of means. From Jupiter we turned to Saturn, and with a similar power to that used for Mars, we perceived

the features of this planet beautifully developed, his body, like that of Jupiter, diversified with belts, and surrounded with his double ring and seven moons, forming a constitution of which we as inhabitants of this earth can form no just conceptions; something so wonderfully different to what is connected with our planet, that could we be for a short time transported to this magnificent world, we should be lost in wonder at the splendid appearance of their heavens, lighted up in the evening by the luminous arch of the ring and seven beautiful moons of different sizes, making their appearances in various parts of the sky, and with all the varied forms which our moon puts on from the horned to the full, and each sailing through the blue ethereal vault with nearly three times the rapidity of ours. From Saturn we turned to the Herschel planet, but here our instrument nearly failed us; his immense distance, and dim appearance, preclude anything but the largest telescopes from showing his disk and moons in a satisfactory manner, and with a power of 200 we only succeeded in seeing two of his moons and a very small disk; we therefore turned to our attendant, the moon, which was at that time in a most favorable situation for viewing with the telescope, being near the quarter; on her surface we observed that splendid diversity of mountain and valley, rock and plane, which indicate a globe, something similar to our own, but yet so wild and romantic, as only the most extensive alpine scenery on our planet can give an imperfect idea of; rocks piled on rocks, and stony mountains, frowning on the wide extended planes, craters of ancient volcanoes, thirty miles in diameter, and in many places craters within craters, showing the wide extension of volcanic agency, many hundred times greater than anything on the surface of our earth. In some parts perpendicular rocks, rising from the surface to the height of two or three miles, the sides of which no beings such as live on our planet could scale; in other parts rocks, almost globular, and of a mile or more in diameter, resting on little more than a point, and which, to a spectator placed near them, would almost look like planets tumbled from their orbits. Such is the constitution of our moon, and such the telescope of the modern astronomer is capable of revealing; indeed it brings us in connexion with things which before its discovery we could have no ideas of, and points out wonders in creation which without its aid we should never have formed the most distant conception of. These few hasty observations show what may

be done in one short evening, when the weather and situation of the planets are both conducive to practice; they have been so, for a long time, during the present season; another year they will be equally as favorably situated; and I sincerely hope these remarks may have a tendency to cause some of your readers to observe for themselves, being assured if they do, they will find themselves highly repayed for their trouble in the intellectual treat they will receive.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.

| BAROMETER. | | WIND. | | | |
|-----------------------|-------|----------------------|--------|----|--------|
| Monthly Mean | 29.76 | N | 0 Days | S | 1 Days |
| Mean at 9 a.m. | 29.74 | NE | 1 " | SW | 7 " |
| Ditto 3 p.m. | 29.76 | E | 5 " | W | 10 " |
| Ditto 9 p.m. | 29.78 | SE | 2 " | NW | 3 " |
| Maximum on 12th | 30.18 | RAIN—2.90 inches. | | | |
| Minimum on 22nd | 29.25 | | | | |
| Range | 0.93 | | | | |
| THERMOMETER. | | WEATHER. | | | |
| Monthly Mean | 58° | Cloudy | 7 Days | | |
| Mean of Maxima | 66 | Showers | 10 " | | |
| Ditto Minima | 51 | Continued Rain | 2 " | | |
| Maximum on 18th | 79 | Lightning | 2 " | | |
| Minimum on 21st | 44 | Thunder | 2 " | | |
| Range | 35 | Clear | 9 " | | |
| | | Mist | 1 " | | |

GENERAL REMARKS.

The weather during this month, so important to the farmer and the country in general, has been upon the whole genial. The temperature has been but three or four degrees below the average of the Metropolis for this month. Rain has fallen on twelve days, but the whole amount has not been very considerable. The harvest, in this part of the country, just commenced at the end of the month.

EXPLANATION OF THE COLUMN HEADED "FORCE OF WIND."

- | | |
|----------------------|---------------------------------|
| 0—A calm. | 3—Brisk wind. |
| 1—Gentle breeze. | 4—Boisterous wind or hurricane. |
| 2—A little stronger. | |

| DATE. | BAROMETER. | | | THERMOMETER. | | RAIN. | WIND. | | WEATHER |
|--------|------------|---------|---------|--------------|------|-------|---------|--------|--|
| | 9. A.M. | 3. P.M. | 9. P.M. | MAX. | MIN. | | 9. A.M. | FORCE. | |
| Tu. 1 | 29.69 | 29.61 | 29.60 | 63 | 52 | | W. | 1 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. fair and fine. |
| W. 2 | 29.43 | 29.35 | 29.32 | 61 | 52 | | S.W. | 1 | A.M. overcast, P.M. and evening showers. |
| Th. 3 | 29.29 | 29.29 | 29.29 | 62 | 55 | | S.W. | 1 | Morning, gleams of sunshine, P.M. heavy showers. |
| F. 4 | 29.28 | 29.28 | 29.38 | 64 | 53 | 0.61 | W.S.W. | 1 | Heavy showers throughout the day, evening fair. |
| S. 5 | 29.59 | 29.60 | 29.60 | 63 | 50 | 0.13 | S.W. | 1 | Morning clear fine day, evening showers. |
| 6 | | | | | | | W. | 1 | Cloudy all day, evening clear and moonlight. |
| M. 7 | 29.99 | 29.92 | 29.98 | 64 | 49 | | W. | 1 | A few drops of rain during day. |
| Tu. 8 | 30.01 | 30.00 | 29.95 | 70 | 47 | | W. | 1 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. dark cumulo stratus clouds. |
| W. 9 | 29.96 | 29.95 | 29.92 | 61 | 59 | | W. | 0 | Morning overcast, P.M. rain, mist on hills, evening sheet lightning. |
| Th. 10 | 29.98 | 30.00 | 30.09 | 66 | 47 | 0.65 | N.W. | 1 | Clear fine morning, beautifully fine day. |
| F. 11 | 30.10 | 30.12 | 30.11 | 69 | 48 | | W.S.W. | 0 | Morning sky overspread with cirrus clouds, evening colored cirrus. |
| S. 12 | 30.15 | 30.15 | 30.18 | 72 | 47 | | N.W. | 1 | Very fine hot day. |
| 13 | | | | | | | E. | 1 | Sultry all day. |
| M. 14 | 30.08 | 29.96 | 29.95 | 66 | 50 | | S.E. | 0 | Morning misty A.M. and P.M. clear, evening overcast. |
| Tu. 15 | 29.85 | 29.86 | 29.89 | 62 | 50 | 0.16 | S.E. | 0 | Heavy rain in night, A.M. mist on hills, rain, P.M. overcast. |
| W. 16 | 29.93 | 29.93 | 29.97 | 70 | 56 | 0.24 | E. | 0 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. clear, evening thick mist. |
| Th. 17 | 29.96 | 29.98 | 30.02 | 75 | 57 | | E. | 0 | Morning mist on hills, P.M. clear, evening clear. |
| F. 18 | 30.00 | 29.96 | 29.96 | 78 | 58 | | E. | 0 | Sultry all day, morning somewhat misty, evening distant thunder. |
| S. 19 | 29.84 | 29.74 | 29.68 | 79 | 51 | | E.N.E. | 0 | All day sultry, evening sheet lightning. |
| 20 | | | | | | | | | A.M. fine, P.M. a few drops of rain, colder. |
| M. 21 | 29.81 | 29.73 | 29.60 | 68 | 44 | | W.N.W. | 1 | Morning fine, and clear all day. |
| Tu. 22 | 29.32 | 29.25 | 29.29 | 60 | 49 | 0.36 | W. | 1 | A.M. continued rain, P.M. overcast, evening starlight. |
| W. 23 | 29.37 | 29.40 | 29.41 | 66 | 48 | 0.25 | W. | 2 | Morning fair and clear, A.M. and P.M. fine. |
| Th. 24 | 29.55 | 29.60 | 29.68 | 64 | 46 | | W. | 0 | Morning clear, fine day, evening starlight. |
| F. 25 | 29.68 | 29.68 | 29.69 | 67 | 53 | | E. | 0 | Fair and clear all day. |
| S. 26 | 29.75 | 29.75 | 29.90 | 67 | 53 | | S.S.W. | 1 | A.M. clear, noon dark cumulo stratus clouds, P.M. thunder & showers |
| 27 | | | | | | | | 1 | A.M. clear, P.M. showers, evening fine. |
| M. 28 | 29.75 | 29.62 | 29.60 | 66 | 46 | 0.08 | E. | 1 | Early morning showers, afterwards fair and fine. |
| Tu. 29 | 29.76 | 29.88 | 29.96 | 64 | 55 | 0.42 | W. | 2 | Fair and clear all day. |
| W. 30 | 29.98 | 30.02 | 30.05 | 67 | 44 | | W. | 1 | Morning cloudy, A.M. clear, P.M. fine, evening cloudy. |
| Th. 31 | 30.10 | 30.06 | 30.11 | 69 | 51 | | W.S.W. | 0 | Morning misty, A.M. cloudy, P.M. clear, evening dark clouds. |
| Means | 29.74 | 29.76 | 29.78 | 66 | 51 | 2.90 | | | |



THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY.

DECEMBER.



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1843.

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NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. S.—“Evening Thoughts” is unavoidably deferred until our next.

***—“Andrew Marvel” is approved.

J. B., Leeds.—“The Pursuit of Knowledge” will be inserted in a future Number.

ULO.—“Spirits Everywhere” to be inserted; the remainder of the Translations are declined.

C. T.—We must decline “Thou radiant Orb,” and are sorry that we have been obliged to curtail our correspondent’s former communication to so great an extent; but our space will not admit of such lengthy articles. We hope our correspondents generally will bear this in mind.

HARRY will please accept our thanks for his kind wishes. The articles he has sent we must, however, decline inserting.

J. H.—“Vegetable Respiration” is approved, and will be inserted as soon as possible.

“The Dying Soldier,” “Riggio,” and “Morning,” are declined.

“The Consultation,” “The Wandering Girl,” and the “Legend of the North Road,” are under consideration.

* * * Papers not adapted to the pages of the “Miscellany,” will be returned to the authors, where addresses are given.

THE HULL

LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

No. III.

DECEMBER.

Vol. I.

INFLUENCE OF CERTAIN POPULAR ERRORS.

ON THE

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN.

BY DR. AYRE.

A Paper read at the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society.

To those acquainted with the history of the physical sciences, it can be in no degree a matter of surprise, that errors should be current with mankind, in all the subjects pertaining to science: for it is within a period of time comparatively recent, and chiefly since the age of Lord Bacon, that the acquisition of any thing deserving the name of science, has been attempted or attained. Previous to his time, philosophers, if such they could be named, instead of observing and recording facts, and verifying them by experiments, employed themselves in inventing theories to explain the operations and laws of nature; and much of what they *then* taught and believed, the ignorant of all countries *now* believe; for it is from the errors of ancient times that those of the present period derive their currency and credit.

In the progress of scientific discovery and research, mankind have had nearly as much to *unlearn* as to *learn*; for in the absence of true knowledge, no individual, however gifted might be his powers, could escape the infection of popular errors. It was not for instance until more than half a century after the time of the immortal Newton, that the wonders of modern chemistry began to be revealed, and *he*,

therefore, in common with his cotemporaries, shared in most of the errors which then prevailed concerning the objects of that science. And what is true in regard to the mistakes which the uninstructed may fall into, in reference to the true nature of the objects known to the chemist, is true also in respect to those errors, which the uninformed may entertain on other branches of human knowledge. Of these none are more important, or exert a greater influence on the well-being of mankind, than those which relate to our physical condition, and to the agents by which that condition is affected.

Before the time of Harvey and Lord Bacon, and unhappily long after it, the lessons taught in the schools of medicine, were as foreign to the science pertaining to medicine, as were the dreams of the Alchemists, to the facts and deductions of the modern chemists; and though it be true, that many of the errors relating to the objects of general science, have been greatly corrected in the public mind, by the knowledge incidentally acquired through the public press, and the other multiplied means of instruction, it is not so, or only very partially, in respect to those errors which relate to our physical condition, because the subject lies out of the course of common reading and enquiry; and the public mind being unenlightened on the facts which should correct its errors, the errors continue to prevail. Hence, like the illustrious Newton in reference to the facts and deductions of modern chemistry, men the most enlightened are found to partake of the errors of the multitude; and if some of those errors are unimportant when acted on, and serve, perhaps, only to excite a smile, there are others of these errors which exert an injurious influence upon mankind, and materially tend to multiply and aggravate their sufferings. But whether generally unimportant or otherwise, *error* is still *error*; and like darkness to the traveller, is assistant to other causes in leading its victims astray. Besides, it is not befitting an enquirer after truth to *pause* in his pursuit, that he may first measure the precise amount of evil incident to any error; but as he may justly regard every error as an *evil*, so he will consider every fact that can dissipate it as a good, and will cast it as a mite into the general treasury of knowledge, that he may thereby assist in promoting the interests of truth, and, by forwarding the progress of human improvement, increase the happiness of his species.

The errors of a popular kind which relate to our physical condition, and to the agents affecting it, may be divided into those which are

general, and into those which are particular or personal. Those of a general kind relate to the notions entertained by whole communities, on the nature of the cause or causes which generate typhus and some other forms of fever, and on the means which are demanded to prevent their occurrence; and which unhappily consist too often of those measures by quarantine, and fruitless fumigations, which, as substitutes for the true means of prevention, occasion the neglect of them. In considering this subject it would be my object to shew, that all the forms of continued, and remittent fevers, owe their origin to the presence of a malaria of a specific nature, and derived from the decomposition of the animal and vegetable matter collected in house drains, and swamps, &c., and other analogous localities; and whether it be the typhus of European countries, or the yellow fever of America, or the jungle fever of India, or the plague of Egypt, or the malignant cholera of India—they all owe their origin to the malaria generated on the spot where they prevail, and can only become infectious by a multitudinous gathering of the sick into ill-ventilated apartments. The subject is one of great interest, and involves in it the consideration of those quarantine regulations which are a standing reproach to the commonwealth of Europe. The subject, however, is too ample to be treated in connection with others, and I shall leave it for a future occasion, and shall now proceed to that branch of my subject of a more personal nature, and perhaps it may be thought more immediately affecting ourselves. Of the errors which we may now proceed to notice, few have occupied a larger share of the public mind, or maintained a firmer hold on it, than the opinion that the blood is subject to impurity—that certain gross or peccant humours are generated in it; and that these supposed conditions of the blood become the causes of various diseases; and especially of those accompanied by an eruption on the surface of the body. The notion is one that has descended from antiquity, and down to a comparatively recent period, was universally taught and believed. It owed, however, its parentage, as well as its permanency, to ignorance, resting for its support on the loose analogy of vinous fermentation, so familiar to man in all ages, in which new products are generated with heat, and where the heat evolved in the process was assumed to be imitated by the fever, which precedes or accompanies one class of eruptive complaints. These notions, however, with all the incongruities pertaining

to them, have now yielded to more enlightened views, and are wholly discarded from the consideration of the scientific physician, although they still keep their hold upon the public mind, and form the main instrument of that profitable delusion, by which, the empyric works upon the credulity of the sick. In exposing the fallacy of the opinion it may be sufficient to state at present, that whilst it is wholly assumed as an hypothesis, it is contradicted by every fact which the research of science has revealed to us. In no disease does the blood when drawn from the arm, exhibit any material change in the nature and proportion of its constituent principles, as existing in health, nor do the remedies successfully employed for removing the disease, possess any power to alter the condition of the blood. Besides the disorder, which is hypothetically assumed to arise from an impurity of blood, is often removed by the taking away of only a small quantity of this fluid, and, at other times, as suddenly by other means, and, without the possibility of the remedies having any power to subdue the imputed cause, or relieve the effect of it. To those who may not have well considered the subject, it might appear a reasonable conclusion, that as the solids of the body are made *from* the blood, and maintained by it, that any disease occurring in the solids must proceed from the blood; but the answer to this is plain; for although the solids are formed *from* the blood, it is *by* the solids, that the blood itself is formed; and before, therefore, any impurity can be generated in the blood, there must be a derangement in the organs engaged in producing that fluid; and *this* derangement is *disease*; and as it must precede any change assumed to occur in the blood, it *may* exist without it; and in the absence of every fact to warrant the contrary notion, we may certainly assume, that disease in all its forms, and through all its changes, is, as its primary seat essentially limited to the solids. But akin to this notion of a general impurity of the blood, and as a material support to it, is the importance attached by the multitude to the appearance of the blood which is drawn from a part by leeches. In some cases the blood disgorged from them is black, and the conclusion thence deduced is that it is *impure*, and was partially stagnant in the part whence it was taken; and that the necessity for their use, and the benefit to be derived from them, are to be measured by the *colour* of the blood. The notion, however, with all its vagueness was taught and believed before the

circulation of the blood was discovered by Harvey, and is still a favorite dogma with mankind. The error itself in regard to any local or limited impurity or stagnation of the blood, is contradicted by the fact that the blood, which is seen to be black, is often so when taken from a part confessedly free from all disease, and where leeches have been applied only to relieve some distant part. Besides, the blood so drawn and esteemed to be impure, was a few seconds before mingling with, and forming an integral part of the circulating mass, and had passed along the great vessels from the heart. If the blood, therefore, is black from impurity, it is so in common with all the blood of the body, and this at a time when the general health is unimpaired. The truth of the matter is that the blackness is in a measure accidental, and depends upon the time at which the leeches disgorge their blood, and the depth of the wound they make to extract it. In the opinion of the nurse, and too often of intelligent friends, the appearance of the blood forms a material part of the report to be made of the patient to the physician; and as might be expected, instances occur, where, from the influence of this prejudice, a repetition of the leeching is improperly resisted, or improperly desired, and the bitterness of the bereavement of some beloved object is sometimes aggravated by secret reflections grounded on this error, as to the benefit which a repetition of the leeching might have conferred, or the injury its repetition had inflicted.

But besides the popular error, just noticed, of impurity of blood as forming a constituent part of disease, and affording by its colour the evidence of it, there is another popular error relating to the blood, and something allied to it, and which has been bequeathed to us by those, who viewing the body as a machine, regarding all the several functions of it to be subject to the laws of mechanics. Among the errors derived from this source, and which have descended to us, and are still generally entertained, is that of the greater tendency of persons to become affected with apoplexy, who have what are called short necks; this tendency being caused, it is said, by the greater force which the heart is thereby enabled to exert upon the shorter column of blood in short necked persons, agreeably to a well-known law of hydrostatics.

But a fundamental objection to this assumption, and, therefore, one that is fatal to it, is that there is no truth in the notion that that part of the vertebral column forming the neck, differs in length in any

material, or even appreciable degree, in individuals whose height is the same. The main difference which appears to subsist, arises, from the relative position of the head, and shoulders, and the varying degree of plumpness in these persons, and is produced by a greater fulness about the throat, by which the clear space between the head and shoulders is curtailed, and a seeming shortness of neck induced. Were it true that some persons had unusually short necks, and that *therefore* they were subjects for apoplexy, then those who are of the *shortest* stature as having the *shortest* necks, should of necessity be most subject to that disease, which is assuredly not found to be the case—neither is it true that persons who are plump and whose necks, by their plumpness are rendered apparently short, are in any degree more subject on account of their obesity to be attacked with apoplexy. The truth is, the apparent shortness of the neck is in a great measure deceptive, and that individuals of every height, and size, and state of plumpness, are equally liable to this disease; for it depends upon a chronic ailment of the brain, analagous to chronic inflammation or congestion in other parts of the body, and to which the aged, and habitual drinkers of ardent spirits, are subject, and which by weakening the vessels of that organ, eventually leads to a rupture of them.

Of the evil which may practically result from the error just noticed little need be said; for it is obvious that no one who is of a thin habit, and partakes of this error, and whose neck in appearance, at least, is long, will believe himself a subject for apoplexy, while perhaps he is imminently threatened with it, and will be prone to neglect the means which are demanded to resist its approach, or relieve him from its presence. Such cases of neglect are common.

(To be continued.)

THE RIVULET.

From Dr. Buchanan's unpublished work—Græme's Dike.

A rivulet of transparent water contributed to the picturesque beauty of the ravine, as it ran gurgling through that obstruction, and over-leaping this; like the man of the world, who is gentle or loquacious, to one part of the creation—his equals; but rude and imperious, to those beneath his lordly power; and thus this little rivulet ran, an emblem of higher things; dispensing its favours as some powerful minister of state, not according to *merit*, but according to *place*.

TREVALLIAN :

A TALE OF CORNWALL.

CHAPTER IV.

(Continued from page 49.)

How tangled is the web of human life : who has skill sufficient to unravel it ? This moment man is on the pinnacle of splendour—the next finds him immersed in gloom and darkness. Now he careers along like some noble ship with her canvas swelling to the auspicious breezes of heaven—then, like her when the storm arises and she is engulfed in the boiling billows, he is over-taken by calamity, and swallowed up in the whirlpool of despair. So with Trevallian. He had been beloved by his sovereign—his ambition had been stimulated by prosperity—high hopes and lofty aspirations had entwined themselves around his heart—and, for a time, he had seemed to forget that the tide which had flowed so fast, could ebb as quickly. But now his sovereign's patronage was withdrawn—his ambition was transmuted to despair, in the crucible of adversity—the hopes and aspirations which had warmed his heart had fled, and left it chilled and withered—and the fatal truth had been revealed to him, that the reflux of his fortune had not only commenced, but was hurrying him down the dark stream of hopeless ruin.

But to recommence our narrative. The number of the antagonist troops were widely dissimilar, the castle contained rather more than a hundred men-at-arms, and fifty or sixty cross-bow-men.

Mounds were raised around the castle, and barriers were erected, from behind which the archers might securely send forth their deadly shafts. No artillery, in the modern sense of the word was used, it not having come into familiar use at that time, and being of a cumbrous and unwieldly description ; but several engines for casting large and, massive stones, to beat in doors, and to make breaches in the walls were employed.

For more than a month every attempt was baffled, though many had been made of the most furious nature, and often in the dead of night, would the fiercest attacks be made upon the lines of the assailants, sometimes with great danger to the duke himself, who fearlessly exposed his person wherever peril was to be found. Frequently was the moat passed, and scaling-ladders fixed to the walls, but to be thrown down again by the ever-vigilant defenders. At length the duke, wearied by the length of the siege, and obstinacy of the defence resolved to make a grand night attack.

The night selected was dark and rainy. Violent gusts of wind tore among the tents, threatening to drive them into the sea; and nearly all the camp-fires were extinguished. During two or three days previous no attack had been made on the fortress, and few soldiers had shown themselves before the walls, so that the besieged were lulled into the belief that either the enterprise was about to be abandoned, or that fresh instructions had arrived from the monarch to offer terms of pacification; at any rate, they did not expect that on so dark and dismal a night, they should be assailed. Accordingly the duke, in the dead of the night, had passed the moat in several places, under cover of the darkness, before he was observed by the sentinels, who were too intent upon sheltering themselves from the war of the elements, to perform the duty to which they were appointed. When the important discovery was made, an alarm was instantly given, and as many soldiers as were able, thronged to the walls and began to pour down scalding pitch, and boiling water, to cast large masses of rock, and to shoot cross-bow-shafts among the advancing foe.

To all appearance the attack was directed entirely to one quarter, which consequently brought the mass of the defenders to that point. But this was merely a *ruse de guerre* of the duke's; for whilst the other part of the wall was left nearly defenceless, a select band of the boldest of his men had gained a footing upon the very battlements. Some were hurled down into the moat, and were drowned, the weight of their armour rendering it impossible for them to save themselves by swimming. Others no sooner reached the inside of the battlements, than they were put to the sword. But owing to the very small number defending that particular spot, a few men gained sufficient room to defend themselves, and drove back those who held the rampart. This success gave time to more men to mount and come to their succour

which being done, much more ground was gained from the retainers of the earl. Opportunity had also been given for the planting of a greater number of ladders, and streams of fresh men began to gain a secure stand. Attention was now drawn by the tremendous din caused by the strife on this part of the walls; and all the earl's soldiers being aroused and full armed, the combat began to rage with redoubled fury.

But no bravery could now avail against the advantage gained by the king's troops. Trevallyan and Fitzalan seemed to be almost ubiquitous. Wherever the tumult raged most fiercely, there were they to be found, encouraging their men and shouting their war-cry of "Trevallyan—Trevallyan for the honour of Cornwall!"

The incessant battering at the portcullis also began to make impression, for the chains which secure the draw-bridge had been shattered into pieces by large fragments of rock thrown at them by a huge catapult, on the other side of the moat. At last the portcullis, and great part of the arch which sustained it, came down with a crash which was actually deafening. Here the earl hurried. He was armed with a battle-axe, so heavy that it would soon have fatigued a less nervous arm than his own, but he seemed to wield it like a sapling, as he dashed into the very midst of the enemy, levelling some at every blow and clearing a space around him. Could his fate have depended upon his own arm, victory had been his; but numbers prevailed.

"To the hall—back to the large hall!" cried he to his retainers, as he steadily retreated; "follow me, soldiers! Ha, knave! dost thou seek thy death?" and he struck down an adventurous man-at-arms who pressed too closely upon him. Retreating further, his course was arrested by a stream of his own men flying from the battlements, which were now completely in the possession of the enemy, who had also forced their way into the very heart of the castle. Seeing their leader calmly acting on the defensive, the fugitives rallied, and again faced the foe. "Are the battlements taken?" cried the earl; "are the enemy in the castle?"

"'Tis too true," replied an old warrior, besmeared with blood and dust, at the same time sinking down at the earl's feet from the effects of a mortal wound in the throat by an arrow; "Walter Fitzalan has retired into the inner part of the castle with about twenty men, to protect the countess."

These were the last words the man ever uttered ; for the enemy at that moment made a fierce onset on the earl's party, and he was trampled to death under their feet.

"Trevallyan and vengeance ! St. Michael for Trevallyan ! God and St. Michael !" shouted the earl as he repelled the enemy's attack. "What, Norfolk ! is it thou ?" he further exclaimed, as by the flickering light cast by a single torch, he distinguished the crest of the duke in the foremost rank of his soldiers ; "is it thou ? and thinkest thou again to escape me ? Have at thee, thou false and craven spirit, thou treacherous caitiff, thou disgracé to chivalry !—God and St. Michael for Trevallyan ! defiance and dishonour to Norfolk——" here he made a furious blow at the duke with his battle-axe, which was parried by a similar, though lighter weapon, the shaft of which was shattered by the blow. Seizing another from a soldier near him, the duke instantly returned the stroke, saying in his clear, cold voice, "Thy efforts are vain, proud earl ! Thou hast soared high, but I will clip thy pinions : once have I failed—now thou art in my power. Think of Margaret Percy—think of——" but the sentence was left unfinished, the torch being struck to the ground—and all was darkness.

Impossible would it be adequately to describe the horrible din and tumult which now took place. Men grappled with one another, not knowing whether it was with friend or foe. Blows were struck upon the walls or the empty air. The war-cries of "Trevallyan and Cornwall !—God for Trevallyan ! God and St. Michael for the brave earl !" were mingled with "Norfolk for King Henry ! Destruction to the traitor !" while, mixed up in inextricable and dreadful confusion, oaths and imprecations of revenge and fury, and the groans of the dying, added to the horrors of the fray. Once did Trevallyan think he heard the clear voice of Norfolk near him, saying, as he incited his troops to press their enemies into the castle, "Press on, brave men : ten bezants to the man who brings me the head of Trevallyan !"

"Dastard—craven—false, perjured villain—have I met thee again ?" frantically shouted the earl. "Oh, that heaven would place thee where I could grasp thee in the struggle of death ! Death with revenge on THEE would be sweet !" and he struck furiously forward in the dark, and his axe went crashing among a mass of men.

The assailants were now gaining a manifest advantage, and bearing the defenders of the castle down a succession of narrow winding

passages, which echoed and re-echoed to the screams and shouts of battle. At length, the spacious hall, in which the earl had received the king's messenger in the commencement of our story, was gained, and the darkness gave way to a light almost brilliant, caused by torches hung around the walls, or held by the attendants of the countess, who had betaken herself to this apartment for refuge. She and her waiting-women stood at the further end, surrounded by some of the earl's retainers, who with Fitzalan at their head, were defending her against the royal soldiery. Trevallyan entering in the throng, saw the state of affairs at one glance, and bidding his men stand firm against those who were striving to enter *pell-mell* with them into the hall, rushed through the band of the enemy who surrounded the defenders of the countess, and clasping her, all bloody as he was, in his arms, strove to comfort her in that hour of dire distress. She threw herself upon his breast, and, like a dove pursued by some bird of prey, seemed to nestle there and seek protection.

"Margaret," began the warrior, in a voice of dreadful earnestness, and with a look of deep affection; "Margaret, beloved, the time has come when we must part,—and that for ever. Already do our foes possess the castle. Soon will thy husband lie as the clod of the valley. God above knows how I grieve for having brought on thee this untimely fate. May he pardon me;—for I shall soon be in his presence!"

The noise of the unchecked strife around now aroused him from these tender and solemn thoughts, and he was uttering his last farewell to the fair being whom he clasped in his arms; but she clung to him the more.

"O Richard!" said she, "my first, my only love;—forsake me not: surely they will not slay thee: they will not harm thee—nor separate us, Richard!"

This last word was almost inaudible; for overcome by the paroxysm of separation, she sank insensible in his arms. The knight raised his visor, and bent down to his wife's lips,—and as he raised his head, those who gazed upon his fine face, never had erased from their memory the mingled look of unutterable despair and heart-felt affection which it displayed. Once more did he bend this look upon her—once more did he press those bloodless lips—and one solitary, scalding tear, fell upon her!

At this crisis Norfolk pressed into the circle, and seized Trevallyan

by the arm, crying "Earl, thou art my prisoner : yield thee, in the king's name—rescue or no rescue !"

Had the whole castle fallen in one mass of crumbling ruins, it could not have created a more entire change in the earl. An attendant received his wife as she fell from his embrace. He instantly grappled with the duke, and being a stronger man than he, fairly lifted him from the ground, and hurled him into the midst of his own troops ; and well was it for him that his fall was broken ere he reached the ground, or he had never returned from the ruin and devastation he had caused. As it was, he crashed upon the stone pavement with such violence as to break his arm, and mutilate it by the indentation of his armour. His men closed round him ; and the earl again seizing his battle-axe, renewed the conflict. A gigantic man-at-arms now singled out Trevallyan, hoping to secure the reward promised for his head by Norfolk. The soldiers on each side ceased from fighting, as if by common consent, to view the struggle between the earl and the huge trooper. Both being armed with similar weapons, the combat became a spectacle of the deepest interest. At one time the earl seemed to have the advantage, having more agility than his opponent ; but this was counterbalanced by the coolness of the man-at-arms, who appeared to wish to tire out his more active adversary. At length the earl, making a feint to strike his enemy on the left side of the helmet, suddenly recovering his blow, struck him on the right, and shivered it into atoms. He struck again at the trooper's head, and though the blow was parried, it caused him to reel with dizziness ; stepping back a few paces, the next blow of the earl, which otherwise would have finished the encounter, was met by no resistance, and before he could strike again, the trooper had closed with him.

The floor being slippery with blood, the steel-clad foot of the knight slipped, and both fell to the ground, the clash of their armour resounding through the castle. Here the two rolled. The earl's weapon being out of his hand, his antagonist had a great advantage over him, being armed with a *miséricorde*, or dagger of mercy, with which he struck several times at his foe, wherever an interstice in his armour permitted. Trevallyan, feeling his death-pang upon him, with his left hand seized his adversary's throat, which the blow of his battle-axe which had shivered the helmet, had left exposed. Here he clutched with the ferocity of a tiger ; while with his remaining

strength he stretched forth his right hand and reached his lost weapon ; and taking it by the middle of the shaft, he elevated it for an instant over the bare head of his antagonist—then down it came, resistless as a thunderbolt, fracturing into pieces the skull of the man-at-arms, and bespattering himself with his brains. He himself, exhausted by the fury of the blow, looked for a moment steadily at the Duke of Norfolk, (who stood at the distance of a few yards, supported by two soldiers,) and gasped forth slowly and faintly, “Norfolk——sully not thy victory by shedding further blood——spare an innocent woman——or may the curse of the last Earl of Trevallyan cleave to thee and thy house ! Margaret,” he added, turning his eyes towards that part of the hall where he had left her——“farewell——we shall meet again——God shield thee, Marg——” but the remainder of the word was lost in the rattle of death ! Thus perished the brave and high-spirited, though proud and intractable Richard Trevallyan, the last of a princely house—a sacrifice to the enmity of a malicious and unprincipled courtier, and the unbridled passions of a brutal tyrant !

It is needless to dwell on the incidents which followed—the sacking and complete demolition of the castle. Suffice it to say, that these were done so effectually, that nothing was left but a heap of smoking ruins.

The soldiers who survived the faithful defence of their lord were permitted to retire, or enter into the army against which they had so recently fought. Fitzalan was also suffered to depart with the Lady Margaret, who was placed on a litter, and conveyed from the scene of the recent strife, and put under the protection of her own family.

The Duke of Norfolk did not enjoy an uninterrupted triumph ; for soon after the death of Trevallyan, Henry caused his queen, Catherine Howard, (the duke’s niece,) to be beheaded for real or supposed crimes. Her death was followed by that of his son, the amiable and handsome Earl of Surrey, who was brought to the block, having been unjustly accused of plotting against the king. Surrey was a young nobleman of the brightest promise : he excelled in every accomplishment which adorns the scholar, the courtier, and the soldier ; he encouraged the fine arts by his patronage and example ; and was the first who brought our language in poetry to any degree of refinement. The duke himself did not escape unscathed ; for not only were his future days beclouded and embittered by these severe domestic

calamities, but he himself became so obnoxious to the displeasure of the king, that he would have been brought to the scaffold, had it not been for the opportune death of Henry before the warrant for his execution could be signed.

Of the Countess of Trevallyan we must say a few words. She had not witnessed the death of the earl, not having recovered from the fit of insensibility into which she had fallen in his arms. But she was told that he had died as a soldier ought, with his face towards his foe; and that Norfolk, whose hate had been partially appeased by his death, had laid him in the "sepulchre of his fathers." Long, long, did the remembrance of that horrible night haunt the dreams of the bereaved countess. Oft was she awoken from her unquiet slumbers by the fancied din of arms and bray of battle. She faded like a flower plucked from the stem which gave it nourishment. "The iron had entered into her soul." Her affections were blasted in the bud: and the heart which had so often thrilled with the deepest and purest affection, soon ceased to vibrate when it was left desolate! She died murmuring the name of him who had been so rudely torn from her; and imploring heaven that she might meet him in that land where separation is unknown, and where sorrow is a stranger. O woman! thy love is priceless: what on earth can be compared unto it? 'Tis like the asbestos-fire, which, when once lighted, remains unconsumed for ever!

W.

AN ACROSTIC.

B RAHAM! what magic in the name appears!
 R ich is thy voice, though nearly seventy years
 A round thy head hath Time, with lenient hand,
 H is hour-glass turn'd. In sacred song, how grand!
 A ge seems to have mellow'd more than thinn'd thy tone:
 'M id England's tenors, still thou stands alone.

SYLVESTER.

THE WRECK.

Composed on the loss of the Steam Packet "Pegasus."

What pow'r is that which rules the deep,
 Whose breath heaves on its tranquil sleep
 And sinks a mine, whose in-drawn sigh,
 In mountains lifts it to the sky;
 What pow'r is that—look on the earth,
 See to what wonders it gives birth;
 Mark where the yawning earthquake shakes,
 Or mountains vomit fiery flakes;
 One Sov'reign pow'r—One Author great—
 Performs his own appointing fate:
 Waters and land one voice obey—
 God is that one ! He has the sway.

Go where the tides wash Scotia's strand,
 For o'er it waves grief's sombre wand :
 The mourning's sign and sorrow's sigh,
 Speak of a tale of ocean's dye.
 Oft from that land had sped a bark,
 To shores where Humber leaves his mark ;
 Safely thro' waters had she dash'd
 Which hundred times her prow had washed !
 But late she left, gallant as e'er,
 Not as before her course to steer,
 For foul destruction helm'd her way,
 And sank her in the whelming spray.

Bless'd is the veil which from the sight
 The future shadows in its night,
 Else had "Adieu" less lightly fell,
 Friends had less lightly bid "farewell;"
 From many a hand the signal flew,
 When words had told Adieu ! Adieu !

And now the land where home has been,
 Where lingering friends were lately seen,
 The land which bright eyes lately blest,
 Where gather'd kindred sleep at rest,
 Fades—then denies a single trace,
 Lost in the hovering mist of space.

From oft-told tales of some past day
 Hearing, to drive the time away ;
 Or from being wrapt in silent thought,
 Where, fairy-like, past pleasures float ;
 Or from being lock'd in slumber's chain
 (Waking, alas ! to sleep again !)
 All start, surmise, and from below
 Rush to the deck the worst to know.
 How changed each look, in one short stroke
 Of time's informer, stern death broke
 In all his terror on the soul,
 Which just before owned no controul,
 Crying, while on the fear-bent knee,
 " Oh God, be merciful to me !"
 But not to all was death so dread ;
 Fear saw the cause, and scowling fled,
 For there religion breath'd her balm,
 And lull'd each rising to a calm.
 Yes ! whilst this and the future state
 Stay'd to unite, the will of fate,
 That heavenly form hung o'er the spot,
 Bearing o'er doubts the christian's lot !

First, where her babes a mother press'd,
 She flew, and wrote their names as bless'd,
 And when consol'd for them, on high
 Pointed to heav'nly blessings nigh ;
 With buoyant hope inspired her mind,
 And bade in faith to be resign'd :
 And then where one—whose lips had mov'd
 On land, to praise the God he lov'd

Stood, and, anticipating death,
 Mus'd on the bliss succeeding breath,
 She sprang, and warn'd his breast to share
 His hope with those around in prayer.
 He pray'd—and, as when day's pure light,
 Screens the ill shadows of the night,
 And arms with confidence the soul,
 Which fled the vision's black controul ;
 So, 'fore religion's magic sun,
 Death's awful garb, of terrors spun,
 Roll'd off, and mercy in the blaze,
 Smil'd on, and cheer'd each fearful gaze.
 Thus calmness stole upon the scene,
 While death thro' life was dimly seen ;
 But soon his fingers colder press'd,
 His dart with life blood soon was dress'd.
 Oh ! where shall words, the offspring weak ,
 Of feeble thought, the colours seek
 Truly to paint that moment dread,
 When hope their sinking refuge fled.

* * * * *

Tis o'er ! the whirling stream lies still ;
 Destruction—death—have had their fill.
 Life's tenements in that calm deep,
 Sought and have found the wakeless sleep ;
 No more the son of toil may stretch,
 The hand of labour forth, and fetch
 The glistening sweat upon his brow,
 The native charms of rest to know ;
 No more the mother's partial eye,
 Like a meridian sun-lit sky
 May brighten, as it turns with pride
 To view the offspring by her side.
 No more that voice, which oft hath led,
 Shall lead to the creation's head,
 The heart-born worship of the few,
 Who taught by grace, give God his due ;
 That voice life's barrier has cross'd,
 And in the caves of death is lost !

ON THE LEVIATHAN AND BEHEMOTH.

BY T. THOMPSON, ESQ.

*A Paper read before the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society.**(Continued from page 61.)*

As to the Behemoth.—I will now give from the 40th chapter of the Book of Job, the description of the behemoth: “Behold now behemoth, which I made with thee; he eateth grass as an ox. Lo, now, his strength is in his loins, and his force is in the navel of his belly. He moveth his tail like a cedar; the sinews of his stones are wrapped together. His bones are as strong pieces of brass; his bones are like bars of iron. He is the chief of the ways of God: he that hath made him can make his sword to approach unto him. Surely the mountains bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field play. He lieth under the shady trees, in the covert of the reed, and fens. The shady trees cover him with their shadow; the willows of the brook compass him about. Behold, he drinketh up a river, and hasteth not: he trusteth that he can draw up Jordan into his mouth. He taketh it with his eyes: his nose pierceth through snares.” (Verses 15 to 24.)

The opinion I have formed as to the particular animal intended by the Hebrew word “behemoth” is, that it was the now extinct saurian animal known to geologists by the name of iguanodon, found in a fossil state in nearly the same situations as the fossil megalosaurus.

As I mean to pursue the same course, in giving my reasons for this belief, as I did in explaining why I have thought the leviathan to have been the now extinct megalosaurus, I shall extract a description of the iguanodon from authors who have written on the subject, and then contrast that description with that of the behemoth mentioned in the 40th chapter of Job. The following description of the iguanodon, extracted from Griffith’s translation of Cuvier’s work, *Fossil Remains*, may answer our purpose:—

“The sandstone of Tilgate and the Wealden deposits contain a quantity of organic remains of various kinds; amongst others, teeth

of an unknown *herbivorous* reptile (the iguanodon), differing from any hitherto discovered either in a recent or fossil state." Griffith, in his translation, says, "So great is the difference between the teeth of the crocodile, the megalosaurus, and plesiosaurus, and so much do they differ from other lizard tribes, that it is scarcely possible to commit an error in their identification. But some other teeth were discovered, in the Summer of 1832, in the sandstone of Tilgate, which, with an obvious indication of *herbivorous* characters, exhibited other peculiarities of so remarkable a kind as to arrest the attention of the most superficial observer, and announce something of a very novel and interesting description. Mr. Mantell made a comparison of these teeth with those of existing lizards in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. The result of this comparison proved most satisfactory: They found in the iguana teeth decidedly analogous to the fossil in conformation and structure.

"From the character of the fossil remains which more immediately surround those relics of the iguanodon, it is concluded that this animal was amphibious, a native of the fresh water, and not of the ocean: calculating on the proportions of the living animal, and supposing the same relative dimensions in the fossil as in the [iguana in relation to its] teeth, the individual which possessed the teeth we have been describing must have been upwards of 60 ft. in length. A similar deduction has been made by Dr. Buckland respecting the size of the iguanodon, from a femur and other bones in the possession of Mr. Mantell."

"It would appear, from the researches of Mr. Mantell, that the iguanodon bore on its head a remarkable horny appendage, as large as, and similarly formed to the small horn of the rhinoceros. What he discovered of this is externally dark brown; some parts of the surface are smooth, others furrowed, as if for the passage of vessels. Its structure is osseous, and there is no external cavity. It does not appear to have been joined to the skull by a bony process, like some horns of mammiferous animals. The horned species are by far most abundant among existing iguanas. The *Iguana cornuta* of St. Domingo is like the common species in magnitude, colours, and general form; but upon the point of the head, between the eyes and nostrils, are found four large and bony tubercles; behind them rises an osseous and conical horn, which is enveloped by a single scale. The fossil

horn, of which we have been speaking, was beyond all question a dependency of this description : there were even found upon its surface impressions of the tegument by which, in all probability, it was connected with the cranium."

Such is the description we find given of the iguanodon.

I will now give you, for variety's sake, Harris's translation of that part of the 40th chapter of Job, where the behemoth is described (it differs but triflingly from the Scripture one); and I may premise that Harris, being of opinion that the behemoth was the hippopotamus, cannot be supposed to have humoured his translation at all, so as to make it fit the description of so totally a different animal as the iguanodon must have been :

"Behold now behemoth, whom I made with thee. He feedeth on the grass like the ox. Behold now his strength is in his loins ; his vigour in the muscles of his belly. He plieth his tail, which is like a cedar ; the sinews of his thighs are braced together ; his ribs are like unto pipes of copper ; his back bone like a bar of iron. He is the chief of the works of God. He that made him hath fastened on his weapon. The rising lands supply him with food. All the beasts of the field there are made a mock of. He sheltereth himself under the shady trees ; in the coverts of the trees and in ooze. The branches tremble as they cover him ; the willows of the stream while they hang over him. Behold, the eddy may press, he will not hurry himself : he is secure though the river rise against his mouth. Though any one attempt to take him with a net, through the meshes *he will pierce* with his snout."

Here is clearly the description of an immense amphibious animal, and had not former writers on the subject been under the impression, that the crocodile was the only saurian of sufficient size to answer the description, and that the leviathan was the crocodile, I doubt not they would have concluded that the behemoth was a saurian animal, not the hippopotamus. Assuming it, then, to have been a saurian, or lizard-formed animal, let us see how Job's description allies with the iguanodon.

I have, in discoursing on the leviathan, noticed that the descriptionist, presuming that that common saurian, the crocodile, was well known to his Hebrew readers, dwelling so near the Nile, would naturally enough describe the saurian he designated by the name of

leviathan, by contrasting it with the better known crocodile, pointing out the most striking differences between the two; and accordingly, he, alluding to the mode in which crocodiles are ensnared, commences with showing their futility when applied to the leviathan; thus contrasting the size and strength of the crocodile with that of the leviathan or megalosaurus, and so conveying an idea of the power and size of the latter animal to his readers' minds. In the same way, I think, he proceeds to contrast the behemoth or iguanodon with better known animals, to convey an idea of it to his readers. And first, its form being that of an immense *lizard*; he commences with noticing a remarkable circumstance in which the behemoth differed from all the large lizards known to his readers, namely, in the nature of its food: the crocodile and leviathan were carnivorous saurians; but the saurian called behemoth, on the contrary, was herbivorous. "He feedeth on grass like the ox." You will have noticed that Mantell and Cuvier, who seem never to have dreamt of the iguanodon and behemoth being identical, pursue the very same course in pointing out, from the form of the iguanodon's teeth, this remarkable circumstance relative to *it*, as contrasted with other large fossil saurians, namely, *that it fed on vegetables*.

The speaker in Job having pointed out the peculiarity of its food, and that it was similar to that of the ox, he next describes the great strength of behemoth. "Behold now his strength is in his loins; his vigour in the muscles of his belly." Such, we may fairly presume, was the case with the iguanodon from what is known of its anatomy and size.

He next remarks upon the size and pliability of the tail of the behemoth. "He plieth his tail, which is like a cedar." The pliability of the iguanodon's tail, if it resembled that of modern iguanas, would be remarkable, as contrasted with the tail of the crocodile, which, from being not so easily bent, has given rise to the fable that the way to escape his jaws is to turn frequently, as from the stiffness of his tail he cannot turn so fast as the person pursued. The present race of iguanas have very flexible tails; we may, therefore, from similarity of construction in the iguanodon, presume its tail to have been very free in its motions, and thus in contrast with the tails of most other saurians in its pliability. Now, the size and shape of the behemoth's tail is represented to be *like a cedar tree*; and so in size

and shape must that of the fossil iguanodon have been in every respect. When we notice this resemblance, we cannot but smile at those authors who have disputed whether the little tail of the elephant, or the small one of the hippopotamus, was *most like* a cedar tree, as they maintained one or the other animal to have been the behemoth.

Next follows a description of the behemoth's size and strength in other parts. "The sinews of his thighs are braced together; his ribs are like unto pipes of copper; his back bone is like a bar of iron. He is the chief of the works of God." Nothing can be clearer than that the above description was applicable to the immense iguanodon.

And now follows an account of a peculiar feature, which seems to have distinguished the iguanodon from all other saurians with which the Hebrews were familiar; it is intimated in these words: "He that made him hath fastened on his weapon." I entertain no doubt that allusion is here made to the *horn*, which, in the description of the iguanodon, that I have recited [in p. 99.], you will remember is stated to have been placed near the eyes; and that such was the situation of the *weapon, or horn*, of the behemoth, I think, will appear from the last two lines of the Scripture description of that animal: "Though any one attempt to take him in a net, through the meshes he will pierce *with his snout*." And the iguanodon, or behemoth, if armed with a horn upon the snout, would, no doubt, with it readily tear any net in pieces, even the iron ones used, as Diodorus says, to capture crocodiles. That the horn of the iguanodon is here alluded to, under the description of the weapon of behemoth, I cannot doubt.

The remainder of the account of the behemoth in Job is descriptive of his places of feeding and of rest, and of his size and power, which enabled him to retain his situation even against the most powerful streams. Have we not here, also, particulars corresponding with the account of the iguanodon, both in habit and size? "He sheltereth himself under the shady trees; in the coverts of the trees and ooze. The branches tremble as they cover him; the willows of the stream while they hang over him. Behold the eddy may press, he will not hurry himself: he is secure though the river rise against his mouth." Does not all this well correspond with the haunts and description of the iguanodon quoted from Griffith's Cuvier, where he states that the iguanodon inhabited the mouths of fresh water rivers?

The 17th verse of the 40th chapter of Job seems to me descriptive of the place of the behemoth's, or iguanodon's, feeding, and also of the confidence with which the harmless nature of his food inspired other animals, as contrasted with the terror they felt at the sight of the crocodile and megalosaurus. "Surely the *mountains* bring him forth food, where all the beasts of the field do *play*." Thus in every particular do the iguanodon and behemoth tally in description. May we not, therefore, fairly presume that they were the same animal?

Geologists tell us that the crust of the earth is composed of a regular succession of strata, lying one over another, like the coats of an onion; and that each of these (except a few of the lowest of all) is characterised by the remnants of animals or vegetables peculiar to itself: those which are formed in any particular stratum will not be all found, perhaps none of them, in the stratum next above it, and so on. Geologists are enabled, from these animal and vegetable remains, to form a tolerable estimate of the condition of the earth at the successive periods at which each stratum (however lowly buried now) was the upper stratum of our earth.

Nearly the last formed (perhaps in many parts of this country, the last formed) of the rocky strata, prior to the diluvium and alluvium which form the soil we cultivate, was the cretaceous or chalk formation; and existent about the same period with this would appear to be the Wealden deposits of Tilgate Forest.

Many of my hearers will remember that, when that able and entertaining lecturer, Professor Phillips, last lectured at Hull, on geology, he told us that there was no appearance *before* the cretaceous formations that in any way indicated that the world had been previously fitted for the habitation of man.

The chalk itself was a formation in the *seas* of those days: the Wealden deposits, according to Mantell, were formed in *an estuary*, or the outlets of some immense river; most probably such river emptied itself into the said sea. There are, however, indications, from the vegetable and animal remains of those formations, that the dry land at that period (wherever it might be) had then become fit for the habitation of man, though, as no human remains have yet been found in those strata, it is impossible to say to a *certainly* that man had then become an inhabitant of our planet.

If, however, the earth, at that period of the cretaceous formations, was *fit* for man's residence, it seems to me consistent with the goodness and wisdom of Him who makes nothing in vain, that man would be then created. True it is, that the not finding his remains amongst the fossils of that period deprives us of *positive* proof of his then existence, but furnishes *no proof* that he *did not* then exist in the world. If the chalk indicates the bed of the sea of that period, what stratum, I ask, then formed the dry land? for that is the place to search for the remains of the human beings of that day, and not in the bed of the then sea, nor in that of the nearly contemporaneous Wealden deposit, which was the bed of an estuary, or arm of the sea. These, at most, could only include a few of the accidentally drowned; and in the midst of the crocodiles and megalosauri of that day, so tempting a mouthful as a human being would not be allowed, I think, to rest in peace in the bottom of the waters, there to be found after many days.

It is not yet known where the dry land of that period is to be found; but, probably, when the bed of the then sea was raised, the dry land became the basin that holds the present seas.

However, in the Wealden deposits it is that the remains of iguanodons have been found, and the period of this formation is, we have seen, the time when man might, and probably did, first appear upon the earth. Now, is not that probability heightened (if the behemoth were identical with the iguanodon) by the first words the Almighty addressed to Job in speaking of the behemoth? "Behold now behemoth, which *I made with thee*."

Hence it would seem that, whatever was the period of man's first creation, the same was probably the period of behemoth's creation; for speaking to man of behemoth, he says, "Behemoth was created with thee." Now, the iguanodon, we find from geologists, was first created about the time of the date of the cretaceous formations, and that at the same period the earth had become fit for man's existence. I have shown that at that period it is probable man was formed, and it is certain that the iguanodon was then; so, then, do not these words, "Behold now behemoth, which *I made with thee*," strengthen the idea of the identity of the behemoth and iguanodon?

But it will be said that these animals, the megalosaurus and iguanodon, have only been found in a fossil state: how, then, is it probable they

would be found existent contemporaneously with Job? This deserves our attention. First, then, I observe that the period of Job's existence is not certain; but most biblical critics think that he lived long prior to Moses: possibly, even before the flood. Now, from Mantell's observations in his *Geology of the South-east Coast of England*, it seems perfectly clear that the Wealden stratum was the bed of an estuary, or mouth of a large freshwater river: and from the land deposits washed down into it, and from its own productions, it is certain that at that period this country then enjoyed a temperature very much higher than is known in these latitudes at the present day. The fossil remains of elephants, lions, tigers, rhinoceroses, &c., found in England in the strata above the chalk, show that, for some time afterwards, the climate continued to be the same. How that climate became subsequently cooled down to its present temperature, it would be out of place here to enquire; but I think we may safely conclude that that cooling rendered it no longer fit for the residence of those intertropical animals which we are certain once inhabited it, most probably by destroying those vegetable productions upon which the herbivorous animals then in this country chiefly subsisted; which animals furnished in their turn food for the carnivorous ones of that day.

There is, however, great reason to believe that such cooling down of the temperature of this climate was not a *sudden* catastrophe, but at least so gradual, that many animals retreated southward, where, from the superior warmth of the climate, they still found food suited to them. In this way, it would be fair to presume that iguanodons and megalosauri would be able to exist in Syria, Egypt, &c., long after the climate of England was unfitted for them, and would gradually retreat southward as the northern climates grew too cool for them. There is reason to believe that even the intertropical climates now are cooler than the climate of England was during the iguanodon period. Egypt is still warm enough to be fitted for the residence of crocodiles, although no longer fit for that of iguanodons, megalosauri, and many other animals which were contemporaneous with crocodiles in England. The intertropical climates would, however, be fitted for a long period for the residence of iguanodons and megalosauri, after those animals had ceased to exist in England; and I think that, in that view of the matter, it may be fair to suppose that a few of the last remnants of the race would be found in the

southern latitudes which Job inhabited, after they had ceased to be known in these parts, especially as the more hardy crocodile, their contemporary here, still exists there, although no longer found here. Should the climate of Egypt grow gradually cooler (as some suppose it does), most probably the crocodile itself will at some time cease to inhabit the Nile: certain it is that it is now a rare animal there compared to what it formerly was.

To sum up, then, I trust I have shown you that there is good ground for supposing that the leviathan of the Scriptures is the same animal as the now fossil megalosaurus; and that the behemoth was identical with the iguanodon.

MY FIRST VOYAGE.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

In the year 180—, on a fine morning in the month of May, I found myself on board the good ship *Sisters*, of Hull, Captain Turner, lying in the Downs, surrounded by about 200 merchantmen, all like ourselves about to sail for America under convoy of his Majesty's frigate *Asia* of 40 guns, and four smaller vessels. It was indeed a lovely sight—the sea scarcely ruffled by the breeze, which was barely sufficient to fill the topsails, already loosened as a signal for the starting of those noble vessels, many of which were destined never to return to the shores they were about to quit, and whereon their timbers grew—others to carry their gallant crews many a league, through many a peril, and to be welcomed back, after months or years of wandering, by many a happy heart.

The vessels of war were already moving about, occasionally firing a gun, or hoisting a signal to quicken the movements of some laggard, while the shore boats, many of which, regardless of the distance from

land, had brought friends anxious to defer as long as possible the parting moment, were leaving us one by one, as the boatmen could persuade their sorrowing freight away. Amid all the excitement of the scene, I could not forget the tearful entreaties of my mother or the sterner remonstrance of my father, both urging me to alter the choice I had made, (for it was against the wishes of both that I would be a sailor) and could they then have been renewed, my obstinacy might perhaps have been subdued, as it was already half repented of. However, with the buoyancy of youth I soon dashed the tear from my eye and went about my duty with at least seeming alacrity. I must acknowledge, however, that this last phrase is very badly chosen without it was my duty to be of as little service, and as much hindrance as possible, for after various minor misdemeanours, hearing some one call out, in a tone which led me to suppose we were all going to the bottom immediately, "Let go the starboard fore-topsail braces," I let go the first rope I happened to lay hands on, and this being the halyards of the said sail, it was a let go with a vengeance, so after being run over by one man, kicked into the scupper by another, and very unpolitely execrated, *ad æternum*, as a young whelp by the mate, I was glad to get into a tolerably out of the way place, and be content to watch the proceedings of my shipmates, which I did with much interest. In a short time we had all sail set, and were trudging along at a tolerable rate; at 12 o'clock we got our dinners, after which we were divided into watches, and proceeded to put things in order, the decks being in the state of confusion usual upon quitting harbour. The ordinary routine of a vessel, and first sensations of a boy about to become a sailor, have however been so often and so graphically described that I shall not reiterate the description.

We soon found that the commodore's frigate, under courses merely, could easily have left us far behind, and indeed seemed very much inclined to do so (we had already dropped several slower sailers than even our ship, and left them to take care of themselves) and on the evening of the fifth day from leaving the Downs we perceived a craft which had been dodging at a distance all day, and concerning whose character there could be no doubt, rapidly overhauling us, and as the nearest vessel of war was all but invisible, Monsieur no doubt thought he would manage things very nicely. However our captain, a fine tough slip of oak as ever trod plank, was not disposed to visit France at present,

and his disposition was shared by the crew, most of whom had sailed with him before, many having been under him a long time. We had four guns on board, which were quietly loaded with grape and canister, and the two larboard guns brought over to the starboard side, as Johnny was then about a mile off, on the starboard quarter, and Capt. Turner was quite aware of the course he would pursue, viz., not fire at us, as this would only attract the attention of our convoy, but run alongside and throw a number of men on board, sufficient to render resistance on our part foolish, as he could sail a yard in less time than the Sisters could creep a foot. This no doubt seemed to him a very simple matter, as there was no appearance of our being armed. In addition to our guns and crew, however, we had on board several stand of arms and a large quantity of ammunition, with a small guard of soldiers sent to take care of these, our vessel being then engaged as a transport. The ports were kept closed, and the soldiers concealed under cover of the bulwarks, each man being provided with three loaded muskets. As Captain Turner anticipated, so it turned out. The Frenchman approached, his rigging filled with men ready to jump on board; but just as he got nearly neck and neck with us, and was preparing to put his helm down and lay us aboard, the signal was given, our four guns run out and fired, and the soldiers sprang from their hiding places, joining the crew in the cheering and firing, which was continued spite of the colours being hauled down, and the French captain bellowing out that he had surrendered (for a privateer's-man gets no law) till they managed to get some order restored and run from under our guns. Before they could do this, however, the groans and cries told us that they had suffered dreadfully, as, indeed, must necessarily have been the case from the manner in which they were exposed to our fire. The last thing we saw of the French captain he was stamping with rage, exclaiming as he shook his fist at us, "Sacre ! you English beggar, you no fight fair ; but I will take you in one tree minute." The last shot was fired by Tom Rayner, my fellow apprentice, a lad of fifteen, who sprang upon the poop to get a surer aim, saying (with an apostrophe on his eyes) "We'll soon settle that devil."

In a short time we had one of the light vessels of the convoy down to see what the firing was about, and to take us in tow. The commander had also orders from the commodore to reprimand our cap-

tain for lagging behind, which put the worthy skipper in no small rage, as well it might, for we had every stitch we could set crowded on her, and he vowed to serve the commodore out. And so he did, for when we arrived at Quebec, which we did without further adventure the captains of all the merchantmen which came in with the convoy (very few compared with the number which left England) had one by one to go before Sir Thomas Maitland, who was admiral of the station. When it came to our skipper's turn, "Well, Mr. Turner," said Sir Thomas, "I hear you have had a brush with a Frenchman."

"Yes, Sir Thomas, and had we not taken a devilish deal better care of ourselves, than our convoy took of us, I and my crew would have been in a French prison just now."

"Ha! how was that; where was the frigate?"

"About eight miles a-head."

"You should have made more sail."

"We had all our studding sails set."

"Is this true?" turning to Captain Wilson of the *Asia*. That officer acknowledged that it was, adding that the *Sisters* was an excessively slow sailer. "That is no matter, sir," said Sir Thomas, "it is your duty to accommodate your sailing to that of the slowest vessel in your fleet, and if necessary take her in tow; had Mr. Turner's gallantry not saved his vessel I should have held you responsible for her loss."

In a few days we had got quit of our government stores, and shaken our worthy shipmates of the red jacket by the hand, (they were good fellows, tho' I doubt but few, alas! very few, would tread back the path from those dreary, greedy forests, into which they plunged to fight, and perhaps to die for honour and Old England. *Requiescant in pace.*)

As the *Sisters* had, previous to the last voyage, always proved herself a remarkably fast sailer for a merchantman, Captain Turner thought that her late slowness must proceed from her bottom being foul, especially as she had lain a long time in dock before we left England. He therefore had her hove down, and his supposition proving correct, well cleaned. We then took in a cargo for our owner and were ready for sea, waiting the congregation of the convoy which was to rendezvous at Quebec. Our old acquaintance, the *Asia*, was to see us safe across the Atlantic, but under a fresh commander, several

changes having occurred, and Captain Stewart, a friend of our skipper, being posted to her. Two or three days after having got our cargo completed, the two captains met in the street. "Well, Turner, said Captain Stewart, I have some good news for you. We sail the day after to-morrow. You will have to go with us to Cork and wait there for convoy to Hull." "If I do, the devil cork me." "What's that you say," exclaimed Stewart rather astonished; "you had better not let Sir Thomas hear you say so." "I shall though," and away posted the skipper to tell the captains of five other vessels, three of them bound like ourselves for Hull, the other two for London. The Hull men agreed to follow the example set by the Sisters. The Londoners would not take the responsibility, but would obey orders.

The next day the captains had to go one by one to Sir Thomas to receive sailing orders, and in his turn, enter Captain Turner. "Well, Mr. Turner, you are for Hull I believe."

"Yes, Sir Thomas."

"You will have to go to Cork, and wait for convoy thence to Hull."

"If I do, the devil cork me."

"What's that you say?"

"If I do, the devil cork me."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that I shall just go with the convoy so far as the convoy goes my road, and then shall up with my helm and take the nearest course for Hull, where I shall arrive by the time the convoy gets to Cork. If I went to Cork, I should probably have to wait there a month for convoy, and perhaps be three weeks on the voyage thence to Hull."

"If you do so, you will be responsible to the underwriters."

"I do'n't care for that; and there are three more Hull men of my mind. We intend to keep together, and consider ourselves more than a match for any thing French under a frigate."

Sir Thomas got similar answers from the other captains, and the next day we sailed.

We soon perceived how much the Sisters had benefitted by the cleaning she had undergone. There was not a merchantman in the fleet could beat her. After a prosperous voyage, unmarked by any incident worth naming, we approached the shores of Old England, and reached the longitude where our path diverged from that of the con-

voy. It was a fine day, and the other Hull vessels had gradually edged away, and were already some distance off, when the skipper ordered the helm up, and, as soon as we had run down to the Asia, hailed the captain, who was standing on the poop. "Good bye, Captain Stewart; can I take any letters for England; I think with this wind we shall be in Hull before you get to Cork?"

"Good bye, if you will go," said he, "but I think you are foolish to leave us."

We soon joined our consorts, and proceeded merrily along together till we got into the channel, where it came on to blow rather hard from the westward, and the night being exceedingly thick, we lost sight of the other vessels, and next morning none of them were visible. However, as the wind was fair, and scarcely sufficient to make it dangerous, we did not think much of the matter, calculating upon being soon at home.

Towards evening we reduced our canvas, and made all snug for the night, which came on dark and stormy, the gale having rather increased. About twelve o'clock, one of the crew suddenly called out "A lugger on the larboard quarter." Captain Turner was standing near the companion, and a single look sufficing to make him acquainted with her character, he sprang below to secure the sailing directions, which were kept under his pillow. By some chance or other, however, a boatswain's call had come into his possession, and happened to hang at the head of his bed. Upon seeing this a happy thought struck him, and seizing the call with one hand and the instructions with the other, hastened upon deck, and instantly blew the pipe used on board a man of war to call all hands to quarters, and ordered the helm hard a starboard. The ruse took admirably, for the Frenchman, who seemed just to have discovered us, and was approaching to board, instantly followed our manœuvre, and made off as fast as sails would drag him. We fired our guns after him, and made a show of following, but as soon as he had got completely out of sight, we resumed our course, packed on her all the sail she would carry, put out all the lights, and made the best of our way homewards. Next morning there was nothing visible, and we congratulated ourselves, as much as the Frenchman doubtless did, upon the narrow escape, vowing that the captain was a regular trump, and laughing heartily at his impudence. Three days afterwards we were in the

Humber, and in the course of a week our consorts arrived without having met with any adventure, but it was not till another week had nearly elapsed that the convoy got to Cork, and the two London ships made the Thames exactly six weeks after our arrival in the Humber.

As soon as our owner heard of the escape and the ready thought which accomplished it, he made the skipper a present of a handsome silver call, bearing an appropriate inscription. The captain is now an old man, and the call is one of his treasures.

In a fortnight we had discharged the cargo, and the vessel was laid up for the winter, which I proceeded to spend with my friends, perfectly determined that as this had been my first, so it should be my last voyage. How I kept my determination, shall be told in a future number.

ON THE ADVANTAGES OF BOTANICAL STUDY.

Of the three kingdoms in nature each possesses an interest peculiar to itself, so that he who has made any one of them his peculiar study, is apt to think that the one in which he delights is the most pleasant and profitable. However this may be, it would be difficult to find a person who is at all acquainted with scientific objects and pursuits, who would not allow that there is both pleasure and profit in the study of the animal kingdom in all its branches, and the same may be said as respects the mineral kingdom; but it is no uncommon thing to hear the question asked, with respect to the study of botany, what profit is there in it; or, to what purpose can it be applied?

Such a question insinuates that it is the general impression that botanical study is not profitable. That this impression is an erroneous one, it will be our endeavour to prove. It would appear, however, that the moderns are not peculiar in this idea, from the fact that botanical science is of but recent origin.

The Greeks, who left us so many splendid productions in nearly

every department of literature and science, have left us little worthy of notice in this, they have, indeed, left us some works concerning vegetables, but in these we cannot perceive the least germ of botanical science. Their deficiency in this respect is more remarkable, because we know that their attention was much engrossed both in the study of agriculture and horticulture, and that they encouraged those arts by several acts of protective legislation, by which the plough and other instruments of agriculture were protected from sale and seizure, and imposing severe penalties on the destruction of olive trees.

It would appear, therefore, that men of the most intellectual cast of mind, may long enjoy the fruits of the earth in the highest degree of perfection, without being excited to the study of vegetable organization, or awakened to the utility of reducing to some system the tribes of plants within their reach.

If we turn to Roman literature we shall be equally disappointed in our search for any thing approaching to what we mean by botany in more modern times. So little, indeed, were the true principles of botanical description known in those times, that the mere denomination of the particular plants, treated of by the writers of that age, has conferred a degree of reputation, for learning and ingenuity, on those modern commentators who have succeeded in this troublesome undertaking.

Passing over the darkness of the literature of the middle ages, in which nothing new was recorded, or discovered in the vegetable kingdom, for it was then an unexplored field, without a labourer to collate its contents, to discover its beauties, or to reduce it to an intelligible system; we will briefly notice the period when botanical science may be said to have had its commencement.

It was not until the close of the sixteenth century that Cæsalpinus, a Florentine, made the first attempt at classification. Jungius followed in his footsteps, and taking a closer and more extensive view of his subject, developed those principles upon which the Linnean system was founded. Ray and Grew in England, and Malpighi on the continent, put the science in a new light, about the close of the seventeenth century, by the wonderful patience which they exhibited in their anatomical investigations of vegetable structure. About this time Camerarius discovered, by observation and experiment, the sex in plants upon which Linnæus, in 1737, founded his system of classifica-

tion. Since the days of Linnæus, botany has displayed a more important aspect than it ever did before. The impulse which its study received from the genius of Linnæus was continued by numerous writers of first rate ability, amongst whom cannot be forgotten the talented, ingenious, and indefatigable Jussicun, whose system of the natural orders of plants will form the basis of all systems of vegetable classification so long as botany is studied as a science.

I have said, the general impression that the study of botany is unprofitable, is an error; this is evident, when we consider the national importance of only a few items included in the catalogue of the vegetable kingdom.

Our forest trees, on the existence of which so much of the stability of our buildings and of our navy depends, are familiar instances of this kind. For instance, there are two kinds of oak growing in England, one of them furnishing wood of the most durable kind, the other comparatively worthless. These are, *quercus pedunculata*, and *quercus sessile*. No one except a botanical observer would be able to distinguish the one from the other, yet on this discrimination depends all the benefits derivable from the cultivation of the one, and all the disappointments and disadvantages, resulting from the propagation of the other.

If we turn again to the natural family *graminæ*, or grasses, we shall find them of still greater utility to mankind, being in some countries indispensable to human existence.

To this extensive family belong all the corn plants, such as barley, oats, rye, wheat, maize and rice, besides all the fodder grasses which supply nutriment to all *graminiverous* animals. To this family also belong the sugar-cane, the produce of which is of such immense commercial and economical value. There is not one, in fact, of the 1800 or 2000 species of which this vast natural group of plants consists, that is not of interest in the soil and climate where it vegetates. Many of these, no doubt, much improved by cultivation, so as to be scarcely like the original, as is the case with the sloe of our edges, compared with our garden plum.

Much of our raiment, also, is derived, from the vegetable kingdom; the cotton plant for instance, which is now an article of use in every country of the globe. To this may be added the woody fibres of the hemp and flax plants, which, as articles of domestic and commercial convenience, could hardly be dispensed with at present.

From the vegetable world, also, are derived our dye stuffs; it is only necessary to mention indigo, archill, logwood, &c., to excite curiosity with respect to the plants from which substances with such singular properties are derived.

Then again, as regards the medicinal or other properties of plants, certain rules may be laid down in their classification. To certain classes belong certain medicinal, poisonous, nutritive, or inoffensive properties. Take for instance the natural family *umbelliferæ*, such as carraway, annise, carrot, or hemlock; all those which grow on dry ground are aromatic, whilst those of the same natural family, which grow in watery places are among the most deadly poisons. Again, take the natural family *cruciferae*, such as turnips, cabbage, or mustard; these are aromatic and acrid in their nature, containing essential oils, which are obtainable by distillation. Again, take the *pappilionaceæ* or leguminous tribe of plants, such as the pea, bean, or vetch. In this family, Linnæus asserts, there is no deleterious plant to be found; this, however, is not exactly true. Some of the individuals in these natural orders, altho' very nearly related, nevertheless, possess various qualities. In the leguminous tribe we have the *cystilus laburnum*, the seeds of which are violently emetic, and those of *lathyrus sativus*, have been supposed, at Florence, to soften the bones and cause death. In the sub-divison, even, of a genus, there is often a remarkable difference in the properties of a species; there are for instance, *solanums*, as potatoe and night-shade; lettuces, as *lactuca virosa*, and *lactuca sativa*; cucumbers, as *cucumis agristis*, or squirt-ing cucumber, and *cucumis sativus* or garden cucumber; and mushrooms, both poisonous and esculent. The foxglove (*digitalis purpurea*) and common mullein (*verbascum thlapsus*) are included in the same natural family, and yet one is as active as the other is mild in its effects. But what is more embarrassing, and therefore worth notice, is that different parts of the same plant will possess different properties, a fact which is beautifully exemplified in the May apple (*podophyllum peltatum*) the leaves of which are poisonous, the root powerfully cathartic, and the fruit agreeably esculent; but we need not go further than the fruit of the lemon, the juice of which is acid, the seeds bitter, and the rind aromatic, or in the poppy, the seeds of which are mucilaginous, and the capsule a powerful narcotic. "M. Berthonet has recorded a remarkable instance of the harmless quality

of the sap in the interior of a plant, whose bark is filled with a milky proper juice of a poisonous nature. He describes the natives of Teneriffe as being in the habit of removing the bark from the *euphorbia canariensis*, and then sucking the inner portion of the stem in order to quench their thirst; this part containing a quantity of limpid and not elaborated sap*." Yet, notwithstanding all these difficulties, botany is capable of furnishing us with an analysis which will lead to important conclusions with respect to the properties of different vegetables.

The organization and philosophy of plants, furnish us with subjects of interest little inferior to those afforded by their economical properties and uses, constituting an assemblage of beings different from animals, but agreeing with them in many particulars, they present in a strong light the wonderful laws of vitality wherever it is found to exist. So closely indeed do the phenomena of life, and even the material forms in which they are observed, resemble each other in these two great departments of nature, that the discrimination of the animal and vegetable structure is sometimes attended with difficulty. This, however, only occurs in what the insolence of philosophy chooses to call the lowest grades in both scales of existence; for although we easily distinguish the ox from the oak, yet if we descend the vital channels in which the divisions of nature run, we meet with living forms whose apparent identity has as yet been separated only by the prism of the imagination.

I conclude then, that the advantages of applying botany to useful purposes are immense. In medicine it enables the practitioner to substitute for one plant, which may not be obtainable, or attended with inconvenience in its administration, another, having similar properties, and which may be naturally allied to it. In horticulture it is not less important; the propagation or cultivation of one plant is usually applicable to all its kindred; the habits of one species in an order will often be those of the rest; and finally the phenomena of grafting, that curious operation, which is one of the grand features of distinction between the vegetable and animal kingdoms, and the success of which is always controlled by ties of blood, can only be understood by the attentive botanist.

The adaptation of plants to the soil, the climate, and the necessities of animals inhabiting the same region with themselves, is one of those

* Hurlaw's Botany.

facts which strikes us with admiration when reflecting on the general harmony of the universe. Hence in tropical and warm climates, innumerable means of satisfying the wants of those places are found in the variety of fruits and other vegetable productions, not known in higher latitudes, in which the consumption of animal food being greater, the plains are spread out into luxurious meadows and pastures in which numerous flocks supply this necessary of life.

This distribution of plants is a subject worthy of notice and especially in a district like that of Hull, when, within the space of a few miles we have a great variety of soil; as for instance many of the plants inhabitants of the sea coast, are occasionally found on the shores of the Humber. In the immediate vicinity of the town, the alluvial and clayey deposit is in great abundance which has its peculiar vegetable productions. About three miles west and north west of the town we have the chalky soil in which are found plants particularly partial to such a region. And lastly, if we are at the pains of travelling to Cottingham, we shall find a soil abundant in sand, and therefore producing those plants which are favourable, from their peculiar formation and habits, to dry situations. But to the practical botanist the environs of Beverley are particularly favourable to his pursuits, on account of the great variety of plants found there.

The above considerations have led the writer to propose a brief notice of the various plants growing in the neighbourhood of Hull, with especial reference to their natural order, general conformation, and peculiar habit and properties of each, with such general physiological and anatomical observations as the above may suggest and call forth.

J. H. G.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

The session commenced on Tuesday evening, Nov. 21. The President (THOMAS THOMPSON, Esq.,) read a paper "On recent Inventions in Art and Science." Owing to the unfavourable state of the weather, the attendance was less numerous than is usually the case, on the opening of the session. Charles Frost, Esq., having been elected to the chair. The President proceeded to read his paper, which was received with marked applause. As we intend publishing the lecture in future number of the Miscellany (Mr. T. having kindly furnished his paper for the purpose,) it is unnecessary that we should in this place, give an abstract of it. Messrs. Robt. Craven, Oldham, and Dr. Horner, made some observations on various points, alluded to in the lecture, which from want of space, we are unable to insert. Mr Shepherd exhibited a model of a new steam engine, for which a patent has been obtained; the principal improvement consists in an immediate reversal of the stroke, which is obtained simply by moving a lever.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

THE Winter Session for the delivery of Lectures, commenced on Thursday evening 10th November; when Mr. J. D. SOLLITT, delivered a lecture "on Light," being introductory to the series, it was very numerously attended, the public being admitted free; the lecture was illustrated by a variety of experiments, it is not possible however, from the nature of the lecture, depending so much upon the illustrations, to give anything like a report, which would convey a correct idea to our readers, Mr. S. pointed out the properties of solar and artificial light; and showed the great desideratum in artificial illumination, to be the procuring a perfectly white light; the best light was that which approximated the nearest to this standard. This he illustrated by several experiments. He then noticed several modern improvements in the construction of lamps, and called especial attention to some recent improvements in the French lamps, in favour of which he expressed a decided opinion. The production of gas from the vapour of spirits of turpentine, was also noticed, and the method by which it is obtained described. Mr. S. considered the advantages arising from its production in this way to be very great in an economical point of view, and especially recommended it to the attention of those interested in the lighting of factories and other large buildings, and concluded a very interesting and popular lecture, by shewing the immense velocity of light, by an experiment with the electrical machine.

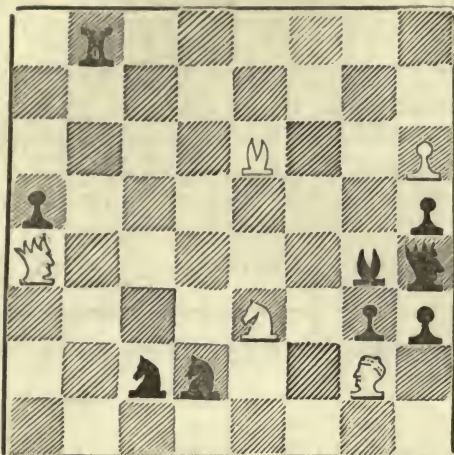
The Secretary (Mr. Richard Webb) announced the following presentations to the Institution, by Mr. Henry Garbutt, a flying fox, (half quadruped and half biped) a man of war's bird, and a chinese arrow, shot during the late war.

November 23rd. Mr. RICHARD WELLS, delivered a very able, and highly interesting lecture "on the influence of feudalism, on the modern institutions, and society, of England." As we purpose giving the entire lecture in some future number of the Miscellany, (for which we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. W.,) it is unnecessary in this place to say more than that we are sorry, from the unfavourable state of the weather, the Lecture was not more numerously attended.

CHES PROBLEM.

No. III.

Communicated from the Metropolis, and we believe never yet in print. In any case its remarkable ingenuity will be admitted.



White to move, and force Check Mate in 2 moves.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM, No. 2.

BY B. JACOBS.

WHITE.

BLACK.

I—R. takes K's R. ch.

1—K. takes R.

2—K's to Q's 6 sq. discovers ch.

2—K's to Q. B. sq.

3—Q. takes K. B. and check-mate's.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.—SUMMARY FOR SEPTEMBER, 1843.

BAROMETER.

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Monthly Mean | 29.47 |
| Mean at 9 a.m. | 29.47 |
| Ditto 3 p.m. | 29.47 |
| Ditto 9 p.m. | 29.47 |
| Maximum on 29th | 30.18 |
| Minimum on 28th | 28.59 |
| Range | 1.59 |

WIND.

| | | | | | |
|----|---|------|----|----|------|
| N | 1 | Days | S | 0 | Days |
| NE | 2 | " | SW | 3 | " |
| E | 0 | " | W | 13 | " |
| SE | 0 | " | NW | 8 | " |

RAIN—3.84 inches.

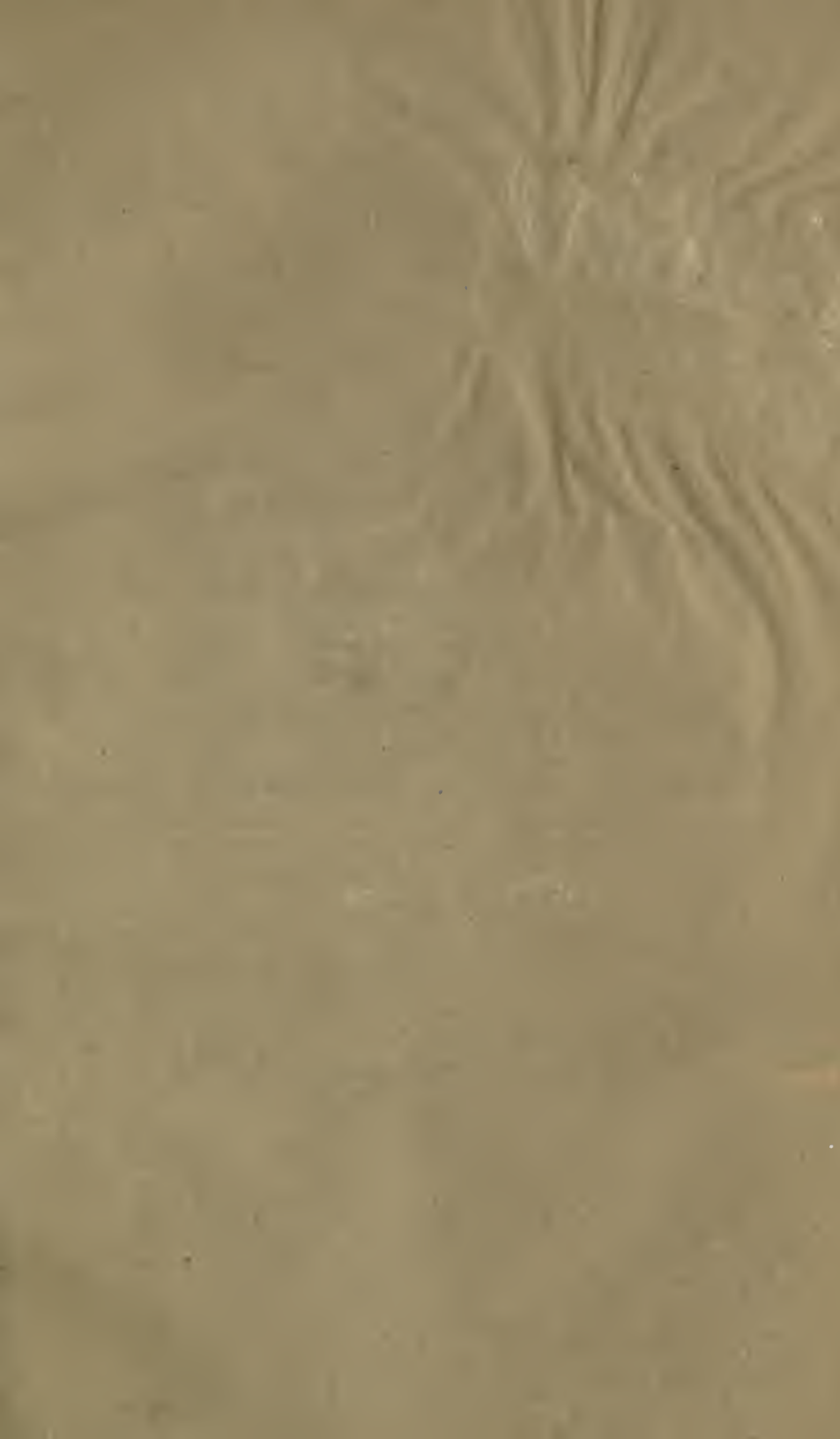
THERMOMETER.

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Monthly Mean..... | 42° |
| Mean of Maxima..... | 47 |
| Ditto Minima..... | 38 |
| Maximum on 1st..... | 62 |
| Minimum on 16th..... | 27 |
| Range | 35 |

WEATHER.

| | | |
|------------------|----|------|
| Clear | 5 | Days |
| Cloudy | 4 | " |
| Showers | 9 | " |
| Overcast | 2 | " |
| Rain | 6 | " |
| Frost | 12 | " |
| Hoar frost | 1 | " |
| Misty | 1 | " |
| Snow | 1 | " |

| DATE. | BAROMETER. | | | THERMOMETER. | | RAIN. | WIND. | | WEATHER. |
|--------|------------|---------|---------|--------------|------|-------|---------|--------|--|
| | 9. A.M. | 3. P.M. | 9. P.M. | MAX. | MIN. | | 9. A.M. | FORCE. | |
| S. 21 | 29.61 | 29.65 | 29.86 | 46 | 36 | | W.N.W. | 1 | Rain in night, A.M. overcast, P.M. clear, evening starlight. |
| M. 22 | 29.71 | 29.75 | 29.62 | 50 | 29 | | W. | 1 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. slight showers, evening rain. |
| Tu. 23 | 29.46 | 29.26 | 29.28 | 45 | 30 | | W. | 4 | All day cloudy, with a few drops of rain, evening stormy. |
| W. 24 | 29.25 | 29.22 | 29.22 | 43 | 34 | | W. | 0 | Morning boisterous, A.M. showers, P.M. rain. |
| Th. 25 | 29.31 | 29.35 | 29.46 | 42 | 32 | | W. | 0 | Fine and fair all day. |
| F. 26 | 29.39 | 29.20 | 29.12 | 42 | 29 | | W. | 1 | Morning hoar frost, P.M. clear, evening starlight. |
| S. 27 | 28.59 | 28.73 | 28.77 | 38 | 37 | | W. | 0 | Morning hoar frost. |
| M. 28 | 29.20 | 29.11 | 29.02 | 38 | 39 | 2.06 | S.S.W. | 0 | Stormy with rain all day, evening boisterous. |
| Tu. 29 | 29.31 | 29.36 | 29.39 | 40 | 32 | | W.S.W. | 0 | Calm and fair all day. |
| W. 30 | 29.51 | 29.56 | 29.62 | 42 | 34 | | W.S.W. | 0 | Morning rain, rain all day. |
| Th. 31 | 29.69 | 29.63 | 29.60 | 43 | 36 | | S. | 0 | Morning clear, fine day, evening lunar halo. |
| F. 1 | 29.42 | 29.39 | 29.38 | 45 | 38 | | S.W. | 0 | A.M. showers, P.M. and evening, continued rain. |
| S. 2 | 29.40 | 29.61 | 29.65 | 50 | 40 | 0.32 | W. | 0 | A.M. rain, P.M. clear. |
| M. 3 | 29.62 | 29.61 | 29.63 | 44 | 33 | | W. | 2 | Morning misty, a few drops of rain afterwards, evening overcast. |
| Tu. 4 | 29.51 | 29.41 | 29.46 | 40 | 42 | | W. | 0 | Rain in night, clear and fine all day. |
| W. 5 | 29.81 | 29.32 | 29.61 | 40 | 30 | 0.30 | N.W. | 1 | Cloudy but very fine day, morning and evening mist in valley. |
| Th. 6 | 29.78 | 29.64 | 29.43 | 34 | 28 | | N.W. | 0 | Showers throughout the day. |
| F. 7 | 29.31 | 29.31 | 29.57 | 42 | 33 | | S.W. | 0 | A.M. fine, P.M. showers, evening moonlight. |
| S. 8 | 29.85 | 29.96 | 30.05 | 42 | 42 | | N.E. | 0 | A.M. overcast, P.M. cloudy, evening clear, colder. |
| M. 9 | 30.02 | 30.08 | 30.08 | 40 | 29 | | N.E. | 0 | Overcast and cold all day, ice. |
| Tu. 10 | 30.04 | 30.06 | 30.11 | 36 | 32 | | N.E. | 0 | Morning showers, A.M. fair, P.M. showers. |
| W. 11 | 30.01 | 29.89 | 29.78 | 36 | 32 | | W | 0 | Morning misty, somewhat foggy throughout the day. |
| Th. 12 | 29.94 | 29.92 | 29.88 | 42 | 33 | 0.27 | S.W. | 0 | Morning misty, P.M. clear, evening misty. |
| F. 13 | 29.56 | 29.31 | 29.30 | 46 | 32 | | S.W. | 2 | Morning misty, P.M. clear, evening misty. |
| S. 14 | 29.25 | 29.23 | 29.23 | 42 | 38 | | W. | 1 | Morning dull and cold, P.M. overcast. |
| M. 15 | 29.31 | 29.32 | 29.31 | 42 | 30 | 0.79 | W. | 1 | Fair all day but cloudy. |
| Tu. 16 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | A.M. overcast, P.M. showers, evening overcast. |
| W. 17 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | A.M. clear and fine, P.M. clear. |
| Th. 18 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | Morning overcast, cold wind, overcast all day. |
| F. 19 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | Overcast all day. |
| S. 20 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. dense cumulus clouds, evening, starlight. |
| M. 21 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 29.32 | 42 | 30 | | W. | 1 | A.M. showers, P.M. rain. |





THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY.

JANUARY.



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1844.

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TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will bear in mind that we do not identify ourselves with the opinions of our correspondents, on questions admitting of discussion. It is our wish that the *Miscellany* should be an available medium for the expression of opinions on Literary and Scientific subjects.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. P. M.—“The Tournament &c.” is under consideration.

W. H.—“Poesy and sleep” will appear in a future number. We hope to insert his previous communication in our next.

C. T.—Under consideration.

X.—“The Consultation” we have some doubt as to the propriety of inserting the Article; but will take it into consideration. We trust the picture he has drawn, is the exception, and not the rule.

***—“Andrew Marvel” in our next.

We are compelled to postpone several Articles, for want of space, our Correspondents will accept this as a general apology.

*** Papers not adapted to the pages of the “*Miscellany*,” will be returned to the authors, where addresses are given.

THE HULL
LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

No. IV.

JANUARY.

VOL. I.

INFLUENCE OF CERTAIN POPULAR ERRORS

ON THE

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF MAN.

BY DR. AYRE.

(Continued from page 86.)

The instances now given of popular errors are chiefly speculative, and we may next proceed to notice those of a more practical kind, and where the evil wrought out by them is more wide in its extent, and more considerable in its degree. Of these, the first we may consider are those that are entertained and acted on in the matter of dress.

There are two purposes for which clothing is used, and to which I would now call your attention—namely, first, as a means by which the body may resist the external cold; and, secondly, to obviate or repair some imperfection in the development of the form. To render myself more intelligible on the objections which may be urged against the opinion and practice of the multitude on these points, I must request your consideration for a moment to an explanation of the principles which should guide us in the selection and use of clothing.

First, then—the materials used for clothing, whether it be fur, or wool, or cotton, or linen, or a mixture of these, have no power to impart warmth to the body, but only to retain it there when generated, the power of any given quantity of clothing to retain it there being *greater* as the difference between the natural temperature of the body and that of the external air is *less*; so that thus the clothing which is adequate to this purpose in winter, must be more than is needed in

summer ; and the body, therefore, that is *warm* in the winter when the thermometer is at 32, must be *hot* from the same clothing in the summer when the temperature is at 62. If, therefore, the clothing used in the winter be as much in excess above what is needed, as a winter dress is when worn in the summer, the effect in both cases will be the same, namely, to cause an excess of heat on the surface, and an undue heating of the system. Now, the legitimate end of clothing, besides its other purposes, is to resist the cold of the external air, and not to raise the heat of the system ; and, therefore, no more clothing should be used than is needed to attain the first object, and the quantity and material of the clothing should be regulated by this effect and therefore, be considerably less in summer than in winter. Of the consequences of neglecting these rules I have now to speak. In the taking of that most frequent of all ailments a common cold ; it is by the sudden abstraction of heat from a limited portion of the body, when the heat of it is in excess, that this effect is produced. The chilling agent may be a current of cold air, or any cold substance, as damp or wetted parts of the dress, as of the stockings, or by the uncovering, and keeping uncovered, any portion of the person ; and it is not, be it remembered, necessary to the effect that the chilling agent, whether it be air or water, should be at a very low temperature ; for if the body be much heated by an excess in the clothing, a moderate degree in the temperature of the chilling agent will be sufficient : for the heat which the excess in the clothing will produce, will render the exposed parts more susceptible, and a moderate chill more effective ; and thus the summer breeze, refreshing as it is, may serve as the chilling agent. When a cold is taken it is always, as has been just observed, by the chill being received at a limited portion of the body ; and in proof of this fact that it is by the *partial*, and not by the general abstraction of heat from the body, that a cold is taken, I may mention that no one is found to take cold in rising from his bed on a winter's morning, and going through the cold processes of ablution and dressing ; nor does the use of a shower bath or of cold bathing produce this effect, and the reason of this exemption is that the cold is applied to the whole body, and the abstraction of the heat is general. On the same principle, a person may lie a whole night awake through the scantiness of the bed covering, and rise in the morning almost stiff with cold, and yet without manifesting any signs of having caught a cold ; yet, perhaps, on some suc-

ceeding night he may take a severe one under a *load* of covering, by the accidental circumstance of the door or window being left open, or the curtain undrawn. By the same rule, a person will travel through a winter's day on the outside of a coach, and encounter all its inclemency of wind and snow, with his hands and feet benumbed, and a sense of coldness prevailing his whole frame, and yet *take no cold*; but if the *same* person, on his return, takes his seat in the inside of the same coach, and with the *same* clothing upon him in which he before travelled on the *outside*, and, if *thus* warm and muffled up, he exposes himself to a current of air admitted through the open windows, the chance is great indeed that he will take it. In illustration of the same fact of the exemption of persons from taking cold who are exposed to the operation of long-continued cold applied to the whole body as the traveller in a winter's day, I may remind you of the accident which befel one of our townsmen, Mr. Appelyard, who, some years ago, was wrecked from a boat in the Humber, and was only picked up after being immersed five hours in the water, and though chilled almost to a degree of insensibility, was able, nevertheless, to sleep sound through the night, and rise to his breakfast in the morning without an ailment of any kind. His security arose from the whole body being chilled; for had he, during that period or any part of it, sat with his legs only in the water, whilst with clothing and other means the rest of his person had been kept warm, a cold would have been taken that in all probability would have proved fatal to him. It is from this principle that the beggar's child, with its naked feet and its scanty and tattered garments, suffers hourly in his feelings from cold, but *takes* none, whilst the child of the affluent, with its ample clothing of wool and fur, is repeatedly the subject of it.

And here let me re-state the fact, that it matters not, as to the effect produced, whether the person so heated be in a coach with a current of air passing through it, or standing in a narrow passage through which a summer breeze is blowing, or stands upon a damp and cold pavement, or at the open window of a warm apartment, or meets the cold air of the street after sitting near the fire of a friend on a morning call, and covered during her visit with a thickly lined cloak and its appendages of muff and tippet. In *all* these cases the *cause* is the same, and *this cause* is the *excess* in the heat of the body, and the partial abstraction of it by a chilling agent directed to a part, as to the

feet or head, and which the general excess in the heat of the system had rendered very greatly more susceptible to be acted on.

From these facts, therefore, which are undeniable, and which the experience of most persons will confirm, we may assume that cold is taken from a chilling agent applied to a limited portion of the body when its heat is in excess. Hence the best preventative against the habit of taking cold is moderation in the quantity of dress employed, as the most assured method of creating the habit is indulging in the use of an excess of it. The error, then, which on this subject prevails in the public mind, is in favour of excess in the use of clothing; and there are few persons who are not chargeable with this error. The circumstances under which persons generally are placed, necessarily subject them to the accident of a partial exposure to the action of chilling agents; and when covered with clothing in excess, they are precisely in the situation of the traveller in the coach, or of a person receiving a current of air at the open window of a warm apartment; and such is the tenderness of some persons from superfluous clothing, that the standing for a moment on a cold floor, or passing along a cold passage, or even the touching of a cold object, as the brass handle of a door, is sufficient to inflict a cold upon them.

With a certain class of invalids, whose chief ailments consist in the frequent taking of cold, it is not unusual, in addition to their excessive general clothing, for them to wear something especially warm on the chest or about the throat, such as a portion of fur or fleecy hosiery; and by this they increase the gross heat of the body, and with it increase their susceptibility to take cold; and what is worse, as well as contrary to the popular belief, without in the least securing the part thus especially covered from the effects of the cold it assists in producing. Could the parties who use clothing in excess escape breathing the cold air, or never be exposed to a current of it, which is impossible, or never tread upon the wet and cold pavement, which with the great mass of mankind is likewise so, all the mis-directed care by collars of fur with fleecy hosiery might be used with a chance of impunity; but circumstanced, however, as society is in the natural world, this impunity is impossible.

Before passing from the subject which has now engaged our attention, there is a point connected with it which I feel unwilling to leave unnoticed. I mean the plan lately introduced in Germany of

treating—I know not what diseases—by what is called the cold water system, and which I understand, with certain strict regulations in diet and exercise, consists in placing patients in bed with their night dress wetted with cold water. The plan originated with an ignorant empiric, and I believe is still superintended by him; and at the first view of the subject it might be thought to be as hazardous as it is singular, but the evil which the damp or wet linen would produce if used in the ordinary way, is fully counteracted by the mountain mass of down and woollen covering with which the patient is enveloped, and by which the body speedily becoming heated, and all evaporation prevented, a warm steam bath is created within the bed, and a copious perspiration induced. This method, indeed, is but a clumsy substitute for the modern warm air bath, and only shares with it the advantage of keeping up the perspiration at pleasure. There is nothing, however, in the plan, chilly as it may seem, that has any relation to a cold bath, for the wet linen in which the patient is incased is so profusely surrounded with folds of woollen covering, that all sense of coldness is prevented, and it thereby becomes a warm bath. It is, in fact, a copy, under a somewhat different form, of the notable plan which, about fifty years ago, was pursued by that prince of empirics the far-famed Dr. Graham, and which consisted in having his patients, when stript, buried in the ground with only their heads above it, and where he kept them during several hours. I was old enough at the time, and had enough of curiosity to go with some of my school companions to see the silly people so buried, and to hear them afterwards affirm that they had been comfortably warm and even perspiring. The modern German method and Graham's are strictly analogous, both in their operations and effects; and whilst the German empirics declares the cold and wet linen to be useful, purely because they are *cold*, our countryman Graham proclaimed, and with no little eloquence, that his remedy was to be found in the subtle but life giving energies which the earth was ever exhaling from her bosom, and which were thus imparted to his patients whom he infolded in it. But to proceed from this digression.

Besides the use of clothing to protect the body from the cold, there is another purpose to which it is applied, and which has much of the public favour in despite of the manifest evils which it occasions to those by whom it is used. I here allude to that article of female

dress which is mis-named *stays*, and which is had recourse to during the growing period of childhood, with the view of affording assistance to nature, and by its own especial pressure on the yielding bones of the chest, to mould it, as the staymaker promises, and the credulous parent believes, to a more exquisite degree of grace and symmetry than unassisted nature would produce. As an article of dress, however, for young females, and employed as it is before they have attained their growth, and with the design of directing it, no terms of condemnation can be too strong.

With a view to show its inutility as a means to an end, and that it is not only useless, but pernicious, I have only to invite your consideration to the circumstances which must accompany the use of such means, and the effect which must result from it.

The laws which regulate the growth of the human body are the same which regulate the growth of every other animal, and each animal grows unaided by art after its own kind, and as an exact copy of its parents. The long and slender limbs of the foal, from their tottering under the weight they sustain, might seem to require some support, and to need the aid of art to secure them from becoming deformed during the period of their growth; but I need not add that no such aid is used or needed, and that they grow into the beautiful symmetry of form and proportion which belongs to the adult animal. And what is true of the horse, is true also of *every* animal; no mechanical art being used, and no mechanical art being *capable*, if used, to effect any improvement in the form of the growing animal. But here I must go on to add, that although no *improvement* can be made in the form, yet a *change* can be made in it during the development of its growth; for a large proportion of what becomes bone in the adult animal, is cartilage in the young one, and is easily affected, therefore, by pressure, and may be altered in its form, and be diverted from the natural direction of its growth. In the lower animals no such absurdity is committed as to employ the aid of mechanical art to improve their forms. But it is greatly otherwise with the female children of this country, with whom the stays are employed to form the slender waist. I say *form*—not to *preserve*—for no art is required to *preserve* a beautiful figure, or aid its development; since, if the natural growth of the figure is in the natural direction of symmetry, no aid will be needed, any more than in the foal or the greyhound,

to promote that tendency; and if, on the contrary, following the model of the parent, and in conformity with the mysterious laws which regulate its growth, the waist inclines to a less perfect form, no art can control it without producing more or less of deformity, and with the risk of producing more or less of disease. The proneness of children to mirthful excitement, and the lively activity of their motions which that disposition induces, are as a law of their nature, by which the just development of the form is best effected; and all restraints put upon that activity are opposed to that law, and *pro tanto*, injurious to the ends for which that law was given. In the modern system of fashionable female education, the young pupils are tasked to such an unreasonable extent as to leave them no leisure for the sportive and active exercises which children require; and though *stooping* or *lolling*, as it is reproachfully termed, is the natural and, therefore, proper position for a weary child long confined to a wearying seat, it is denounced as an improper one, and is, perhaps, exchanged for the inclined plane, which is not less wearisome, or for the narrow-seated chair with its perpendicular back, the well-known companion of the piano-forte, and which is still worse than the other two; and, I must add, the well adapted instrument to inflict deformity upon its occupant. By the aid of these and other analogous means, assisted greatly by the stays, the spine of many growing girls becomes deflected laterally from its right line, and a slight curvature once induced in the soft, and therefore yielding vertebræ, soon produces a slight deflexion in the contrary direction below it, and the parallelism of the shoulders and of the shoulder blades is destroyed; one shoulder becoming lower than the other, and one shoulder blade more projecting than the other, and a permanent distortion is the result. There is, strictly speaking, no disease in these cases, nor is any required for such an effect; for the deflexion from the straight line is simply of a column made up of a great many bones, whose texture in the young is comparatively soft, and being united together by cartilage, will take any direction which pressure and the irregular action of the muscles may occasion. That these are the means, and this the mode, by which, in *ordinary* cases, a curvature of the spine is induced, may be safely affirmed, and if any doubt be entertained upon it, we have only to appeal to the notorious and striking fact, that whilst the means which I have pointed out as the cause of such curvature are exclusively

employed with growing young females, so is curvature exclusively limited to *them*—their brothers, whose dress is quite loose, being wholly free from it. “To be out,” as it is called, “in one of the shoulders,” is by no means now an unfrequent occurrence with young women, and is a matter of daily remark and regret with their mothers; and as many of them resist the conviction that it originates from improper restraints, and injurious mechanical pressure, relief is sought for in still greater restraints, and in the mechanical resources of inclined planes, and tighter and stiffer lacing, by which they seek to aid, but by which, unhappily, they greatly mar the development of the form—of that form which the painter and the sculptor of every age have justly set up as the standard in nature for all that is beautiful in outline, and by whose model of symmetry and beauty, the beauty of all may be tested.

But, beside the injury occasioned to the spine by an unnatural pressure on the growing and expanding chest, there is a further evil inflicted by the effect which it has upon the organs within it, and by which a foundation is often laid for a long course of disordered health. For it is in the order of nature, and in obedience to her laws, that the organs which lie within the chest shall completely *fill* it; and thus, following the order of their growth, that they should extend to that full amplitude of the chest, to which its *unchecked* development would carry it. Whatever, therefore, by circular pressure during its growth, prevents the full expansion of the bones of the chest, prevents, in the same degree, the full and natural expansion of the organs growing within it; and these organs are the heart and lungs, not to mention the stomach and liver and other important viscera, which are contained within the ribs, and are subject to injury by their compression; and no one, indeed, reflecting upon the nature of their structure and office, can doubt for a moment as to the evil that must result from a permanent curtailment of their due size, and of their just and appropriate development.

Before concluding these observations, there is one other subject connected with the physical education of female children which I am unwilling to pass by; namely, the practice of gymnastic exercises introduced of late into female schools, and which are designed to counteract, I believe,—(though I pretend not to be certain)—the mischief of the system we have been reprobating, but which is, in

reality, an ally of that system, and has the farther objection that it is resorted to on the false assumption that the physical powers, and feminine grace and figure of a child, may be corrected or improved by the forcible movement of her arms, and of her person, and that thus the chest will become expanded, and the mischief done by the twelve hours daily use of stays, and school restraints, be remedied by the unzoned freedom of an evening's half-hour's gymnastics. The truth, however, is, that although mechanical means may contract the chest, no mechanical means can expand it; and least of all the forcible movement of the arms, which, when practised by young girls, is capable of becoming not only useless, but pernicious; for it is not in accordance with the corporeal structure, any more than it is with the moral attributes and destiny of woman, that she should excel in physical power; since every thing which unduly increases that power, and calls it into exercise, takes from her a portion of that grace and loveliness which are the natural and appropriate elements of her strength.

And now, in concluding the remarks which I have ventured to make upon the errors brought under your notice, I must not omit to state that they form only a very inconsiderable portion of these popular errors relating to our physical economy which are in hourly operation through the world for diminishing the comfort and increasing the mortality of its inhabitants; and while thus transiently glancing at them, I would emphatically urge upon all who would correct them, that instead of presuming to counteract the course and directions of nature, we should be the humble followers and students of her; for the more we study the works of nature as magnificently spread out before us by their Divine Author, the more shall we be convinced of the perfection of His plans and the truth of His laws, and of the great duty we owe to Him, and to our fellow men, to study and obey them.

SPIRITS EVERYWHERE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF UHLAND.

Oh, many a summer's day is gone,
 And in the past is buried,
 Since last, a happy gaysome youth
 Across this stream I ferried :
 And then—as now—all things look'd gay,
 And the glorious noon lay bright,
 With its silence and its sunshine,
 On the strand, the waves, and castl'd height.

Within this same old boat there sat—
 Yes, they sat to me the nearest—
 Two companions of my youth,
 The best, beloved, and dearest.
 The one all calmness as the day—
 He was a gentle, thoughtful sire ;
 The other a happy gaysome youth,
 With a soul of generous fire.

They both are gone ; the one out-worn
 By corroding care and illness,
 Has sought and found a lonely grave—
 A grave of the just in stillness.
 The other's shroud was of darker hue,
 'Twas dyed with the blood's deep stain,
 For he fell 'mid the cannon's roar,
 Triumphant with the slain.

Yet, still methinks they're oft with me,
 For memory's necromancy
 Oft calls them from the silent tomb,
 And robes the past in hues of fancy.

Then, methinks, communion sweet
 I'm holding with the loved twain—
 Yes, then I see, and hear them too,
 They're living by my side again.

E'en the grave, that dreaded thing,
 Is to me a bond of union,
 For the spirit here and the spirits gone,
 For ever holds communion ;
 For seen and heard through conquer'ing faith—
 Seen by the spirit's inward eye ;
 It is only when laid in the grave,
 Departed friends are truly nigh.

Then, ferryman, here is thy fare
 This also take I pray thee ;
 For to hold such silent converse,
 Thrice as much I'd freely pay thee :
 For though thou seest them not, old man,
 Close by my side in thy boat doth stand,
 Two dear strangers unknown to thee,
 Loved ones from the Phantom-Land.

U LO.

EVENING THOUGHTS.

'Tis sweet to gaze upon the evening's sky,
 And watch each slowly dying streak of light,
 Till sable clouds obscure each lovely dye,
 And wrap the Heav'n in one dark shroud from sight.

How lovely beams yon crimson-tinted west,
 Hung with the golden tapestry of Heaven,
 Deck'd in the midst with Heav'n's effulgent crest,
 Which God, to light this darksome world hath given.

Oh ! should a seraph wing across yon sky,
Methinks it could not pass the beauteous sight,
But stay awhile, and gaze with raptur'd eye,
Ere it again through Heav'n renew'd its flight.

But see, the Sun fast sinketh down to rest—
The fiery orb from sight hath nearly gone,
It scarcely peeps above yon cloudy vest ;
It now hath sunk, its daily task is done.

Now all the beauty dies, and night draws on
To span the Heaven with sable cloud ;
The lovely tints are fading one by one,
And sinking fast beneath night's blacken'd shroud.

The darkness round me thickens more and more,
And twilight enters, clad in spectral hue,
Across yon dying west its gloom to pour,
And shut the gaudy prospect from my view.

Hark ! Hark ! the sound of yonder village bell,
Borne by the zephyrs as they take their flight,
Now strikes upon the ear with pleasing knell,
And heralds forth the fast approaching night.

And now the evening star resumes her ray,
Cheering the traveller's homeward-leading trod,
And night her sable curtain drops, till day
Shall dawn again o'er earth—the smile of God.

J. S.

MY UNCLE AND THE SHERIFF'S OFFICER.

My Uncle Charley More was one of those old-fashioned, hard-headed, roystering Irish gentlemen, that flourished about the latter part of the eighteenth century, fond of love-making, whiskey-drinking, fighting, flirtation, and other little peculiarities which at that time were not looked upon with the same cold calculating eye that they are at the present; in fact, it was then considered that those qualifications should always belong to one of the old stock. Now my Uncle Charley possessed all these, and more; it was therefore considered a great honour to be one of his acknowledged friends. Certainly he had a queer circle of acquaintance, and used to lead a jolly sort of life at the period of which I am speaking. My Uncle had come up to Dublin from Wicklow, intending to spend a short time in the gay city, but, unfortunately, on his arriving, he forgot to call on his tailors, boot-makers, &c., &c., of the last season, and just settle "their small accounts."

Well, he had only been a short time in Dublin when the fact became known, and immediately there was a writ taken out by one of his creditors, and placed in the hands of the sheriff's officer, with orders to attach his body, a process which the sheriff's officer was very much attached to.

Now my Uncle heard of this, and so prepared accordingly. He then resided at a small house, in what was at that time the suburbs of Dublin, on the road to Enniskell; consequently he was compelled to fasten himself up in the house, and receive his parties of pleasure in at the window, by the basket load. By this time the whole neighbourhood was in an uproar; the sheriff's officers had taken their post night and day in the garden, at the front of the house, and used to sit quite unconcerned, with a small table before them, drinking rum and water, and smoking their short pipes—in fact they seemed determined to have him, but he was equally so, they should not. Now, on a party night, which was nearly every night, the scene, as my Uncle used to say, was pleasing and agreeable in the extreme. He would

have his servant Jem stationed in the garden, and the basket lowered, upon which some councillor or richly-dressed officer would deposit himself therein, when he was hoisted up amid the cheers of the mob, who used to assemble in great numbers; Jem, meanwhile, seeing that no improper person got stowed in the basket, that it might not be the means of landing the sheriff's officer on the second floor. My Uncle's voice used to be heard—"Who is it, Jem, that's coming up now?" "Sure, yer honner, its Counsiller Doyle, an' he ever does get up, for he's a great weight intirely. Capt. Glover, yer honner, the next, but his legs is sticking thro' the basket which the counsillor's breek." After all the party had thus been hauled up, Jem used to get into the basket, slightly tap the heads of the sheriff's officers as he ascended, and joined his master.

My Uncle would then come to the window, tell the sheriff's party "not to make bastes of themselves by eating and drinking there all the night," and to be sure, as they valued their lives, not to sing "we wont go home till morning," as it would disturb his rest, and being naturally of a very weak constitution might seriously injure his health. My Uncle standing about six feet in his stockings, and weighing a matter of fourteen stone, these allusions to his delicate health were received by the mob with great laughter. After closing all the windows and making themselves secure, the fun commenced, and generally continued till four or five o'clock in the morning, when, perhaps, the party being moderately refreshed, would insist on two going in the basket at once, which on one occasion caused a sudden downfal. Doyle, and another councillor called Neale, got into the basket together, when the bottom came out entirely, so they both slipped down as far as it was possible, until they were completely jammed tight in the basket; the rope with the sudden jerk broke, down came the councillors stuck in the basket, rolling over and over, and wholly unable to extricate themselves, until assisted by the sheriff's officer and several watchmen, who cut the basket through before they could be liberated. Well, my Uncle was suddenly called away to his residence in Wicklow. How to evade the sheriff's officer was the question; but Jem said "nothing could be aiser; latterly they had given up the practice of having two watches at night," so Jem was left to arrange the matter as he liked. On all being ready a farewell party was given the night before, at which there was more rioting, drinking, and smoking than

ever. The night for starting having arrived, my Uncle asked Jem how he should contrive to get the sheriff's officer out of the way ; but Jem kept a mysterious silence on the subject, and my Uncle saying that he was to take care that the man came by no hurt, as he should not wish that, Jem replied, " hurt him, yer honner, I could'nt think of sich a thing ; sure, them craythures is only made for our divarsion." About the middle of the night a man was heard coming running along, shouting fire ! fire ! but increasing the power of his voice on getting near our watcher, whose name was Barney Mc'Grath. " Is id fire?" says Barney. " Sure and you may say that, and a dreadful fire it is," said the man ; " Lord have mercy on their poor souls, for its an awful sight, and one I would'nt wish to see again." " Is there many lives lost?" says Barney. " One, whole family have turned their backs on the light of day," said our friend. " Blessed Mary," says Barney, " where is id?" " Fame-street," says he. " Is id Fame-street," says Barney, his eyes almost starting out of his head. " Whose family is id that's burnt," says Barney. " I dont remember exact," says he, " but I believe it was one Barney McGrath's." One terrific shout, accompanied by the upsetting of the table and the rum and water, and Barney was off and the coast clear. Jem's head was then observed stealthily peeping out of the window and asking whether Barney had gone to see the fire, and collect the remains of his precious babies ; receiving a satisfactory answer, Jem and the unknown looked in a very peculiar manner at each other, nodding and winking, and seeming to think they were very clever fellows. Jem then called the masther, and in ten minutes my Uncle was on his road home.

Darting along as though the d—l was at their heels, Jem on the box alongside the driver, cursing and urging him onward, the party proceeded thus for some time, nothing being heard but Jem's oaths and my Uncle's laughter, as he related to some of his merry friends who accompanied him the success of Jem's stratagem. Keeping up the pace until they thought themselves comparatively safe, they allowed the driver to draw up at a small inn at Enniskella, where mine host, making his appearance, saluted my Uncle, who was well known to him, with what by the natives of those parts, passed for a polite salutation. " Now, Gorman," said my Uncle, " see after every thing necessary, for we must be off directly, and let us have some whiskey punch immediately." " Yes, yer honner." " And, Gorman,

if, after we are gone, any gentlemen from Dublin should arrive in great haste, and make any particular enquiries as to whether I have passed this way, recollect, will you, that I have not been through here for a generation back." "Yes, yer honner." "And if he seems determined despite this to follow on my track, couldn't you (and my Uncle popped something glittering into the landlord's hand) manage to stop his gallop for an hour or two." Gorman peeped up at my Uncle, winked his eye knowingly, and said—"certainly yer honner, I'll keep him here for a thrifle of time." After refreshing themselves, the party again started, and journeying more slowly, about daybreak passed through Roundwood, within a few miles of which lay my Uncle's property, where, on arriving, everything was made safe, and the party lay down for a nap. Sometime after leaving Enniskella, a carriage drove up to the inn, containing a gentleman dressed in black and having a suspicious and shrewd look; he was accompanied by a shabbier dressed personage, who proved to be no other than our friend who had gone to see the fire. After entering and ordering something to drink, the gentleman said carelessly to the landlord, "By the bye, is there not a gentleman called More, who has a place a few miles from here?" "More," said the landlord, scratching his head and looking puzzled, "is id Charley More you mean?" "The same," said the stranger. "Why" said the landlord, "his place is some distance from this." "Indeed, how far?" "How far! now, why there you puzzle me; it is a great distance over the mountains and near to Roundwood." "Ah, I wanted to see him; do you know him?" "Know him, yer honner? yes, there's very few in Wicklow that does not know Charley More. He passes through here I should suppose now and then?" "Yes, yer honner, and he always gives me a call." "Indeed! how long may it be since he passed through this village." "How long," said the landlord, "by the powers I'm bad at geogrophy, but I think I can tell by near,—let me sec,"—and here he looked as completely mystified as a man can well be supposed to look. After a variety of short impatient exclamations, counting his fingers and putting them through his hair, he arrived at the conclusive point, that "it was just three months, all but two days, before the man was found with his throat cut a mile or two from his house. I don't mean, yer honner, the man that got his brains knocked out, when he was going to distrain on somebody for rent, or to give somebody a dirty writ;

because when any of them sort of people get put out of the way, we never count them in this part of the country." The stranger looked at Barney with a curious and undecided appearance; Barney not liking the tone the conversation had taken, looked very frightened, and so buried as much of his countenance as possible in his glass. "Then murders are not unfrequent in this part, seemingly," said the stranger. "Oh, yes, they are," said Gorman; "we have not had above two or three lately, always excepting them that come with distresses and writs, and we don't call that murder." The stranger and Barney seemed not thoroughly to understand this sort of reasoning, though they were slightly of opinion that it was not much matter what they called it, so long as they did knock a sheriff's officer on the head. After several attempts at conversation, the gentleman observed that the night was not very fine, he thought the roads across the mountains were not safe to traverse at night, and therefore he was of opinion they had better stay all night, an opinion in which Barney perfectly coincided. Gorman said he was very glad to hear it, though he did not ask them to stay at first, because they might be of opinion it was for his own interest; but after what happened a short time since, he thinks he should have ventured to have done so, if they had stated their intention of proceeding. The question was naturally asked what had happened? when the landlord, in a sorrowful tone, related to them that a gentleman rode up one night, and, after staying a short time, desired to be put in the road that would lead him to the "Vale of Ovoca;" this was done, and he departed. The next morning his body was found about six miles from this, with several severe wounds, and his brains scattered about the road—he turned out to be an exciseman, one of the superior sort. "Ah, sir," said Gorman, "you would be astonished the hatred the people bear to excisemen, bailiffs, and policemen; the Lord deliver us from ever having anything to do with any of the sort." The looks that passed between Barney and his master were quite ludicrous.

Next morning my Uncle rose pretty early, considering all things, awoke his guests, and descended into the breakfast parlour, where he called for Jem. Jem, on arriving, was asked if any appearance had been put in of the sheriff's officer, and being answered in the negative, my Uncle asked Jem how he was to avoid a capture. "Leave it to me, yer honner," said Jem, "won't I bother him." So, accordingly, my

Uncle left it to Jem, and leisurely sat down with his guests to enjoy breakfast. I must here inform you, that within a mile of my Uncle's dwelt a Col. Morley, a very fiery sort of gentleman, but always clear of debt; he could not conceive it possible for a greater insult to be passed on a gentleman than to ask him for money; but he wisely took the precaution of not enabling any person to ask him, by always paying as he went on. Now, Col. Morley was invited to dine at my Uncle's this day, and the whole party looked forward to passing a merry evening. Jem having put on a slouched hat, a ragged coat, taken a stick in his hand, and altogether made himself look as much as possible like a wanderer, and destitute, took the road to Dublin. He had not proceeded far before he heard the rattle of wheels, and looking up, saw a car on which sat a gentleman in black, and the identical Barney. "Here they are," said Jem; "now for it." As soon as the party came close to Jem, the car was drawn up, and the gentleman, in a bland voice, said "My man, can you inform me whereabouts is the mansion of Mr. More,—Charley More, I mean." "Oh, id's him you mean, is id?" said Jem. "Yes, do you know him." "I have had sufficient cause to know him, the villin," said Jem. "How so, my man?" "Why, he has just turned myself, and wife and children on the wide world, to beg our bread, or steal it, for ought he cares—the hard-hearted ruffin." "Could you shew me his house; I will give you a trifle for your trouble." "Yes," said Jem, "I could, but I won't; I'm not going to shew any of his friends where he lives. If I could shew the devil where he is to be found, I would gladly." "You mistake us, my friend, ('friend,' said Jem, to himself) we are not known to Mr. More—in fact, far from being his friends, we are officers of the law, and come to arrest him, and take him to prison." "What!" said Jem, "say that again; holy Moses, has it come to this." "Horoo," said Jem, twirling his stick, and performing a sort of dance round the car, to the evident astonishment of the gentleman and Barney. "I'll show you the way, come on," said he, "come on."

A smile of satisfaction passed between Barney and his master, and they followed their guide with cheerful hearts. After some time had passed, they came to a turn of the road, at the end of which was situated a neat lodge. "This is the lodge," said Jem, "and now, I think, I had better not go further, for the porter knows me." "Well,

my friend, we feel much obliged to you ; and here is something for your trouble." Jem drew back. "No," said he, "I did it all for love, I'll take no money;" and jumping from the road, was soon lost in the wood. The gate was opened, and they drove up to the house ; a jaunty-looking groom came and took care of the horse, and the sheriff's officer and his man proceeded to the house door and were admitted. "The master is in," said one of the servants, "what name shall I give." "Oh, never mind the name," said the stranger ; "say a gentleman wants to see him." "Two," mutters Barney. The visitors were desired to walk into the next room, and there met Col. Morley. "Your business, gentlemen," said the Col. "Our business, sir," said Barney's master, "is one which I am sorry to have to execute, and is nothing less than arresting you ; here is our authority." "Arresting me," said the Col., "why, what the devil do you mean." "You are indebted to a certain Mr. Gregson, tailor, of Dublin, in the sum of £110," said the officer. "It's a lie," said the Col. "Well, but," said the stranger, "I have several bills against you ; here is a wine-merchant's bill for £170." "Yes," said Barney, "for £170." "Why," said the Col., "you are both mad." "Excuse me, sir," said the stranger, "but is not your name Mr. Mo—" "Yes, to be sure it is," said the Col. "and if you are not off in two minutes, I'll have you thrown into the horse pond, you two infernal swindling scoundrels." "Then I am to suppose you will resist the execution of this warrant, and forcibly keep me from arresting you." "You, shall see," said the Col. "Doyle, Rafferty, Thomas;" the servants immediately rushed in. "Do you see those men." "Yes, yer honner," said they. Thomas took a lengthened survey through the ring of a bunch of keys, with one eye, and said—"Yes, yer honner, I see them plain enough." "These men have come to arrest me." "Oh! have they," said Doyle. "What's to be done with them," said the Col. "Crop their ears," said Thomas. "No, that's too severe," said the Col. "Make them eat the writs, and wash them well down with pump water," said Rafferty. Here Barney fell down on his knees, and was followed by the sheriff's officer, and both strongly protested that if let off this time, they never would offer to serve him with another writ to the last day of their lives. This did not satisfy the scrupulous Thomas, who pleaded hard for their condign punishment, but was finally persuaded to

let them off, on their solemnly swearing to avoid such doings in future. The oath was duly administered to them on an old copy of the History of England; and they were allowed to depart. The sheriff's officer congratulating himself, not only on his whole skin, but stating he would make Charley More smart for all this. I need not add that the sheriff's officer was glad, on learning how he had been taken in, to drop all talk about legal proceedings; and very anxious to avoid the universal roar of laughter that always greeted him on the mention of Charley More.

Dinner time came; all the guests assembled, the Col. among the number, when the Col. began to relate to the company, the, (to him) most extraordinary affair. My Uncle could scarce keep himself in his chair for laughing. At last the Col. says—"Charley, what the devil are you laughing at? I believe you've had some hand in this." "No," said my Uncle, "but I think I know who has;" and immediately called for Jem, who made his appearance, and was desired to relate his morning's proceedings, which he did in a quiet, sly, dry way, that almost convulsed his auditors. Jem had a brimming glass of hot grog given him; and was desired always to keep a good look out for sheriff's officers, and then allowed to leave the room. The Col. much wanted my Uncle to part with Jem, that he might take him into his own service; but my Uncle would not hear of such a proposition.

ON SEEING THE STATUE OF MY LATE UNCLE,
DR. ALDERSON, OF HULL.

BY AMELIA OPIE.

'Tis he ! through tears that long lov'd form I trace,
That manly bearing, that expressive face !
Those eager eyes which spoke the vigorous mind,
Intent on toils to benefit mankind !
Yes, every feature in the marble lives,
And all the comfort art can yield, it *gives*.
But there's a balm for fond survivors' hearts
Beyond what sculpture's *utmost* power imparts,
Since faithful Memory paints the general woe
On the wide shore where Humber's waters flow,
Where he, the kind physician, father, friend,
In vigorous age was hurried to his end !
She paints the thousands thronging round his bier ;
All ranks, all ages, equal mourners there—
While grateful groups his generous zeal recall'd,
When, by no shrinking selfishness appall'd,
He cross'd the billowy tide at midnight's hour,
To yield the treasures of his healing power.
What, though full oft the chilling wint'ry gale
Blew loud and fearful through the moaning sail,
He could, undaunted, storms and dangers brave,
Whose life's first object—was to soothe, and save !
Then raise the statue ! raise the breathing bust !
Let storied marble guard the sacred dust !
Let Learning's pen record his civic fame,
And on the stone inscribe his honour'd name !
But know, such worth requires no *Sculptor's* art :
He lives enshrin'd within the *grateful heart*.

REMARKS ON THE LEVIATHAN AND BEHEMOTH.

THE very able article on the above subject, in the last numbers of the miscellany, is well calculated, apart from further investigation, to leave the impression that by these animals, when mentioned in the Scriptures, are meant the megalosaurus and the iguanodon. Nevertheless, to show that creatures are there represented as actually existing, which are met with now only in a fossil state, the evidence should be clear and distinct. The interpretation of the various passages of Scripture referred to for that purpose may seem, on viewing them closely, rather arbitrary than convincing. Not a vestige of proof, apart from the acute observations in the article now noticed, appears to exist, that since the deluge, to go no further back, the megalosaurus and the iguanodon have been inhabitants of the earth or its waters; it is therefore desirable to express objections which may arise to any evidence which is drawn from such an interpretation of the word of God as may be erroneous; and in the course of the following remarks will be embodied the sentiments and research of critics of well recognized ability in connexion with this subject.

The description of the leviathan and the behemoth in the book of Job, with whom these creations must have been coeval, naturally leads to the attempt to determine his era. In the article under consideration, it is said that "most biblical critics think that he lived long prior to Moses; possibly even before the flood." Now a reference to Job, chap. 22., ver. 15 and 16, will prove that he lived after the flood; it is also supposed that the 20th verse refers to the fate of the cities of the plain of Jordan, which is later than the time of Abraham. On the other hand, it is clear that he lived before the time of Moses; the date must therefore be fixed between these two periods. Further, Isaiah who lived unquestionably much later, refers in chap. 27, ver. 1, to the leviathan—"The Lord shall punish leviathan, &c." From the concluding verses of this chapter, where Egypt is expressly named, it is obvious that Isaiah refers to an inhabitant of the Egyptian river then existing. These would necessarily be

long after the last important convulsion of the earth's surface, involving important changes of temperature. Indeed, proof need not here be furnished, that since that time no change in this respect, to an extent materially affecting the conditions of animal life, has taken place; modifications there may and undoubtedly have been, from a variety of causes, induced in the climate of many places, but no sweeping change entailing the necessary annihilation of entire genera have, since the last important general catastrophe occurred.

Now the adaptation of the megalosaurus and the iguanodon to a hot climate is well known; it is also known that the remains of these creatures are met with in more than one formation or deposit in this island: but, in no formation or deposit where the remains of these extinct saurians have been found, have those of man been discovered. It appears then at least probable that, before the earth was fitted for the habitation of man, it had become no longer suited to the existence of these mighty and unsightly monsters, and that, therefore, we must refer to some post diluvian genus, to tally with the descriptions given in Scripture of the leviathan and the behemoth. Besides, Job says, "Behold now behemoth which I made *with* thee;" and as is stated in the article now considered, "it would seem that whatever was the period of man's first creation, the same was probably the period of behemoth's creation." True, and the same was the period of the creation of the mammalia. Now although long before and during the deposition of the chalk, the sea and land were inhabited by a variety of large reptiles, and, as geologists tell us, there was a period when these appalling monsters were lords of the creation, still, in respect of the mammalia, and which it is expressly revealed were created with man, their remains are not found but in deposits above the chalk.

In the work of the sixth day, in which, along with man, behemoth was created, critics tell us that although our translation introduces "creeping things," viviparous mammalia alone are in the original intended, the term being "*remes*" and that a more correct translation would have rendered this term "moving or walking things." Moreover, for oviparous insects, which we more easily recognize as creeping things, the Hebrew term is "*Sheretz*;" these are named among the beings created not on the sixth but the fifth day, not the sixth period contemporaneous with man, but the fifth, preceding him. The term expressing the other ovipara of this period as great whales

is also said to be erroneous, the original terms "hathaninim magadolim" more properly being rendered "great reptiles;" so that if we admit behemoth to have been an oviparous saurian, those even which are now extant were not created *with* man, but *before* him; for these reasons it would appear that for the type of the behemoth we must explore the great class mammalia. When we reflect that the megalosaurus and the iguanodon are found only in the fossil state, that they required a hot temperature, that they appear to have been created long before the mammalia, and consequently not at the same time with man, the argument drawn from the mere possibility of these reptiles having existed since the earth was fitted for man's existence loses much of its weight; and besides, the Wealdon stratum, perhaps the uppermost where the iguanodon is found, was deposited during an era quite distinct from the one over which, at all events, post diluvian Scripture history extends, this is evident by the distinctive characters of its animals and flora.

It is shown in the paper that the *than* of the Scriptures is the crocodile of the Nile; and stated that the leviathan is the megalosaurus, and the argument mainly depends on the question, whether *than* be specifically, distinctively, and solely applied to the crocodile; "for," says the author, "already we have seen reason to assert that the *than* of the scriptures is the crocodile; then the leviathan could not also be the crocodile, for both animals are distinctly mentioned in the same portions of Scriptures, as in Psalm 74, ver. 13, 14."

Now a perusal of the passages quoted to show that the "*than*" refers to the crocodile prove no more than that, and fail to convince that the term is exclusively so applied; on the other hand, we are informed from other sources that the Hebrews did not apply the word to the crocodile alone, but that it is applied to poisonous serpents, as well as to saurians of regions so dry that the crocodile could not be an inhabitant of them. Thus, in Jer. 9, ver. 11, "I will make Jerusalem a heap, a den of *thanim*." Jer. 10, ver. 22, "To make the cities of Judah desolate, a den of *thanim*," and in Malachi, chap. 1, ver. 3, the *than* is described as existing in one of the driest regions of the earth, and the most destitute of rivers, but which is infested with small lizard and serpent tribes, "and I hated Esau and laid his mountains and his heritage waste for the *thanoth* of the wilderness."

The term *than*, then, was not a name confined to the crocodile of

the Nile alone; but that saurian so much surpassed in size all others known to the Hebrews, and was so distinguished from them by a strength and ferocity dangerous to man, that we might naturally expect they would have a specific name for it: this name was most probably *leviathan*. *Leviathan* is strictly *joined* or *coupled than*; and the name seems to have reference to the manner in which the scales or mail plates of the crocodile are joined together, described in Job 41, ver. 15, 16, and 17. There appears to be no evidence that the *megalosaurus* possessed similar armour.

The reference to the *than* and the *leviathan* consecutively in a sentence or verse, has led to the conclusion that they could not be identical; it has been, however, shown from the construction and connexion, that in these cases they are pure synonymes, and may be used interchangeably. It is common in Hebrew poetical writings, such as Isaiah and the Psalms, when anything is predicated in them of any subject whatever for which the writers had more than one name, that two or more names are introduced, and which are equivalent to each other. In the twenty-seventh chapter of Isaiah which has been referred to, the first verse contains the equivalent terms *leviathan* and *thanin*; the eleventh verse, *mercy* and *favour*. In the twenty-fifth chapter, verse 2, the words *heap* and *ruin* are synonymously introduced; and in the seventh verse, the words *covering* and *rail*; indeed in Isaiah the examples of this manner of speech are endless. Again, in Psalm 74, ver. 13, 14, both *thanin* and *leviathan* are used to express the same animal. The poet obviously refers to the passage of the Red Sea, and the destruction of the Egyptians there, so that *thanin* and *leviathan* are both types of Egypt. By attending to the structure of this Psalm from the beginning, it will be seen that there is frequently a repetition of a thought expressed in varied terms, as in verse second, verse ninth, and verse tenth: it then becomes obvious that "Thou breakest the heads of the *thanin* in the waters," is a thought repeated in the terms which follow—"Thou breakest the head of *leviathan* in pieces."

But another objection is urged to the identity of the crocodile with the *leviathan*, arising from the impossibility implied, first, by the question in Job, chap. 41—"Canst thou draw out *leviathan* with a hook," &c., of capturing or destroying the latter animal; and again by other passages in the same book, strikingly indicative of

his great power and ferocity; whereas reference is made in the book of Ezekiel to a mode of taking the crocodile practised in ancient times, as in chap. 28, ver. 4—"I will put a hook in thy jaws," &c.; Herodotus also, and Pliny directly allude to a mode of catching the crocodile by a hook in the jaws and dragging him forth from the river; and we know that at the present day, it is speared and slain by the natives of the countries it inhabits.

This objection, however, loses its force when we consider that the book of Job was written at least nearly a thousand years before the time of Ezekiel, and twelve hundred before that of Herodotus; the art of subduing or capturing one of the most formidable animals with which we are acquainted, and the best protected against piercing or cutting weapons, was probably not known in the time of Job. The argument adopted is, that the impracticability of capturing the leviathan by a hook, or securing it by a bridle declared in Job, refers precisely to the means described by Herodotus and Pliny, of capturing the crocodile by a hook or a stick thrust crosswise into its mouth, like the bit of a bridle; and that, therefore, as Job was aware of these means, and asserts the leviathan could not be captured by them, the leviathan must have been some more formidable animal than the crocodile—such, for instance, as the megalosaurus is supposed to have been. But we are not entitled to adopt this reasoning; for the mentioning of the *hook* in Job obviously refers to the peaceful and little hazardous arts of the fisherman, fish spears being especially mentioned in Job, chap. 41, ver. 7, along with the hook. The reference to the bridle is no doubt to the implement which secures the horse, an animal, the training of which, even for war, was well known to the author, chap. 39, ver. 19 to 25; and the bridle itself is mentioned chap. 30, ver. 2. Besides, the evident antithetical construction of the passage can leave no doubt that the implements referred to had no possible relation to the capture of such an animal as the crocodile. The voluntary explanation that Job "without expressly mentioning the than or crocodile, relied on the familiarity of his hearers with the known practices and arts used in their capture," cannot but appear inconclusive and unsatisfactory.

The qualities which distinguish the leviathan as described in the book of Job, and those by which the crocodile of the Nile may be recognised, are stated in the original article now noticed to be similar,

the only claim being, that the size, power, and ferocity of the megalosaurus may have been more conspicuous, and that therefore he is the specific animal referred to. After what has been advanced, however, it will appear that these peculiarities, as represented in the passages quoted, are clearly attributes, comparatively, of the crocodile; and, moreover, there is no passage from which it can be gathered, that leviathan means any other than the crocodile of the Nile.

With respect to the behemoth, although the same assurance may not be arrived at, what species of animal is meant by the term in Job: still, upon the plainest and fairest principles of critical interpretation, it is demonstrated that no saurian of any kind is meant, but one of the larger herbivorous mammalia. These being expressed by the same term, for example Lev. 27, ver. 9, "if it be a beast (behemah) of which men bring an offering to the Lord;" the Hebrews offered only beasts that divide the hoof and chew the cud. Again, Genesis 34, ver. 23, "Shall not their cattle, and their substance, and all beasts of theirs (behemethan) be ours?"

It has already been noticed that the creation of man and behemoth was contemporaneous, and that the remains of the iguanodon are met with in ancient deposits where those of man are never found; moreover, that saurians were not created with man, but the mammalia were: in that class, therefore, we must look for the type according with the particular description contained in Job 40, ver. 15 to 24. Every point of the description here seems correctly applicable to some large species of the bovine genus of Linnæus, and the following is a detail of the points of agreement, in the order in which they occur in Job, with reference to the largest unreclaimed species with which we are acquainted—the buffaloes of India and Africa.

1st.—The buffalo, as we have seen, is included among the animals made in the sixth period of creation with man.

2nd.—They eat grass as oxen.

3rd.—The whole bovine genus are full and compact in the region of the loins, when compared with many other races of animals whose bodies are there relatively slender.

4th.—The second character of behemoth in the sixteenth verse is more obviously seen at a glance, in the bovine genus, than in any other tribe of mammalia.

5th.—The tail of this genus, with the bushy tuft of hair at its extremity, and which the animal tosses continually when teased with insects, or threatening combat, would readily suggest to a poetical imagination the simile of the bare trunk and branchy top of the cedar.

6th.—The bovine genus, when threatening combat, place themselves in contorted attitudes, which inspire fear in those who see them.

7th.—The bones and skeleton are strong and large, as described by Job in his poetical language.

8th.—To an individual living near the valley of the Jordan, who might be unacquainted with the elephant, and larger species of rhinoceros, one of the large bovine species might appear the chief of the works of God among land animals; and it is obviously with them that the comparison is made in the first clause of the 19th ver.; for the author says nearly the same thing of the leviathan (which would raise in his mind a different set of comparisons) that he says here of the behemoth. In Job 41, ver. 33, it is said of the leviathan “upon the earth there is not his like.”

9th.—Of some of the large bovine species it might also be said, by one who knew not the arts of killing it afterwards invented, “That he who made it” could alone make a weapon fit to assail it.

10th.—The bovine genus are inhabitants of the mountains as well as the plains.

11th.—Even the tame buffaloes of India set at defiance, and beat off and kill the Bengal tiger, one of the largest predaceous animals.

12th.—The buffaloes, while at times they feed on the mountains, delight also in the jungle and shade of trees, and to wallow in the mud, and even to bury themselves in it up to the eyes.

13th.—They take the water without fear, and it appears, resort to the streams for pastime or food. Of the Cape buffaloes it is said “they swim with great force.”

14th.—The domesticated oxen and buffaloes are secured in the East, and have probably been so from the earliest time, by a ring passed through the gristle of the nose, an effective method of guiding these animals, common in managing our own bulls and oxen. By the obvious reference to this practice in respect of the domesticated races in Job, we may infer that the behemoth was of a similar race; though, from his size or ferocity, unmanageable by similar means. The case

is very different here from that in respect of leviathan, who is represented in Job as not to be captured by a hook; for there the allusion is not to any means of capturing a similar animal, but obviously to the fisherman's hook.

The characters of behemoth are thus in every respect those of the bovine genus, if among the latter can be found a species of size and ferocity which render it untameable by man. Such a species exists in the African buffalo, yet unsubdued by the colonists of the Cape, after attempts have been made to turn his great strength and swiftness to account for the labour of man. A species of wild Indian buffalo also exists, that for size and ferocity will answer the description of Job, for in that description, it must be remembered, there is much of poetic amplification, like that which we find in the description of the horse, chap. 39, ver. 19 to 25.

The behemoth was an inhabitant of the valley of Jordan, and is it not more likely that some large species of the buffalo, might in early ages, have inhabited that limited district, than even the elephant or hippopotamus? each of which has been conjectured to be the behemoth, although both obviously want some of its characters, and appear to delight in more southern regions.

Naturalists are ignorant whether there exists now, any where, the formidable animal described by Julius Cesar, under the name of the *Urus*, little less in size than the elephant, of the figure of a bull, of great strength, swiftness, and fierceness; the former existence of such an animal, of the bovine race, is demonstrated by their remains being frequently found in England, as well as on the continent, in peat mosses, drained lakes, and marshes, and the most superficial strata. The remarkable skulls of that race have peculiar specific characters, and are about one-third larger than the skulls of domesticated oxen. Cuvier has shown that these are the remains of the *Urus* of Julius Cæsar, whose existence, in a live state, has been traced to a much later era than his.

If evidence existed that, like the Indian buffaloes, the *Urus* sometimes betook itself to the marshes and rivers, it would, in addition to its other characters, correspond in all points with the behemoth in Job.

BOTANICAL NOTICE FOR JANUARY, ON THE TORPIDITY OF PLANTS.

As this is a season of the year when the botanist will wander in vain in search of flowers, all vegetation laying, as it were, in a passive condition, the flowers of summer having faded, the leaves having fallen, and the fruits and seeds remaining in their winter's envelope, waiting for the genial influence of the vernal sun and showers to rouse their now torpid energies into the activity of the vegetating process, we cannot better employ our contemplative faculties than in the consideration of the nature of the condition of the vegetable world at this season of the year, and the causes which induce that condition. There has been too little attention paid in books of science to the different circumstances of plants during the several seasons of the year, and not a few errors have been the consequence. It is, therefore, my intention to notice the various conditions of vegetable nature at the various seasons in their turn.

In these northern latitudes this season may be said to be that of the torpidity, or dormancy of plants. Here it will be proper to remark, that this condition is quite different from that which is called death. After the spring has departed, and summer heat assails our regions, the various bulbous plants, such as crocus, snow-drop, hyacinth, and tulip, are found to fade in beauty of flower, produce their seed, and the stem withers down to the ground, but the plant is not dead; the bulb has within it a rich store of nutriment, which by its vital processes it has collected from the earth, and treasured up within itself an energy which resists the process of decay, but which is not called into action until the commencement of the following annual period of its vegetative life. In like manner, when the genial influence of the vernal showers and summer's sun has produced the expansion of the bud and development of the leaf, the blooming of the flower, and formation of the fruit in our orchard and fruit trees; these in their turn fade and fall away. The sap which ascended in spring, has been elaborated in the expanded leaf, by those beautiful chemical and vital processes, which, it will be our duty, in their turn, to examine

and explain, and, in its changed condition, descends down the stem, depositing additional layers of woody fibre, and a sufficient quantity of nutritious material, so as to protect the individual plant from the depressing and deadening influence of the winter's blast. This is the precise condition in which we find the vegetable kingdom at the present time, in a state of repose, not of death. Death has been defined to be, that condition in which all resistance on the part of the vital force entirely ceases; therefore, so long as this condition is not established, the living tissue continues to offer resistance.

Certain animals which cease to eat on the setting in of winter, such as the squirrel, the bat, the snake, the frog, the snail, and numerous species of insects, continue to live in a sluggish and nearly motionless state, which state is very different from sleep in several circumstances, particularly in the very slow and scarcely observable circulation of the blood and of breathing, the rapidity of which is not very greatly affected during ordinary sleep. It is on this account that the terms torpidity or torpid should rather be chosen in preference to the terms dormancy and dormant. Such animals are found previous to winter to become unusually fat, as indeed is the case with most other animals, owing, in part, to the loss of substance, becoming less as perspiration diminishes with the increase of cold.

Now plants, during winter, seem to be in circumstances very similar to those of torpid animals, the circulation of the sap like that of the blood, and the changes effected by air and light, like the process of breathing, being scarcely, if at all, observable. With respect to the increase of fat, it is said by De Caudolle and others, that a larger proportion than usual of nutrient pulp accumulates in the root and pulp wood, or alburnum.

Thus far, then, I think I have succeeded in explaining the nature of the peculiar condition, or torpidity, of plants during the winter season. Let us now proceed to enquire into the causes which produce this condition.

It is of importance here to remark, the almost universal tendency there is in animated nature to periodicity. The most casual observer of nature cannot have failed to remark this tendency; as is evidenced in the casting off the superficial layer of the covering of insects, the crust of the crab, the scales of the fish, the plumage of the bird, the hair and other epidermic appendages in the different races of quad-

rupeds, and even the hair of the head of man himself; thus we see in the animal creation an universal tendency to moult. No less incontrovertible is the fact with respect to the vegetable creation; hence there must be a grand and universal cause operating upon all nature, and this cause, no doubt, is the change of seasons.

But it will be our duty to examine a little more minutely into the physiological operations causing this vegetable moult.

The effect, which is the most evident, is the fall of the leaf, or defoliation of the plant. As a general rule this commences with the decrease in temperature of autumn, and increases with the frost of winter, although it may not hold good with respect to the plants or shrubs called evergreens: nevertheless, there is even in these, an annual moult, though not so evident as in the forest and garden trees, as in them the fall of leaf most generally occurs in spring, when the young leaves have began to appear; yet in warm climates there are many plants that retain their leaves even for several years.

To understand the present subject perfectly, it will be necessary that we should be acquainted with the anatomical connection the leaf has with the plant. To do this, it will be sufficient to know that, from the sheath which surrounds the pith, a bundle of woody tissue is emerged, accompanied by what are called spiral vessels, from their assuming the form of a cork-screw; which fact is easily proved by making a circular cut through the superficial covering of a new shoot or foot-stalk of a leaf of the vine, and by gently drawing the cut part asunder, the minute spiral threads will be made evident, even to a careless observer. This fibro-vascular bundle passes through the bark, and proceeds at an angle more or less acute to a determined distance from the stem, branching off at intervals, and by numerous ramifications forming a kind of net-work. This net-work is filled up by cellular tissue, which gives solidity to the leaf, the cellular tissue being continuous with that of the bark. After the fibro-vascular tissue has passed from the origin of the leaf to its circumference, it turns upon itself, forming a second layer of fibre under that already mentioned, which gradually converges just as the former has diverged, and ultimately is formed into a single bundle, the same size as that which emerged, and is finally discharged into the liber, or inner bark.

Thus we perceive that the leaf is continuous with the medullary or pith sheath by its superior layer of fibres, and with the liber or

or inner bark by its inferior layer of fibres: this double layer of fibro-vascular tissue will be easily perceived by examining a decayed leaf, many of which are found in the ditches or road sides in the winter season, in which the cohesion of the upper and lower layers is destroyed, so as to allow them to be easily separated.

We shall now be prepared to appreciate the explanations of the cause of the fall of the leaf, which have been given by Du Petit Thouars and De Candolle.

The opinion of Du Petit Thouars is as follows:—"If you watch the progress of a tree, of the elder for example, you will perceive that the lowest leaves upon the branches fall long before those of the extremities. The cause of this may, perhaps, be explained upon the following principle:—In the first instance, the base of every leaf reposes upon the pith of the branch, to the sheath of which it is attached. But as the branch increases in diameter by the acquisition of new wood, the space between the base of the leaf and the pith becomes sensibly augmented. It has, therefore, been necessary that the fibres by which the leaf is connected with the pith should lengthen, in order to admit the deposition of the wood between the bark and the pith. Now how does this elongation take place? As the bundles of fibres which run from the pith into the leaf stalk are at first composed only of spiral vessels, it is easy to perceive that they may be susceptible of elongation by unrolling. And in this seems to lie the mystery of the fall of the leaf; for the moment will come when the spiral vessels are entirely unrolled, and incapable of any further elongation, they will, therefore, by the force of vegetation, be stretched until they snap, when the necessary communication between the branch and the leaf is destroyed, and the latter falls off."

De Candolle explains the matter otherwise and better; he says—"The increase of leaves, whether in length or in breadth, generally attains its term with sufficient rapidity; the leaf exercises its functions for a while and enjoys the plenitude of its existence; but by degrees, in consequence of exhaling pure water, and preserving in the tissue the earthy matters which the sap had carried there, the vessels harden and their pores are obstructed. This time in general arrives the more rapidly as evaporation is more active. Thus we find the leaves of herbaceous plants or of trees which evaporate a great deal, fall before the end of the year in which they were born, while those of succulent plants, or of trees with a hard and leathery texture, which from one

cause or another evaporate but little, often last for several years. We may, therefore, in general, say that the duration of life in leaves is in inverse proportion to the force of their evaporation. When this time has arrived, the leaf gradually dries up, and finishes by dying; but the death of the leaf ought not to be confounded with its fall; for these two phenomena, although frequently confounded, are in reality very different. All leaves die sometime or other, but some are gradually destroyed by exterior accidents without falling, while others fall, separating from the stem at their base, and fall at once, either already dead, or dying, or simply unhealthy."

It is probable that both these explanations are required to understand the phenomena of the fall of the leaf; but that it is not altogether owing to the rupture of the spiral vessels by the acquisition of new wood, is proved by the fact, that in some trees which increase in wood the fastest, the leaves remain upon the branches the longest. Nor can it invariably be caused by the choking up of other kinds of tissue, from the fact, that in plants which are known to evaporate their moisture very rapidly, the process of defoliation may be greatly retarded by placing them in the green-house, and by that means sheltering them from the influence of the cold and wet weather of autumn. If we examine a leaf as it is fixed upon the branch of a tree in autumn, we shall find at the axil of its footstalk, a bud already formed and ready for expansion into leaves and flowers in the ensuing spring. I do not profess myself to be in position to substantiate the point, but I must confess that I am strongly impressed with the opinion that the formation and development of the bud causes pressure to be made upon the vessels communicating with the leaf of the present year and the medullary sheath, and that it is here the obstruction of the flow of sap takes place, thus cutting off the principal supply of nourishment which is necessary for the health and well being of the leaf; and that it is not as, De Candolle supposes, in the cellular and other tissues of the blade of the leaf that the obstruction takes place. I say that I am not in a position to substantiate the truth of such an opinion, but there cannot be any doubt that the presence of the bud must create some degree of pressure upon the spiral vessels of the leaf immediately preceding it, and thus causing the leaf to fall off at this point; for where healthy and natural defoliation takes place, we shall invariably find a scar immediately under the leaf-bud, which is not the case if a leaf withers and dies from accidental causes.

Not only do the seasons effect a change in the leaves and the other organs of a plant which are above ground, but a change is also effected in the condition of the roots. As the leaves are the organs which perform the function of evaporation, they having fallen, evaporation is now almost suspended, with the exception of what little moisture may exude through the bark; the function of absorption, therefore, will cease to be carried on with activity, which function, as is well known, is performed by the extremities of the roots or spongioles.

In autumn, I have said, the plant is very much in the condition of the hybernating animal, the root and pulp wood are supplied with a larger proportion of nutrient pulp than usual, and thus it is that all the parts are dry and solidified; the roots themselves are firm and not liable to be easily broken, but the spongioles are absent, their function being no longer required until the ensuing spring.

These spongioles are the pulpy and bibulous extremities of the fine fibres of roots, and are so called from their absorbing like little sponges the moisture of the soil. They are composed of one or more central ducts or vessels, enveloped by a cellular tissue, but they are not like other parts of the root covered by an epidermis or skin.

It is in autumn, then, that both theory and practice direct us to transplant trees. At that season every circumstance concurs to render the operation practicable; but if we wait until the spring the spongioles are likely to be destroyed, and many causes may call the already turgid plant into growth, before the roots have had time to form new spongioles.

Observation and experience shews us that periods of growth and repose are essentially necessary to the well being of plants, and that by placing them in circumstances however favourable to prevent this change in condition, it is scarcely possible so to do. But if it ever does occur that this change in condition is prevented, it is never done without the plant falling a victim to the unnatural position in which it is placed.

Nor is the repose from the effects of light less necessary for the well-being of a plant, than from the unnatural stimulation above alluded to. If plants were kept continually exposed to the rays of white light, they would be always decomposing carbonic acid, and would in consequence become so stunted, that there would be no such thing as a tree, as is actually the case in the polar regions. If,

on the other hand, they were confined in perpetual darkness, they would become enfeebled, and their tissue so lengthened, that none of the parts would acquire solidity and vigour, and finally perish; this is owing to the inability of plants to decompose carbonic acid gas in the dark, for a specimen of which the reader has only to refer to the remains of the winter's stock of potatoes, in spring.

Thus we see that plants grow chiefly by day. Mayer found the stem of a Belladonna Lily, and plants of wheat and barley grow nearly twice as fast by day as at night; and Mulder states that he has arrived at a similar result in watching the development of other plants.

In my next I purpose to notice the crocus and snow-drop.

J. H. G.

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

December 12.—The Rev. NEWMAN HALL, B.A. delivered a lecture "On the Theory of Sensation." The lecture commenced with a definition of sensation, which Mr. Hall regarded as a general expression indicative of those states of the mind, which immediately follow an affection of the organs of sensation, on being acted upon by external objects. The theory of sensation, he understood to be an explanation of the mode in which external objects produce those mental states. Matter is a substance altogether distinct from mind, and possesses entirely different qualities. Connected with our material organization there is the sensorial organ, consisting of the brain, the spinal marrow, and the nerves, the external terminations of which, or the organs of sense, are in some manner affected by other material substances, external to the body. These affections of the organs of sense are the physical causes, and the immediate precursors of our mental sensations. Thus external objects affect the immaterial mind through the medium of the bodily organs. The question arises, how is this effect produced? Having noticed the several theories both ancient and modern, by which this phenomenon has been attempted to be explained, and pointing out the various errors of those theories, Mr. H. proceeded to state the theory generally adopted in the present day, viz.—"That external objects, by the medium of light and air, or by apparent contact, produce some change in the organs of sense, the nature of which change is unknown: that this impression is conveyed along the nerves in some manner unknown, and that the mental state called sensation immediately results in some method also unknown." Modest, however, as this theory was, it probably pretended to too much knowledge; the process of sensation was, perhaps, more simple than this theory represented. Why may not the mind become conscious of the change produced on the organ of sense immediately on that change taking place, without the transmission to the brain. Mr. Hall proceeded to adduce arguments in support of this opinion, which he contended appeared to be the most philosophical, and did not pretend to an assumption

of a knowledge we did not possess, which was the case with the theory generally received. Mr. Hall's theory is this:—"External objects produce some unknown change in the organs of sense, which change is the immediate antecedent, or physical cause of the state of the mind called sensation." We have no positive proof, Mr. Hall contended, that there is such a transfer as is generally supposed. The sensation is not felt in the brain, but in the part affected, and experiment has failed to detect the supposed transmission. Why might not the brain act as the generator of influence, analogous to that of galvanism, which would account for all the facts without shutting us up to the admission of the transfer of impressions. Mr. Hall concluded by remarking on the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, in the adaptation of our sensitive organs to external objects and to the perceiving mind, and has thus drawn aside the thick veil which otherwise would have shrouded His glorious universe, and offered to His creatures sources of improvement and delight so numerous and so interesting. A discussion ensued, which we are reluctantly compelled to omit. Mr. Hall, in reply to several questions proposed to him, stated that the definition he had adopted was the one given by Dr. Thomas Brown and Dr. Abercrombie. He believed sensation to be an act of the mind entirely, and not of the body. He was fully prepared to admit the possession of an immaterial spirit by some of the lower animals, but not their immortality. A vote of thanks to Mr. Hall for his very able lecture, was moved by the President. and carried by acclamation.

December 26.—Dr. HORNER read a highly interesting paper "On the Influence of the Mind on the Body," a notice of which we must reserve for a future number.

MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

November 30.—Mr. F. B. CALVERT, B.A., delivered a lecture on Oratory, with illustrations from Shakespeare, Childe-Harold, and others, in the place of Mr. Francis, who was prevented delivering his lecture on Chess, as announced, in consequence of an attack of erysipelas. Mr. C. is well known in Hull as a popular and instructive lecturer on this subject. The lecture comprised a general and comprehensive view of the principles of the science, and was received with much applause.

December 7.—Dr. HORNER read a paper "On the Pleasures and Advantages of Contemplating Nature." The lecturer commenced by pointing out the effect of the study of the beauties of nature on the mind. Nature at once the building and the book of God extended its lines further than thought could penetrate. Who could number the inhabitants of the globe, or tell the plants that carpet the earth, or count the myriads of insects that wanton in the sunbeam? Yet vast as is their number, they are but a fragment of created existence. The microscope reveals to us another world, whose inhabitants are more numerous, and certainly more wonderful in their structure, than the members of that world which we can see with the naked eye. The earth too, with all its productions and inhabitants, comprise but a small portion of that which the student of nature has to explore and penetrate. With the aid of the telescope, the mighty in creation becomes as sublime as the minute is

wonderful. This instrument discovers to our view system on system, worlds on worlds, beyond the power of the imagination to conceive. The number of the fixed stars is shewn to be beyond all estimate, and yet the number seen, by the aid of the best instrument, must be but a small fraction of the whole. And as we see that over the whole of the earth's surface nature is continually at work, and nothing created in vain, how great must be, by analogy, the number of beings with which the rest of the grand system is peopled, how vast the amount of created existence! Having pointed out the soothing and refreshing effect of the study of nature, Dr. H. next proceeded to show how admirably it was calculated to enlighten, inform, and elevate the mind. But in order to derive the full advantage, the mind must be prepared for the pursuit. The effects of scenery on the mind and heart of man was next dwelt upon most eloquently. The love of magnificent scenery engenders and fosters a love of liberty, and confirms us in the habit of virtue, and by its association excites that ardent love of greatness, in action and sentiment, which characterises a liberal and heroic spirit. How often the influences of scenery have moved to noble deeds. The general analogy between the features of a country and the character of its inhabitants, is not entirely supposition. By the charm of combination, scenery, in a variety of ways, appears to partake of our delights or to sympathise in our sorrows; if cheerful and gay, every field, every flower, every bud are objects of delight. Are our spirits worn down with sorrow, inanimate objects become, as it were, associated with our grief, and are not unfrequently ministering angels of consolation. The wisest and best men, poets, historians, moralists, and philosophers have all been ardent lovers of nature. This point Dr. H. ably illustrated by reference to interesting passages from the works of the most celebrated of both ancient and modern writers, and remarked that poetry especially was highly indebted to nature for the most sublime of her inspirations. Dr. H. summed up the lecture with a high eulogy of nature, as promoting the peace and happiness of mankind, and especially urged upon his auditors the advantages to be derived from the contemplation of the wonders of nature around them.

December 14.—Mr. H. BURRILL delivered a lecture "On Phonography." For an exposition of the principles of this science, we refer our readers to an article on the subject, in the Miscellany, page 73.

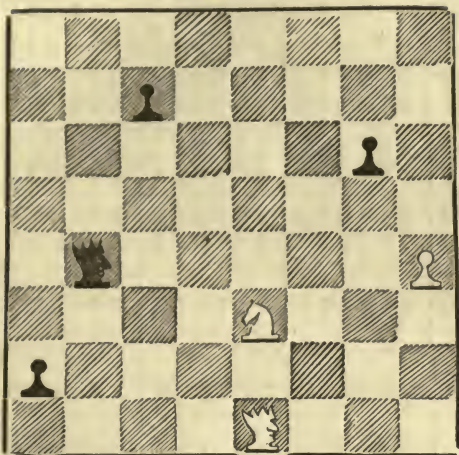
December 21.—Dr. GORDON delivered an able lecture "On Structural and Physiological Botany." The lecture comprised a comprehensive view of the subject, as far as could be entered into in one lecture, which is to be followed by another, when we hope to present our readers with an abstract of the whole, which Dr. G. has kindly offered us.

Dec. 28.—The Rev. THOS. STRATTEN read a paper "On Stone henge," addressed especially to the young. The audience was unusually large; and the lecture manifested considerable research. The subject is not, however, one that falls within the province of our Miscellany, and want of space forbids our giving an abstract of the paper.

CHess PROBLEM.

No. IV.

BY JAMES WALKER.



White to move, and draw the Game.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM, No. 3.

BY W. J. REED.

WHITE.

- 1—Q. to K's Kt. 2nd sq.
 - 2—Kt. to Q's Kt's 7th sq.
- and check-mates.

BLACK.

- 1—R. takes Q.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.—SUMMARY FOR NOVEMBER, 1843.

BAROMETER.

| | |
|-----------------------|-------|
| Monthly Mean | 29.58 |
| Mean at 9 a.m. | 29.57 |
| Ditto 3 p.m. | 29.58 |
| Ditto 9 p.m. | 29.59 |
| Maximum on 29th | 30.21 |
| Minimum on 21st | 28.98 |
| Range | 1.23 |

WIND.

| N | 0 Days | S | 1 Days |
|----|--------|----|--------|
| NE | 3 | SW | 8 |
| E | 0 | W | 10 |
| SE | 0 | NW | 3 |

RAIN—2.86 inches.

THERMOMETER.

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Monthly Mean | 38° |
| Mean of Maxima | 41 |
| Ditto Minima | 35 |
| Maximum on 4th | 50 |
| Minimum on 9th | 28 |
| Range | 22 |

WEATHER.

| | 1 Days |
|------------------|--------|
| Clear | 5 |
| Cloudy | 4 |
| Overcast | 16 |
| Showers | 1 |
| Rain | 1 |
| Snow | 7 |
| Frost | 1 |
| Hoar frost | 4 |
| Misty | 2 |
| Stormy | |

GENERAL REMARKS.

Pure November weather has prevailed during this month. The meteors which have for some years been observed, about this time of the year, were not noticed here. A malignant form of Typhus has been very rife in the neighbourhood.

| DATE. | BAROMETER. | | | THERMOMETER. | | RAIN. | WIND. | | WEATHER. |
|--------|------------|---------|---------|--------------|------|-------|---------|--------|--|
| | 9. A.M. | 3. P.M. | 9. P.M. | MAX. | MIN. | | 9. A.M. | FORCE. | |
| | | | | | | | | | |
| M. 20 | 29.31 | 29.32 | 29.31 | 42 | 30 | 0.79 | W. | 1 | A.M. showers, P.M. rain. |
| Tu. 21 | 29.27 | 29.30 | 28.98 | 40 | 33 | | W. | 1 | A.M. Fair, P.M. showers, evening boisterous, rain. |
| W. 22 | 29.00 | 29.31 | 29.41 | 42 | 40 | | W. | 4 | A.M. showers, boisterous, P.M. cloudy, evening shooting stars. |
| Th. 23 | 29.28 | 29.15 | 29.29 | 35 | 33 | | W. | 0 | Morning misty, noon rain and snow, P.M. showery. |
| F. 24 | 29.38 | 29.49 | 29.50 | 36 | 32 | 1.00 | W. | 0 | Morning misty, hoar frost, P.M. cold and overcast. |
| S. 25 | 29.46 | 29.42 | 29.40 | 86 | 33 | | W. | 0 | A.M. showers and mist, P.M. misty, evening overcast. |
| M. 26 | | | | | | | | | Showers throughout the day. |
| M. 27 | 29.23 | 29.46 | 29.46 | 42 | 35 | | S.W. | 2 | A.M. showers, P.M. overcast, evening showers. |
| Tu. 28 | 29.82 | 29.88 | 29.85 | 49 | 38 | 0.18 | S.W. | 1 | Morning fair, P.M. cloudy, evening showers. |
| W. 29 | 30.05 | 30.09 | 30.21 | 48 | 36 | | N.W. | 2 | Morning cloudy, P.M. cloudy, evening showers. |
| Th. 30 | 30.12 | 29.98 | 29.80 | 45 | 36 | | S.W. | 1 | Morning cloudy, A.M. overcast, evening showers. |
| F. 31 | 29.95 | 29.94 | 30.00 | 43 | 39 | | S.W. | 1 | Morning cloudy, P.M. and evening overcast. |
| S. 32 | 29.95 | 29.98 | 30.09 | 40 | 32 | | W. | 0 | A.M. hoar frost, misty; P.M. overcast, evening cloudy. |
| M. 33 | | | | | | | | | Overcast all day. |
| M. 34 | 30.15 | 30.06 | 29.98 | 50 | 39 | | S.W. | 1 | A.M. clear, P.M. cloudy, evening clear—moonlight. |
| Tu. 35 | 29.70 | 29.68 | 29.69 | 49 | 44 | | S.W. | 3 | Morning stormy, but fair; P.M. cloudy. |
| W. 36 | 29.96 | 30.00 | 30.12 | 46 | 29 | | S.W. | 2 | A.M. and P.M. cloudy, evening moonlight. |
| Th. 37 | 29.93 | 29.92 | 29.81 | 49 | 33 | | S.W. | 2 | A.M. showers, P.M. rain. |
| F. 38 | 29.99 | 29.99 | 30.07 | 48 | 43 | | S.W. | 2 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. clear and fine, evening fine. |
| S. 39 | 29.99 | 30.01 | 30.08 | 45 | 43 | | W. | 1 | Overcast all day. |
| M. 40 | | | | | | | | | Dense fog all day. |
| M. 41 | 30.05 | 30.11 | 30.16 | 47 | 40 | | W | 0 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. fine and clear, evening cloudy. |
| Tu. 42 | 30.23 | 30.24 | 30.26 | 46 | 34 | | S.W. | 0 | Morning misty, A.M. cloudy, P.M. clear. |
| W. 43 | 30.21 | 30.25 | 30.24 | 42 | 31 | | W. | 0 | Morning cloudy, P.M. overcast. |
| Th. 44 | 30.20 | 30.15 | 30.07 | 46 | 33 | | W. | 1 | A.M. a few drops of rain, P.M. and evening windy. |
| F. 45 | 30.03 | 30.03 | 30.09 | 49 | 33 | | S.W. | 3 | Morning and P.M. slight rain. |
| S. 46 | 30.13 | 30.08 | 30.21 | 48 | 42 | | W. | 2 | Cloudy all day. |
| M. 47 | | | | | | | | | Fine day, generally clear. |
| Tu. 48 | 30.27 | 30.28 | 30.30 | 52 | 41 | | W.S.W. | 1 | Morning cloudy, mild, fair day. |
| W. 49 | 30.29 | 30.25 | 30.26 | 42 | 42 | | S.S.W. | 1 | Overcast all day—somewhat misty. |
| M. 50 | 30.15 | 30.10 | 30.06 | 44 | 40 | | W. | 2 | Fair, but overcast all day. |





THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY,

FEBRUARY.



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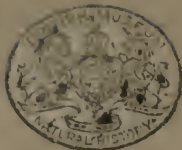
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1844.

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TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will bear in mind that we do not identify ourselves with the opinions of our correspondents, on questions admitting of discussion. It is our wish that the *Miscellany* should be an available medium for the expression of opinions on Literary and Scientific subjects.

For want of space, we have been compelled to omit the Meteorological Table for the past month; also, our Notices of Lectures delivered at the Literary and Philosophical Society and Mechanics' Institute, which we will endeavour to give in our next.

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

T. S.—“The King of the Woods” is not suited to our pages.

Trio.—“The Poet's Dream,” “The Star of the Night,” and “The Olive-Branch” are under consideration.

Albert.—Is approved, and will be inserted in a future number.

* * * Papers not adapted to the pages of the “*Miscellany*,” will be returned to the authors, where addresses are given.

THE HULL
LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

No. V.

FEBRUARY.

VOL. I.

ON VEGETABLE RESPIRATION.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LECTURES OF M. MARTINS,

PROFESSOR OF BOTANY, PARIS.

The beautiful verdure which every returning year presents to our view, is not created solely, as some of our readers may suppose, for the purpose of adorning our meadows, and to afford a cool retreat from the heat of a summer's day. Independently of its benefits to man, the green leaf is of great use to the plant itself; for it serves as a medium of connection with the atmosphere, by which it is enabled to elaborate the juices it has extracted from the soil; in a word, the leaves are the principal organ of vegetable respiration—they are the lungs of the plant. Beneath the pure, but scorching sky of tropical climates, the subjects of the vegetable kingdom are more beautiful and are produced in richer abundance: this increased vital energy manifests itself externally, by a more perfect development of the foliaceous organs, the lungs present a more extended surface to the air, and the plant attains its highest degree of perfection.

Before commencing an enquiry into the subject of vegetable respiration, it is necessary clearly to define the signification of the terms we are about to use. We have, in fact, a most important distinction to establish. In all vegetables we distinguish the *green* from the *coloured parts*; and by the *coloured parts* we mean, in common with all botanists, every part of the plant which is not green: thus the flower of the lily we classify as coloured, although it may be white; the roots, the old stems, the flowers, their enve-

lopes, and the fruit, all belong to the coloured division. Having settled this point, we shall next enquire in what manner these different parts act on the atmosphere. Atmospheric air, it is well known, is a mixture of two gases, oxygen and azote. One volume of atmospheric air contains in the 100 parts, 79 of azote and 21 of oxygen; it also contains some traces of carbonic acid. It is surprising, that so small a proportion of the latter gas is capable of performing so important an office in vegetable respiration, as we shall hereafter show; but the surprise vanishes when we consider the immensity of the mass of air by which we are surrounded. In our analytical experiments we are only able to obtain a very small quantity of carbonic acid, because we operate on a comparatively small quantity of air; but, we are assured by calculation, that the entire atmosphere can contain no less than 1,500 billion kilogrammes of carbon.

Functions of the coloured parts.—The coloured parts of plants absorb oxygen, and exhale carbonic acid, at all times, by day as well as by night.

We see around us innumerable proofs of this fact; thus the presence of air is indispensable even to roots, which, if they be so deeply imbedded in the soil that the air cannot reach them, the plant perishes. The same effect takes place if a tree be so inundated that a large mass of water is interposed between the atmosphere and the roots. The growth of a hyacinth may be very much hastened by inverting a phial of oxygen in the vessel of water containing the roots. Fruits have precisely the same action on atmospheric air, and exhibit identical phenomena even after they are gathered; the danger of remaining long in a close room in which a large quantity of fruit is stored, is well known. The oxygen of the air being absorbed by the fruit, its place is supplied by carbonic acid, which is a deadly poison. The same objection applies to flowers: it would be extremely imprudent to pass the night in a green-house, which proves beyond a doubt, that the disengagement of carbonic acid takes place by night as well as by day. The coloured parts respire in the manner of animals; they absorb oxygen and exhale carbon acid, which vitiates the surrounding atmosphere.

Functions of the green parts.—Here commences a series of phenomena the most important to vegetable life, and in producing these

the leaves are the principal agents. But here a striking difference presents itself; the mode of action is not the same by day as it is during the night.

In the night, the green parts act precisely as do the coloured parts; they absorb oxygen and disengage carbonic acid.

In the day, on the contrary, especially under the direct influence of the solar rays, they decompose carbonic acid, fix the carbon in their tissues, and exhale the oxygen. It was Bonnet who first observed this curious phenomenon. He placed a quantity of leaves in a brook of clear water, penetrated by the rays of the sun; he soon perceived small bubbles of gas principally on the inferior surface of the leaves. Bonnet at first supposed that these were occasioned by air contained in the water; to be assured of it, he placed the leaves in distilled water, which, consequently, was deprived of air, and as he could not then perceive a single bubble of gas, he confirmed himself in an erroneous opinion; and having neglected to analyse this supposed air, he turned aside from one of the finest discoveries in vegetable physiology. Dr. Priestly, some time after, repeated the same experiment, but like a true chemist, did not fail to make an analysis of the gas produced, and found to his astonishment that it was oxygen. The carbonic acid contained in solution in the water had been decomposed; the leaves had appropriated the carbon and exhaled the oxygen. Hence the reason why Bonnet could not obtain this gas in distilled water, because it contained no carbonic acid for the plant to decompose. But this was not all; he also failed to prove, that under the influence of the solar rays the plant decomposes the carbonic acid of the atmosphere as it does that which the water holds in solution. Theodore de Saussure placed this fact beyond a doubt, by an experiment admirable for its simplicity and precision. He took twenty-one periwinkles, as nearly alike as possible; seven of these he analysed, and noted the quantity of carbon contained in each. Seven others were placed under a receiver, into which he had introduced seven centimetres of carbonic acid; the remaining seven were placed under a second receiver in which the air had been deprived of its carbonic acid. These fourteen plants were suffered to vegetate during six days. He then proceeded to analyse the gas contained under the two receivers. In the first receiver the carbonic acid had entirely disappeared, and the

remaining air contained $24\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of oxygen, in the place of the 21 per cent. which it contained at first. In the second, the quantity of oxygen was not increased. The periwinkles of the first receiver were submitted to analysis; they contained eleven and-a-half centigrammes of carbon more than those which had been analysed at the commencement of the experiment. The quantity of carbon was not increased in the plants of the second receiver in which the air had been deprived of every trace of carbonic acid.

This remarkable experiment of Saussure has demonstrated the great object of vegetable respiration, namely, the decomposition of carbonic acid, exhalation of its oxygen, and fixation of its carbon. The essential constituent of all plants is carbon, and it is the great effort of vegetable vitality to fix this substance in the composition of the plant. The surrounding atmosphere is therefore vivifying to vegetation, just in proportion as it is deleterious to animal life by the quantity of carbonic acid which it contains.

It is not from the atmosphere alone that plants extract the carbon so necessary to their existence; there are two other sources which afford a never-failing supply. By means of their roots they extract carbonic acid from the soil which they afterwards decompose. In order to demonstrate this fact, Senebier having procured two nearly similar branches, placed the stem of one in carbonic acid, while the other was exposed to common air. The first retained its freshness and verdure when the other was entirely withered. In fact, vegetables when forming carbonic acid, combine the oxygen absorbed during the night with the carbon of the plant itself. Thus, we may say, that during the night, the plant prepares the materials for the more important labours of the day; it absorbs the oxygen and exhales the carbonic acid, which are to be decomposed, for its own advantage, under the salutary influence of the solar rays. M. Dumas is of opinion, that the organs of the plant are entirely passive during the night; merely allowing the carbonic acid borrowed in the day, to filter spontaneously through its tissues, and diffuse itself around; and that it is only active under the stimulus of the solar light.

The green parts of vegetables which possess this admirable faculty of decomposition, are also endowed with another and not less mysterious power, which is, the retention of the chemical rays proceeding from the sun. From this we may perceive the weakness

of the attempt of M. Daguerre to produce the picture of a landscape in its natural colours; "for," says M. Dumas, "the chemical rays, essential to the Daguerian phenomena, have disappeared, ; and being absorbed by the leaf are kept in reserve for the enormous expenditure of chemical power necessary to decompose so stubborn a substance as carbonic acid."

In addition to carbon, vegetables absorb also hydrogen by decomposing the water about their roots; this has been proved by M. M. Edwards, Colin, and Boussingault. According to the experiments of the latter chemist, they also fix a minute quantity of azote.

The following table is a concise recapitulation of the phenomena of vegetable respiration:—

VEGETABLE RESPIRATION.

| | | |
|---------------------|----------------------------|--|
| 1st coloured parts. | { During day and night. | Absorb oxygen and exhale carbonic acid. |
| | { A. during the night. | |
| 2nd green parts. | { B. during the day. | Decompose carbonic acid; exhale oxygen, and retain carbon. The carbonic acid is produced from three sources. |
| | | |
| | | { a. The air b. The roots. c. From the combination of oxygen, absorbed during the night with the carbon of the plant. |

The essential phenomena of vegetable respiration differ entirely from those presented by the respiration of animals: the first diffuse oxygen, that beneficent supporter of life, whilst the second, on the contrary, contaminate the atmosphere by the impure mixture of carbonic acid; thus vegetables are employed in purifying the air which has been vitiated by animal respiration. Some other observations may also be adduced in support of this principle. It is well known that a great number of vegetables are produced under the sea which form by their combination, a sort of verdant carpet beneath its waters. M. De Humboldt remarks, when the waters of the sea are penetrated by the solar rays the fish appear vigorous and full of life; on the contrary, they are dull and languid when these rays are absent, and when the sun remains a long time clouded they seem as if ready to die. Struck with this fact, the illustrious observer analysed a little sea water during the sun-

shine, and found that the air which it contained in solution yielded from 80 to 90 parts of oxygen; whilst the water of the same sea, collected in cloudy weather, did not contain more than from 16 to 17 per cent. of this gas. This enormous difference sufficiently accounts for the languor of the fish when unable to obtain their accustomed supply of oxygen, and the increase of this precious gas on the sunny days, those joyful days for the finny tribe, can only be attributed to the influence of the marine vegetables, whose respiration, stimulated by the presence of the sun, purifies the water by diffusing a larger quantity of oxygen. But this isolated fact, however curious, is no sufficient ground on which to establish that constant relation between the animal and vegetable; kingdoms so much insisted on by physiologists, which places them, as one may say, in a state of mutual dependence; giving to the animal kingdom the function of furnishing the carbonic acid necessary to vegetation, and charging the plants with the office of ridding the atmosphere of this impure gas and replacing it with oxygen. This notion, so specious in appearance, but which has not been confirmed by experiment, M. Martins endeavours to prevent his auditors from adopting, Taking a general view of the vegetable kingdom, he observes, that the green parts of plants are always the most numerous; and that during the night, plants vitiate the air instead of purifying it. But in the winter season, we must observe, the action of plants on the atmosphere almost entirely ceases, and, finally, in the day time and in summer, the vivifying rays of the sun are frequently prevented by clouds from reaching the earth. In conclusion, the Professor observes, that the contrary action of the green and coloured parts of plants balance each other, and thus the presence of vegetation exercises, at most, but a very feeble influence on the composition of the atmosphere. The experiments of Link, Woodhouse, and Grish, tend also to confirm this opinion. These experimenters placed, under a large receiver, plants entirely covered with leaves, flowers, and fruits; after a considerable time the air of the receiver was analysed, and its composition was found to be the same as before the experiments: there was, in fact, a perfect equilibrium between the different functions. What the air had gained in oxygen, by the action of the green parts, was counterbalanced by the absorption of the coloured parts and their disengagement of carbonic acid;

the air of the receiver was neither vitiated nor improved by the respiration of the plant.

The science of chemistry also, through the medium of M. Dumas, lends its aid to support this opinion. This distinguished philosopher shows, by calculation, that the vegetable kingdom exercises no influence whatever on animals. "The circumambient atmosphere," says he, "presses upon us with a weight equal to 581,000 cubes of copper of a kilometre to each side; its oxygen has a specific gravity equal to 134,000 of these cubes. Supposing the population of the earth to be a thousand millions, and, including other animals, to be equivalent to three thousand millions of men, we have found that all these would not, in the course of an age, consume more oxygen than the weight of 15 or 16 kilometre cubes of copper, whilst the gravity of the entire atmosphere is equal to 134,000 such cubes. Ten thousand years must elapse before all these animals could produce on our atmosphere an effect appreciable by that delicate instrument, the eudiometre of Volta, even supposing the influence of vegetation annihilated during that period. We perceive then how, by different routes, M. Martins and M. Dumas have both arrived at the same conclusion." The chemist, with his balance at hand, confirms the opinions of the vegetable physiologist, their results agree; nor need we be surprised, for the sciences are all sisters and advance hand in hand.

W. H.

ANDREW MARVEL.

We've gained the village, and our task is done!
Yet, let us take the roadway to the west,
And from the height of this commanding hill
View Humber once again. How far the eye
On each hand stretches o'er the level plain
Spread out beneath; which to the east is clad
With purple woods, the west with cultured fields.
Farms, hamlets, villages, the rural church,
The solitary cot, the whirling mill,
With mingled beauty animate the scene;
Through which proud Humber with his rolling tide

Stretches gigantic in a mighty stream
Magnificent and vast ; and gives a crown
Of richer glory to this glorious scene !

Majestic river ! thou art not a stream
“ Unknown to song,” for on thy verdant shore
Sweet bards have wandered, and their dulcet harps
Attuned in concert to thy flowing waves.
White, Marvel, Mason, in poetic mood
Have viewed thy beauties with enraptured eye ;
Illustrious Marvel ! though the poet’s bay
Thy brow encircle, yet the richer wreath
Of patriot fame, luxuriant and full,
Half hides the honours which thy lyre has won,—
So rich the chaplet woven round thine head.
In changing, venal, and corrupted times
Thy soul was uncorrupted ; and principle
Pure, honest, stedfast, all thine actions ruled.
Thine heart was bent to serve thy fellow men,
And raise the honour of thy native place,
Its wealth, its dignity ; and to fulfil,
By unremitting and unwearied toil,
Keen-eyed attention, well-directed aim,
In Britain’s senate, which thou honour’d long,
Each filial duty which a man can owe
To that dear land, that heart-enchaining soil—
His native country. Is it true thy life
Was taken from thee by the poisoned bowl ?
That all thy service, usefulness, and zeal
Gain’d such requital ? met untimely end ?

Would that all natives of this sea-girt isle,
Where freedom sits upon her highest throne,
Had thine own spirit ruling in their breasts !
Then would loud faction cease her bickering roar,
And all unite in one fraternal aim
To build the nation up in moral strength—
In social virtue, piety, truth, peace,
Till it should stand the pyramid of earth
With base unshaken, and with summit high ;

And all the kingdoms of the world around
With deep astonishment and rapture view
The wond'rous pile political, and own
That Greece and Rome, when in their pride of power,
Were feeble empires when compared with ours.

How softly poesy can sooth the breast
And charm its thoughts to stillness ! When the cares
Of state and business for a time withheld
Their claims upon thee, Marvel, I could deem
Thy tuneful muse gave solace to thy mind,
Oft walking forth on some calm rosy eve
Upon the water's brink, whose rippling waves
Gave music not unlike the deeper sound
Of ocean playing on his pebbled shore.
Whilst their bright surface from the twilight sky
Caught crimson colouring, and all around
Seemed glowing in the sweet soft light of peace,
Thy thought would often catch the poet's flame
And revel in its musings. Such an eve
Had calmed thy mind to softest tenderness
Before thy pen poured forth its gentlest strain,—
The sweetest offspring of thy varied muse,—
“ The nymph lamenting for her murdered fawn.”

Methinks I see the gentle maiden laid
Upon a bank amid the meadow-flowers,
The bleeding victim struggling by her side
In death's last agonies. Her gentle hand
With trembling tenderness, in kindly strokes
Moves o'er its glossy coat, and seeks to sooth
Its dying pangs by sweet officious love.
Its plaintive moan bespeaks its agonies,
And its dim eye, once radiant and bright
As morning star, now with a feeble glance
Rests on its mistress, and by thankful looks
Reveals deep gratitude. But how appears
The gentle soother of its parting woes ?
In negligent array of purest white
Her limbs are clad, whose softly moulded forms

Surpass the beauty of those beings bright
That visions oft reveal. Her golden hair
Unbraided, scatters o'er her snowy breast
In wanton wildness, and betrays a heart
Heedless of effort to increase her charms,
As desolate—not having *one* to please !
Her cheek is pale, but yet the softest blush
Of rosy crimson tinges it, so slight
The eye can scarcely catch it. Thought—sad thought,
Sits deeply printed on her clouded brow ;
And hopeless melancholy casts its veil
On her calm features. Sorrow's moisture swells
Beneath her eyelids, which have been the fount
Whence streams of anguish have profusely flowed
From her bereaved heart,—once blest with love
To sweet confiding exstasy, but soon
“ The love of false and cruel man ” betrayed
The trusting gentleness of her warm breast ;
And he who wronged her gave this little fawn,
With silver chain and bell, that its quick play
Might oft amuse her, but when he “ grew wild ”
And “ took his heart ” which he had given to her,
It was a solitary link which bound
The sweetest thoughts of former loving hours
Upon her memory.—That link is snapt,
And full desertion rushes on her soul
With its cold winter-blast—its icy storm !
Where now is solace for her bleeding heart.

* * *

THE THEORY OF SENSATION,

BY THE REV. NEWMAN HALL, B.A.

A PAPER READ AT THE HULL LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY.

DECEMBER 12TH, 1843.

MR. PRESIDENT—

I should be doing violence to my own feelings were I to enter upon the subject which I have engaged to bring forward to night, without expressing my high sense of the compliment which was paid me, when I was requested to lecture before this honourable Society.

That I have not solicited the honour of being enrolled among its members, and that I am not a frequent attendant on its conventions, arises only from the multiplicity of my ministerial engagements, not from any want of interest or sympathy in, far less from any disapproval of, those high objects which it seeks to promote. Next to institutions for the promotion of true religion, I regard societies which, like this, are constituted expressly for the advancement of science, and the cultivation of the human intellect, as among the most valuable which exist. Well persuaded am I, that the more our minds are imbued with, and the more our lives are regulated by, the principles of true philosophy, the greater will be our attainments in happiness—the higher our position in the scale of existence; and, although, in the *fullest* sense of that high eulogy, pronounced on such studies by the great Roman Orator, I am ever prepared to maintain, that it can be applicable only to the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ,—still with reference to such branches of knowledge as are cultivated in *this* place, I most fully concur in the well-known but admirable sentiment referred to,—“*Hæc studia adolescentiam alunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis profugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernocant nobiscum—peregrinantur—rusticantur.*”

Pledged as I am to the publication and defence of what I regard the *highest* philosophy, I am not, on that account, disposed to undervalue *other* truth in whatsoever path it may be discovered, far less to sanction the absurd idea, so derogatory to the Scriptures and to God, that the diligent cultivation of science, in the spirit of true philosophy, can be at all inimical to the interests of religion, or that between the well ascertained conclusions of reason, and the rightly interpreted dicta of revelation, there can ever be found any real antagonism. “*Etenim omnes artes quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam*

inter se continentur." And if this be the case with *different* departments of *secular* knowledge, so is it between the entire *encyclopedia* of such knowledge on the one hand, and the truths of revelation on the other. Both proceeding from one and the same Author there never can be variance between them, while the more diligently we investigate the wonders of the natural world, whether of matter or of mind, the more prepared shall we be to adore the perfections of the infinite Creator, and the more capable of appreciating the unspeakable value of that boon, which he has given us in His revealed word, to serve as a friendly beacon to guide us over those troubled waters which unaided reason cannot safely navigate; and through that dark, eternity-concealing gloom which the eye of human science, however keen its glance, is unable to pierce.

Hoping, Mr. President, that I may be pardoned for these preliminary observations, I will proceed, without further preface, to bring before you that interesting branch of mental science—*Sensation*.

In treating this evening on "The Theory of Sensation," it is my wish to present to you the subject at large, rather than any particular view of it; to shew rather how little we know than how much, and, by referring, for the purpose of refutation, to the various theories which philosophers have propounded in different ages, to support, in conclusion, that theory which, because it has in it the least of what is too often *mistaken* for theory, seems to myself to be the most philosophical, and the most true.

Sensation I define to be, a general expression for those states of mind which immediately follow the effects produced by external objects on the organs of sense.

The explanation of the mode in which external objects produce these mental states, is what I understand by "The Theory of Sensation."

Anciently one term alone was applied to the apprehension by the mind of what is extraneous to itself. In later days the mental process has been further analyzed, and the term sensation restricted to what Abercrombie and others term "the corporeal part of the process," while *perception* is the word employed to denote the reference which the mind makes to external objects as the *cause* of its sensations. With perception, in *this* sense, I have nothing to do this evening. I exclude altogether from my inquiry the manner in which the mind obtains its knowledge of the external world, and its true estimate of the objects of sensation. I have merely to treat of the effect produced on the mind *by* those objects, not the reference of the mind *to* them. Still I cannot admit that I have to do only with "*the corporeal part of the process*," since the corporeal part is strictly nothing more than the effect produced on the bodily organs. There may be this bodily change unattended with any mental consciousness. The nerves may be affected, and not the sentient mind. When life is extinct, the landscape may be depicted in miniature beauty and exactness on the retina, yet there will be no vision, no mental apprehension of the loveliness. It is the mental conscious-

ness of the body being thus affected, not the bodily affection itself which I regard as sensation, and which, indeed, the writers referred to regard it to be, however inaccurate the phraseology they employed. But to this point we shall have occasion again to revert.

As the definition I have given of sensation is itself in substance the only theory I have to offer on the subject, I shall in the first place invite your attention to a consideration of the terms in which it is couched. In regarding sensations as those states of mind immediately consequent on the effects produced by external objects on the sensitive organs, we assume the separate existence of mind and of matter. There have not been wanting among philosophers those who have denied this. Some on the one hand have been sceptical respecting the existence of mind. They would have us believe that thought and feeling are properties of the same substance of which we affirm extension and impenetrability. They would persuade us, not that the mind and body are mysteriously united and wonderfully dependent on each other, but that there is no mind at all; that the body is itself the mind; or, that man—observing, reflecting, reasoning man—is all body. They think they get rid of the difficulties surrounding the subject of the connexion between the spirit and the body, by maintaining that all the operations of what we ignorantly call mind are only the results of a certain condition of the bodily organs, and that our corporeal system of bones and blood and muscles, which can be felt and weighed—and divided—and grow fat—and become lean, can actually investigate the wonders of science, and follow the mazes of argument—“and build the lofty rhyme”—and love—and hate—and be generous—and experience the joys and the terrors of conscience, and can even worship God. If, then, the body is able to do these greater things, how much more those that are less? such as hearing, and tasting, and seeing. Sensation then, according to them, is nothing but the effect of external objects on the body. There is a constant connexion between the sensation and the impression on the organ by the external object; the latter, therefore, according to them, is the only and the efficient cause of the former—as if invariable antecedence was any proof of efficiency of causation! As well might we say that the winter causes the spring because it invariably precedes it, or that the day is the cause of night because their connexion is uniform, as that a certain condition of the organs, because it is the precursor, is also the efficient cause of sensation. Such a position is altogether opposed to our consciousness. The operations of mind are felt to be of a kind unattributable to matter. To quote the words of Dr. Reid:—“If one should tell me of a telescope so exactly made as to have the power of seeing; of a whispering gallery that had the power of hearing; of a cabinet, so nicely framed, as to have the power of memory; or of a machine, so delicate, as to feel pain when it was touched: such absurdities are so shocking to common sense that they would not find belief even among savages, yet it is the same absurdity to think that the impressions of external objects on the machine of our bodies can be the real efficient cause of thought and perception.”

But as some philosophers have denied the existence of mind on the one hand, so have others disputed that of matter on the other. Among the latter Bishop Berkeley stands distinguished. He assailed the sceptical philosophy on its own arena. "We have evidence," said its supporters, "of the existence of matter; this is proved to us by the testimony of our senses, but we have no proof of the existence of anything else." "Nay," rejoins the Bishop, "we have evidence of the existence of mind from our consciousness of its operations, but we have no evidence that there is any such substance as matter. We have, it is true, certain notions which we call sensations, but how can we safely go farther and say that there exists anything beyond the compass of our own minds corresponding to those feelings?" Now, we cannot but confess, that of the two hypotheses, the latter is by far the most tenable. We, certainly, have stronger evidence of our own existence than of that of anything besides; and however absurd, however contradictory to our instinctive belief both of these notions may be, we deem that of two indefensible positions, that which denies the existence of matter is far less open to assault than that which repudiates the existence of mind.

While, then, one set of sceptical philosophers explain sensation as being the production of mere matter, and another as being nothing but various operations of mind unconnected with anything external, our definition assumes the separate existence of one order of substance called mind, the distinguishing quality of which is a capacity for thinking; and of another totally distinct kind of substance, called matter, which has for its primary qualities extension and impenetrability. The matter of the body being affected by external objects, the mind receives certain corresponding impressions—or, in other words, certain states of the substance called *matter* are immediately followed by certain states of the substance called *mind*. These mental states we term *sensations*.

This leads us again to the phraseology of our definition, which explains sensation to be a general term expressive of *certain states of mind*.

What has just been advanced was intended to shew that we assume in this discussion the separate *existence* of mind. We wish now to shew that *sensation* is an *affection* of mind.—"*Certain states of mind*," says our definition. This is opposed to the ancient Platonic dogma, that sensation appertained to the animal soul. Man was, by this system, divided into *the body*, the *animal soul* which was shared in common with the brutes, and to which our various appetites and passions were referred, and the *spirit* or *immortal essence* which survived the dissolution of the body. St. Paul adopts this phraseology in the epistle to the Thessalonians, where he prays that the "whole spirit, (the principle of the rational life)—and soul, (the principle of the sensitive life)—and body, (the mere animal and material part) might be preserved blameless to the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ." In reply to this theory, we may merely observe, that of the existence of the animal soul distinct from the rational spirit there is no proof whatever. There is the material substance, the body, of the

existence of which we have an irresistible belief; there is the immaterial substance, the mind, of the existence of which we have an irrepressible consciousness; and we know, by experience, that this which we call ourselves, can exist in various states of thought and feeling, but that there is any third essence we have no evidence, for the language of the Apostle must not be regarded as such, seeing that he only aimed at expressing, in the current phraseology of the day, his desire that the entire nature might be preserved in allegiance to God. Were his words employed in defence of a philosophical theory, other expressions might be taken from the Sacred Volume to overthrow some of the surest discoveries of science; but it should ever be borne in mind, that the Bible was given us, not as a revealer of philosophy, but of morality and godliness, and that the truths it contains are expressed, not in the strict language of modern science, but in terms which would be understood by those among whom the revelations it contains of the divine will were first promulgated.

Sensation, then, is a state of the one immaterial principle—the mind, or rational spirit, and not of the animal soul, according to the ancients.

Our definition is also opposed to the popular notion that it is the bodily organs which experience sensation. Although for common use the phraseology may be sufficiently correct, yet, strictly speaking, it is not the ear which listens, or the eye which sees, or the hand which feels. If my finger is lacerated, it is not my finger, but myself, that is, the mind, which feels the pain of the laceration. The bodily organs are the instruments of, but are not endowed with sensation. When I look at the sun, it is not my eye which sees it, but the mind, by the means of the eye. It is no more the optical instrument of the body which beholds that luminary than, to use Dr. Reid's illustration, is it the telescope which sees the satellites of Jupiter, indiscernible without its aid. And the same argument supports this position as that by which we contend for the immateriality of mind, namely, the conscious unsuitability of these affections to mere matter; for if it be possible for a system of bones and muscles to experience sensation, there is no reason why it may not perceive, and remember, and reason. If the body can feel the pain arising from a dislocation, there seems no reason why it may not be susceptible of the pain of anxiety or remorse. The affections may be totally different in some respects, yet in this they seem to be alike, that neither of them can be conceived as appertaining to that which is merely material.

As an objection to the position that sensation is a *mental* state, it may be urged that, for example, when the wrist is sprained, the pain is certainly felt *in* the wrist, and that, therefore, it is the wrist that feels.

In reply to this objection, some would maintain that it is only by experience we ascertain the particular part of the body, a diseased state of which is connected with a particular pain. The pain of toothache, and the pain of a broken leg, are according to this system felt in the same place, and it is only by a gradual process that we learn to

refer the former to the diseased tooth and the latter to the injured limb. I confess my utter inability to come to such a conclusion; and I feel persuaded that if those who maintain it would, as I have done, experiment upon it during a violent attack of tooth-ache, they will find it perfectly impossible to believe the pain to be anywhere but in the organ affected. My reply to the objection would rather be by an admission of the premises, and a denial of the conclusion—that the pain is indeed felt *in* the tooth—but that it is the mind there present which feels it. For why should the sensitive principle be shut up into one corner of the sensorium? But more on this subject hereafter.

Let us refer once more to our definition. We have considered the expression “states of mind;” let us now notice the qualification given to those states—they are the *immediate sequences* of the affection of the organ. This distinguishes them from all those subsequent judgments which the mind makes respecting external objects, and from any intuitive belief which the mind may possess respecting what Berkeley calls outness, or something external as causing those sensations. What is termed perception is hereby excluded from our enquiry, as we have already observed. The only remaining expression requiring remark is—“the effects produced by external objects on the organs of sense.” We have already assumed the existence of those objects. They in some manner affect the organs of sense. These organs are the external terminations of the nerves. The nerves are ramifications of the medullary substance collected in largest quantity in the cerebrum and cerebellum, there called the brain; continued in the medulla oblongata, and spinal chord, and thence branching out from between each of the vertebræ in pairs of nerves, the ramifications of which spread over the entire system. The exterior terminations of these nerves form the organs of sense, and it is the effect produced on these organs by foreign substances which we state in our definition to be the immediate antecedents of sensation.

Briefly summing up what has already been advanced, there is an immaterial substance called mind, which exists in certain states called sensations. There is, also, another substance possessing qualities altogether distinct, called matter. In the matter of the body there is one connected sensorial organ consisting of the brain, spinal marrow, and nerves, the external terminations of which, or the organs of sense, are in some manner affected by other material substances extraneous to the body. These bodily affections are the immediate precursors, that is, the physical causes of those mental sensations. Outward material objects, therefore, by medium of the bodily organs, are capable of affecting the immaterial mind. The question now to be examined is—“How is this effect produced?”

It will be interesting to examine some of the various replies which have been given to this enquiry. To such examination I now in the second place invite your attention.

The great difficulty with the ancients was to account for the gross objects of matter affecting the spiritual essence, and to meet this they framed the hypotheses, that shadows or phantasms of substances, not substances themselves, were the agents in producing sensation. Plato

compared the mind to a dark cave in which a man was so placed that he could look only towards its inner boundary. The light entered from behind, between which and the man persons passed and re-passed, their shadows being projected on the inner wall of the cavity. It was these shadows, and not the objects themselves, which affected the mind in producing sensation.

The system of Aristotle and his followers, with Epicurus, was briefly as follows: All things were supposed to be constituted according to an original model or idea, which was termed its substantial form, and was supposed to account for all phenomena. From the surfaces of all bodies were supposed to be continually passing off shadowy films, determined in their character by the substantial form. These shadowy films were an exquisitely refined species of materiality, and did not at all diminish the weight or dimensions of the bodies from which they were continually passing off. By an innate tendency to motion they were impelled with inconceivable rapidity to the organs of sense, and in consequence of the impression they produced on those organs were called *sensible species*. These species or *εἰδωλα* of bodies, were received by the soul—a subtile ethereal essence pervading every part of the frame, and were retained by it just as wax receives the impression of the seal, without abstracting any part of its substance. These sensible species being remembered, or rather the impressions of them on the mind being made the objects of thought, were called phantasms, and being generalised constituted the *intelligible species*. It was thus that the mind obtained its sensation and thence its knowledge of the external world, not from any direct agency of matter, but by the intervention of these semi-spiritual phantasmata.

All this insensible and unintelligible jargon of sensible and intelligible species, was set aside in the seventeenth century by Des Cartes, "that illustrious rebel," as Dr. Brown appropriately terms him, "who, in overthrowing the authority of Aristotle, seemed to have acquired, as it were, by right of conquest, a sway in philosophy as absolute, though not so lasting, as that of the Grecian despot." Instead of proceeding from external objects to what is mental he made "*cogito*" the foundation of his system. Yet while he set out from consciousness, he drew a strict line of demarcation between body and spirit, maintaining that our knowledge of each must be derived from an independent examination of each. He, therefore, abandoned the ancient theory of sensation being produced by shadowy films and phantasms, since for the existence of these "species" there was no evidence either from consciousness or observation. According to the Cartesian philosophy the soul has its seat in the pineal gland, this being single in its construction; and, therefore, suited for the residence of what is simple and uncompounded. The impressions received by the organs of sense are conveyed to the mind residing in the pineal gland, by means of the animal spirits, a fluid which is supposed to flow through the nerves which are supposed to be tubular. The effects thus produced on the brain are, according to Des Cartes, the occasions, not the causes of sensation. This doctrine of occasional causes

is more fully developed by some of his followers. The difficulty arising from the reciprocal influence of matter and mind is got rid of by denying that such agency exists at all. We can neither move our limbs, nor derive sensations from external objects. All this is done immediately by God. Certain positions of external objects are only the occasions on which God acts, so that, therefore, the presence of light reflected from any substance to the optic nerve, is only the occasion on which God affects the mind with the sensation of vision.

Sir Isaac Newton, to account for the transfer of the brain of impressions on the organs of sense, threw out a conjecture whether this might be accomplished by a succession of vibrations of a thin elastic fluid, which he called ether, and which he supposed to pervade the interstices of all bodies. This conjecture was taken up and fully developed by Hartley, in his celebrated theory of vibrations. According to this philosopher, the mind is two-fold, that which is percipient and active being the nobler part, the other being inert and insensible, and only occupied in furnishing the former with objects of thought, it being the repository of the mind's ideas, which here are stored up ready for use. External objects do not affect the mind immediately, but only by the agency of this inferior principle, the impression being conveyed from the organs to this repository, and this, in every case, informing the active principle. "The mind," says he, "sits retired in kingly state, nothing external, or bodily, being admitted to its presence; and though in sensation the notice be received from things without us, they only deliver their message to the mental organs, which by them is carried into the royal cabinet." The ether is the principal agent in conveying this message, for being diffused through all the pores of the sensorium, external objects excite vibrations in it which act upon and excite corresponding vibrations in the infinitesimal particles of the nervous matter, just as vibrations in the air affect solid bodies. These vibrations being kept up by the uniform compression of the ether, are transmitted to the brain, the internal parts of which are instantly set in motion, vibrating in different directions, according to the different directions of the nerves by which the vibrations enter. The great argument, or rather assumption, by which this curious speculation is defended, I will give in the theorist's own words:—"No motion but a vibratory one can reside in any part for the least moment of time, and external objects being corporeal can act on the nerves and brain, which are also corporeal, by nothing but impressing motion on them."

Another celebrated theory is that of Leibnitz, a philosopher of Leipsic. He, like Des Cartes, endeavoured to avoid the difficulty involved in the physical action of substances so different as mind and matter, by denying such agency, though he accounted for the phenomena in a manner different from that of the French philosopher. He supposed the entire universe to be composed of monads, which had all their powers and tendencies bestowed on them at their first creation. All the events which occur in nature are only the evolution of these original powers. The body is a collection of such monads, and all the changes which occur in it, and all the impressions made on

its organs of sense, are only the unfolding of its latent tendencies. The soul is a monad of the highest order; all the states in which it exists—its thoughts, and emotions, and determinations being, in like manner, nothing but the developement of the nature with which it was at the first endowed. Yet the changes of the bodily monads do not produce the changes in the spiritual monad. It, indeed, so happens that there is a constant correspondence between the two; certain states of the mind which seem to be perfectly suitable to certain states of the body, do by an extraordinary punctuality, synchronise with them, so that a certain taste is experienced when a certain substance is placed on the tongue; a sensation of touch or of sight when accordant objects happen to be present to the respective organs; but this is by virtue of a pre-established harmony, not from any mutual agency between matter and mind. There is perfect independence, although it has been so ordered that there is exact correspondence, even as, to use a happy illustration, two clocks may keep time together without a second's variation, although there is no connexion between the two. According to this theory, therefore, we should have experienced all our present sensations, even had there been no change in the bodily organs to correspond with them.

The same difficulty at which Des Cartes and Leibnitz stumbled, gave birth to another theory held by many of the early mystics, but fully developed by Mallebranche, at the close of the seventeenth century. Adopting some of the ancient Platonic notions, he maintained that God must have had originally in himself the ideas of all things, else He could not have created them; that the Deity is always present to our souls; and that on occasion of the impressions made on the body, He reveals His own thoughts to us, so that we perceive not the objects themselves which affect the body, but the ideas of them in the divine mind. This theory was defended on the ground of its simplicity, and of its accordance with the dependent character of man.

Having thus laid before you, as clearly I have been able to do consistently with brevity, some of the principal theories of other days, I shall now proceed, in the third place, to offer a few remarks in refutation of the errors with which they seem to me to be chargeable. Three sets of difficulties on this subject have perplexed the minds of philosophers. To these three classes those various systems may be referred, and under them I shall arrange the observations I have now to offer. The first difficulty is—how can the influence of the distant object be conveyed to the sensitive organ. The second—how can the impression produced on the organ, be conveyed to the seat of the soul. The third—how can this impression, thus brought into close contact with the soul, originate the sensation. In the journey, therefore, supposed to be made from the external object to the mind there are three different stages.

To explain the progress made by the cause of the sensation in the first of these stages, Aristotle and his disciples offer us their aid, telling us that films and phantasms fly with lightning speed from the object, and impress the organ of sense.

Respecting this system it may be said:—

First.—That in some classes of sensation, the notion of these phantasms carries with it evident absurdity; for though we may imagine the phantasm of an object of touch or of vision, who can conceive of the phantasm of a smell or of a sound? But, secondly, even in the case of sensations of touch and of sight, the *existence* of these phantasms is utterly destitute of any kind of proof.

“For these are false, or little else but dreams;
“Conjectures, fancies, built on nothing firm.”

It is a purely gratuitous assumption, and strikingly illustrative of the extraordinary hold which mere conjectures may, for centuries, retain on the human mind. We may say, that for ages the existence of these sensible species was regarded as an indisputable fact, although there was not a tittle of evidence to substantiate it.

What, then, could have induced philosophers to invent, and so long to retain such a theory?

One reason is, the difficulty they felt in accounting for the action of matter on so dissimilar a substance as mind. They, therefore, endeavoured to make matter and mind meet, as it were, half-way, by means of these phantasms, which although material, were so refined, so subtile, so etherial, as to partake, also, in some degree, of the nature of spirit, and, therefore, to be capable of producing on it those impressions which matter in its grosser form was unable to do. But hereby, the line of demarcation which altogether separates the two worlds of mind and matter is taken away; and as matter is spiritualised, so, also, in these phantasms, and the impressions received from them, is spirit materialised. Mind is thus, in fact, regarded as matter, highly etherial, and the distinction between the two worlds is made to be, one not of nature, but degree.

Another reason which may be adduced to account for the support given to this theory, is found in the notion, that there can be no agency at a distance. In the case of vision, for example, the object supposed to be perceived is at a distance; it cannot, therefore, act on the eye from which it is absent; it is, therefore, not the object itself which affects the organ, but a shadowy film or species transmitted from it which produces vision by actual contact.

The axiom on which this reasoning is based, namely, that the presence of the agent to the object acted upon, is in all cases necessary for action, is one, the adoption of which was not restricted to men of ancient days. This will appear from the following quotations:—Mallebranche says—“I suppose that every one will grant that we perceive not the objects that are without us, immediately, and of themselves. We see the sun, the stars, and an infinity of objects without us, and it is not at all likely that the soul sallies out of the body, and, as it were, takes a walk through the heavens to contemplate those objects.” “How body acts upon mind, or mind upon body,” says Dr. Porterfield, “I know not, but this I am very certain of, that nothing can act, or be acted upon, where it is not; so that is not the external sun and moon which are in the heavens

which our mind perceives, but only their images or representations impressed upon the sensorium." I add, only, the statement of David Hume. "Nothing can operate in a time, or place, which is ever so little removed from those of its existence." Whatever new difficulties, therefore, the "sensible species" of Aristotle involved, they, at least, seemed to do away with that which was deemed insurmountable, perception, and, therefore, agency at a distance.

On this reasoning let me observe first, that those who have employed in their argument the assumed axiom referred to, seem to have had reference primarily to efficient or metaphysical, not to physical causes. They regarded it as an utter impossibility that what might be properly regarded as an active cause or efficient agent, could, by the exercise of its own energies, produce any effect whatever upon objects distant from the place in which it might be said to be essentially present. On this dogma, I can merely say, that it seems to me to be destitute of proof, although, by others it has been regarded as self evident. But, then, granting the position, I object to the arguing from efficient causes to physical, and to the employing as an axiom in subjects of the latter kind what is true, if true, only of the former. It *may* be the fact that there is no efficient causation at a distance, but of efficient causation we know nothing, as I shall remark presently; in science we have to do only with physical causes, that is, with bare antecedents; and that there can be no causation of *this* kind at a distance is contradicted by daily experience, for example, in all the phenomena of gravitation. The earth attracts bodies suspended in the atmosphere; the moon raises up the waters of ocean; and the sun, without moving from his throne, binds in faithful allegiance, and continually counteracts the tangential impulses of worlds, whose distance from the august seat of empire, defies not the powers of numbers to calculate, but certainly the powers of thought to realise.

But we need not rely merely on the refutation of the false maxims, and erroneous application of them, by which the theory referred to was upheld. We can account for the phenomena it was framed to explain in some better way, even the sure discoveries of science. We have found, by the way of induction, what are the *true* links between the remote object and the organ of sense. In cases of vision it is ascertained, not to be the object itself, but rays of light from it which affect the optic nerve. Thus, were a star annihilated, we should, for a length of time proportioned to its distance, continue to perceive it, because the light which it had transmitted before its extinction would not all have reached us; and were a star newly created, it might be years before it became visible, as it might require that period for the light which affects the organ of sight to traverse the vast interval. So in cases of sound, it is vibrations of the air which affect the nerve; in taste, it is particles of the sapid body; in smell, it is particles of the odorous substance; and in touch, it is of course the presence of the object itself.

The substance of our reply, then, to the ancient theory, for accounting for the effect of the distant object on the organ of sense

by means of phantasms, is this:—first, that in some cases this is inconceivable—in all, destitute of proof; secondly, that the axiom on which the necessity for such a theory was based is questionable, and if not questionable, illogically applied; and thirdly, that all the phenomena can be accounted for in another and a surer way.

We observed that between the remote object of sensation and the sensitive mind, philosophers seem to have reckoned three stages—according to these we are now classifying their systems. We have considered the reply of the ancients to the enquiry how can the influence of the distant body be conveyed to the organ of sense; let us now consider the explanations which have been given of the transfer of the impressions produced on the organ, to the seat of the soul.

In later times, the brain has been universally regarded as the residence of the spirit, and various theories have been framed by which to explain the conveyance thither of the intimations received from foreign objects by the sensitive organs. Some, with Des Cartes, have held that this is by means of the animal spirits, through the tubes of the nerves; others, with Hartley, that it is by vibrations of the ether; others, that it is by vibrations of the nerves, as by musical chords.

On these theories we observe:—

First.—That they are destitute of proof. Anatomists have, hitherto, failed in discovering the Cartesian spirits; of the existence of the ether and its motions, there is no evidence; no vibrations of the nerves have yet been observed, neither are they capable of this, not being like musical chords in a state of tension. I observe,

Secondly.—That supposing any of these various theories had been true, the great mystery of the influence of matter on mind, for the explanation of which they seem in great part to have been framed, would still remain as inexplicable as ever. However skilfully the different links in the chain of *material* causation might be traced, the connection with that which is *immaterial* is equally difficult of explanation, at whatever part of the process it be attempted.

To this, then, the third of the stages alluded to in our classification of theories, we now direct your attention. How can the effect produced by the nerves on the brain, the seat of the mind, be conveyed to the mind itself, so as to occasion *sensation*.

We have seen that some philosophers deny any reciprocal agency whatever. Des Cartes tells us that the bodily impression is only the occasion on which God produces sensation in the mind; and Mallebranche says, that in sensation it is not outward objects, but the ideas in the mind of the Deity by which we are affected. In reply to this, I merely observe, first, that it is a mere hypothesis; and, secondly, that though the framers of the theories thought otherwise, it adds neither to the glory of the great Creator and Upholder of the universe, nor to our dependence on Him, to suppose that His operations are independent of one another, and in a sense disjointed, rather than that they are the operations of general laws, by means of the great machinery of instrumentality which he has ordained. Leibnitz,

who also denies that the states of mind in sensation are influenced by the states of the body, accounts for the phenomena by a pre-established harmony. It is sufficient to say in reply, that not only is this theory, like the former one, without evidence, but that it contradicts itself; for if my sensations are not caused by external objects, they would have been just what they are, were there no external world in existence. What evidence then have I that there is an external world, and what becomes of the pre-established harmony between it and the world of mind? Other philosophers, admitting the connexion to exist, by their industry in accounting for the transfer of the impression along the nerves till these communicate the impulse to the brain, the immediate presence chamber of the soul, seem as though they regarded it possible to explain the action of matter on the mind by impulse, and, therefore, by contact, in the same manner as body acts on body. Sir Isaac Newton says—"It is inconceivable that mere brute matter should, without the intervention of something else, operate upon and affect other matter without mutual contact." Hartley says that impulse, understanding impulse by contact, is the only way by which body acts on body; and on such analogies it seems to have been supposed (especially by the ancients) that the images of things must be brought into immediate contact with, and act by impulse on the mind. On this I observe—

First.—That the premises are false, it being now pretty well established that there is no such thing as actual contact in the universe.

Secondly.—That were the premises true, the conclusion would not follow, for we are not at liberty, as we have before remarked, to reason from the laws of matter to those of mind, and to argue that what is true of the latter, must be true of the former also. But,

Thirdly.—Were both premises and conclusion correct, the great mystery would yet be unexplained in either case. If the action is by impulse, how is it that *impulse* produces the effect? As Dugald Stewart has well insisted, the communication of motion by impulse is as unaccountable as any other mystery. If this be the case with matter, much more so with mind, the phenomena of which the action of body is adduced to explain.

This leads me to my last remark on these hypotheses, that they all seem to originate in the idea that the connexion between matter and mind is very much more inexplicable than any other. We think we perfectly understand how matter acts on matter, but that the influence of matter on mind is a great mystery. But are we not equally ignorant in both cases? Mankind have ever been anxious to pry into the secret operations of nature, to discover the hidden causes of events. "Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas," has been the sentiment of thinking minds in all ages. Yet after all the researches of science, of the true efficient causes of things, nothing is known. That there is some true efficiency we have an intuitive belief, but what this is in any case, is beyond the sphere of our observation. We know nothing but links in the succession of events. The discovery

of every intervening link between the phenomena still leaves undiscovered the connexion of those links with each other. As Dr. Thomas Brown has profoundly reasoned and beautifully exemplified, invariable antecedence is all we know of cause, invariable sequence all we know of effect.

The greatest discovery of modern times, nay, in the entire history of science, namely, gravitation, is nothing more than this. If I am told that an apple falls to the ground and that the earth is retained in its orbit, by gravitation, this is no *explanation* of the facts, it is only a vast generalization of them; and though we were to adopt the great discoverer's theory of an invisible ether which was the agent in attraction, this would be nothing but another link in the succession. Why the ether possessed the tendency to attract, and how it exerted it, would still be unexplained.

Leaving now the theories of other days, let us enquire "what is the explanation afforded of Sensation at present?" The preceding enquiry, by teaching us our ignorance and the error of supposing our knowledge is enlarged by hypotheses, will be seen not to be irrelevant to this part of the subject, nay, will supersede the necessity of any enlargement upon it. For men have at length, though it has been by a laborious process, been taught the true method of philosophising, and have learnt, if nothing else, at least their ignorance. The explanation which Socrates gave of the response of the Oracle 'εοικα γουν τουτου γε σμικρω τινη αυτω τουτω σοφωτερος ειναι οτια μη ουδα ουδε οιομαι ειδεναι', is applicable to this as well as every other branch of science, for they are the wisest who are the most willing to confess their ignorance. What, then, is the theory of Sensation generally adopted now? That external objects, by the medium of light and air, or by apparent contact, produce some change in the organs of sense, the nature of which change is unknown—that this impression is conveyed along the nerves in some manner unknown to the brain, which is affected thereby in some way unknown—and that the mental state called sensation immediately results in some method also unknown.

Now, great as is the wisdom of ignorance contained in this theory, I am disposed to think that even *it* pretends to too much knowledge. That there is the external object we have intuitive belief; that it affects the organ either by light as in vision, or vibrations in the air as in hearing, or by minute particles emitted as in smell, or by apparent contact as in touch and taste, we have experimental evidence, that there is the resulting sensation we have the testimony of consciousness; so that the first, second, and fourth parts of the theory are well established, but what sufficient evidence have we of the third? Or to revert to our former threefold classification, we have the first stage of the journey accounted for, namely, the impression on the sensitive organ; and the third stage, namely, the effect produced on the mind; but what proof have we of the second, namely, the transfer of the impression from the organ of sense to the brain as the seat of the soul?

I anticipate the reply of many present, a reply, in substance,

that of Dr. Reid. "Let the connection between the organ and the brain be cut off by the compression or severance of the nerve, and no sensation will be felt." From this necessary connection, it is inferred that the impression is transmitted along the nerve.

Dr. Thomas Brown, in opposing the idea of the brain being the ultimate material seat of the sensation, has contended that the severance of the nerve may destroy sensation by preventing its healthy action, not by impeding the transference to the brain.

To this Dr. Payne has replied, satisfactorily as many consider, that were Dr. Brown's theory true, the nerve above the point of severance would be as incapable of receiving the impression of the object as the part beyond; and, also, that injury done to the nerves of one sense would prevent the action of the rest, the connection of the entire sensorial mass, destroying, in both cases, the healthy state necessary for action. But this is found *not* to be the case. The nerve above the point of severance is as sensitive as before, and injury done to *one* set of nerves does not destroy the activity of the rest. Dr. Payne concludes, therefore, that Dr. Brown's argument is fallacious, and, that in all cases, the impression is conveyed to the brain.

For my own part, I cannot regard this rejoinder as at all conclusive. The healthy state of the nerve below the point of separation may be destroyed without necessarily interfering with that of the part above. The state of disease may be induced, not by the mere application of the knife or the ligature, in which case it would, it is true, affect the entire nerve, but by the fact of a separation having taken place between that part of the nerve and the brain. This connexion may, in all cases, be necessary for that healthy state of the nerves, without which there can be no sensation; yet it surely does not follow, that the impression needs to be *conveyed* to the brain. It seems to me, therefore, that Dr. Brown's reply to the argument generally drawn from the facts proving the dependence of the sensitive nerves on the brain for the exercise of their functions, is perfectly satisfactory. Those facts prove the necessity of the connection being kept up between the two, but they do *not* prove the transmission of impressions.

Why, then, may not the process in sensation be even simpler than the generally received theory? Why may not the mind become conscious of the change produced on the organ, immediately on that change taking place, then and there becoming cognisant of it, and not after the conveyance of the impression to the brain? "The mind is not," supposes Isaac Taylor, "the prisoner of the attic story, but is the occupant at large of the entire animal organization, acting in each part of the structure according to the purpose of each—in the skin, the eye, the ear, the tongue, the nasal membrane, receiving immediately the impressions of external objects by its inherent susceptibility of the properties of matter, and, let it be granted, within the cranium, carrying on the higher processes of thought." To prove that this is probably the true state of the case, I shall offer very briefly the following arguments.

First.—It is recommended by its simplicity. It is unphilosophical

to account for a phenomenon by a mere hypothesis, which itself requires explanation; for the difficulty is thus increased instead of diminished. But the transfer of the impression on the organ along the sensitive nerves, involves difficulties requiring such explanation. Unless, therefore, such a transfer is well sustained by evidence to be matter of fact, a theory from which this supposition is absent, is simpler, and on that account to be preferred.

Secondly.—The nerves appear from their construction and arrangement unsuited for such an office as the one supposed. Bearing in mind the almost infinite number and variety of our sensations, as well as the extreme minuteness of many of them, together with the necessity that for distinct perception the mind should take accurate and unconfused cognizance of them; the intricate convolutions and interlacings of the fibres which enter into the formation of the nervous plexuses appear to render them altogether unfitted for so accurate, instantaneous, and minutely discriminating a transfer to the brain, of the multiplicity of impressions produced by external objects on the organs of sense.

Thirdly.—There is no positive proof of such a transfer. Consciousness gives no intimation of it. The sensation is not felt in the brain but in the part affected. Experiment has failed to detect the supposed transmission, and no change during sensation has been discovered in the state of the nerve. "Of the whole of the remarkable process of sensation and perception," says Dr. John Abercrombie, "we know nothing but the facts, that certain impressions made upon the organs of sense, are followed by certain perceptions in the mind, and that this takes place in some way through the medium of the brain and nervous system. We are in the habit of saying that the impressions are conveyed to the brain, but even in this we probably advance a step beyond what is warranted. We know that the nerves derive their influence from their connexion with the brain, or, as forming along with it, one great medium of sensation; but we do not know whether impressions made upon the nervous fabric connected with the organs of sense are conveyed to the brain, or whether the mind perceives them directly as they are made upon the organs of sense."

It has been, as we admit, well established, that a connexion with the brain is necessary, but, as we have seen, it does not follow from this that the impression is transmitted. Why may not the brain act as the generator of influence analogous to that of galvanism which is thence transfused through all the nerves, both of volition and sensation, which influence is necessary for their proper action? Would not such a supposition account for all the facts without shutting us up to the admission of the transfer? And do not some of the recent facts of science tend to confirm such a supposition, shewing—not, perhaps, as Dr. Wilson Philip contends, that the nervous influence is galvanism—but that at least it may be analogous to it. Let it not be said we are here only substituting one hypothesis in place of another. We are not attempting to shew what is the nature of the mutual influence of the brain and nerves, but merely contending that

while that mutual influence cannot be questioned, the hypothesis of the transfer of impressions is not the only one which can possibly account for the necessity of the connexion. We may not be able to state what is the office of the brain in sensation; yet, unless it can be shewn that this cannot be any other than the reception of impressions, and unless it be proved that in no other way than that of their transmission to the brain can the necessity for its connexion with the nerves be explained, that necessary connexion, we again insist, is no disproof of our present position.

We conclude, therefore, as at the commencement we intimated that we should by a theory, which, because it has in it, the least assumption of knowledge which we do not possess, appears the most philosophical and the most true, viz:—

That external objects produce some unknown change on the organs of sense, which change is the immediate antecedent or physical cause of the state of mind called sensation.

In conclusion we cannot but remark, that whatever may be the process in sensation, its phenomena strikingly illustrate the wisdom and beneficence of the Deity, who has by the adaptation of our sensitive organs to external objects and to the perceiving mind, drawn aside the thick veil which otherwise would have shrouded his glorious universe, and has thus opened to his creatures sources of improvement and delight so numerous and so inexhaustible.

LEGENDS OF HULL, (No. I)

THE LAST OF THE PIG TAILS IN HULL,

BY FORCEPS.

Some of our readers may yet remember hearing in their youthful days, the expression, which at one time was so common in Hull among all classes—"Go to Dickey Sagg," but few of the present day are aware of its origin.

In the mayoralty of Sir Henry Etherington, in the year 1785, there dwelt in Hull, a worthy man named Richard Sagg, who contrived to obtain no little notoriety, by which he greatly enhanced his pecuniary circumstances. His education had been liberal in the extreme, and having been early placed under the care of an eminent medical practitioner, he, by dint of hard labour and study, made such proficiency as to rank him high in the estimation of the medical

world. He settled in Hull at the time when pig-tails on the head were in the height of fashion. Nature had been extremely bountiful to him in the outward man. In addition to a fine commanding person, he had a most luxuriant head of hair; his head seemed formed for the fashion of queues, and the queue seemed formed alone to grace such heads as his, and the extreme care he took in setting off to the greatest advantage, what nature had thus bountifully provided, seemed to occupy most of his spare moments. Coming to Hull thus recommended by nature, as well as by art, no wonder that he soon attained a good practice. All men have a hobby—great men never can do without one; it often makes them great. Richard had his hobby, and that was his pig-tail, and no pains were spared to render it superior to any in existence; his whole soul seemed suspended there; he read everything which could in the least degree throw any light on their early history, and had scraped together so much information concerning the right wearing, &c., of queues, from the earliest period to his own time; and so much did he consider the future prosperity of England, as a nation, to depend on what he presumed to be the dignity of a pig-tail, that he actually wrote and published a voluminous work (a copy of which is now in the library of the British Museum, and, probably, another copy may yet be found on that shelf, so particularly dusty, in the Hull Subscription Library) entitled “The Rise, Progress, Present State, and Future Prospects of Queues, or Pig-Tails.” This splendid production at once stamped him as a literary character, and gave him the right of admission, as a member of the Royal Antiquarian Society, into which he was ballotted without one dissentient voice. This work, erudite as it undoubtedly is, enters largely into the history of individual pig-tails of celebrated characters, ancient and modern; and in it he draws the deduction, that if Absalom had only worn a pig-tail, and, of course, combed his hair well, which he appears not to have done, he would not have got entangled in the oak tree, and lost his life in the ignominious manner he did. Hé, also, proves that the risk from drowning would be much diminished if the pig-tails were worn with a portable life-buoy within them, as, in sinking, a long pig-tail would, from its lightness, be the last thing above water: and here we may just stop to say, that clever and ingenious as the invention of our townsman Carte may be, yet his life-buoy

must be infinitely inferior to this of Sagg's, for while Carte's, from its size, is so bulky as to require to be laid in some convenient place, this of Sagg's could be carried without any inconvenience—nay, even might become an ornament to the person; and the flattering testimonials which he received from the Admiralty board respecting his invention and its efficiency, at present in the Sagg family, plainly shew that at that time, those admiralty wise-acres did not under-rate its value.

When Richard had finished this work, which gained him so much celebrity, he felt within himself that his own destiny and that of mankind generally was connected with pig-tails. When men have been working up hill for some time, how refreshing it is to turn round and view the road they have toiled over, and when Richard had done this, and in his own mind had balanced his accounts and found them satisfactory, he urged on his hobby with greater speed, and finding he was now on the road to fame and fortune, many, very many were ready to help him on who had at first looked coldly on his projects; His business had now increased and the judicious matrons, with marriageable daughters had already marked him down as a valuable acquisition to any family. Nothing was more natural than that matrons should hint to him, that he ought to think about settling himself for life, by selecting a suitable partner to share his joys, and nothing more natural, that many of the marriageable ladies should wish to possess him. Judicious matrons have many ways of making matches, but the best, the very best is by giving family parties, to suitable men, and, therefore, invitations to domestic parties, balls, routes, &c., were poured in upon Richard, and he now, short of being married, was the happiest mortal alive, his whole time being spent, when his business allowed him, which in justice to him we must say he never neglected, between embellishing his queue and the society of the ladies. The increase of his practice and other things had now rendered him so popular, that if any fell ill, they were advised to "go to Richard Sagg." All persons recommended him and he so monopolized the practice of the town that he was obliged to take a partner and the firm of Sagg & Co., was the chief of the neighbourhood and hence arose the term of "Go to Dickey Sagg."

He now had more time on his hands and this spare time was principally devoted to the one absorbing idea, the improving of his head

of hair and he had now become the grand patron of the town, nothing of consequence could be carried on without consulting him, and taking his advice upon it; and whenever and wherever he patronized it was sure to prosper: all the cry was "Go to Dicky Sagg, and hear what he has to say about it."

Every man in this good town now tried to imitate him, but there was a degree of elegance and gentility in the style of his queue which none could attain to; and here his profound knowledge had taught him, not merely to study their history, but also their appearance, and the origin of the name; and great was the pleasure when Richard made the discovery, that discovery, which always rendered him most valuable in the estimation of the Antiquarian Society, that pig-tails or queues had received their name from being formed and fixed on the head like the tail of the capital letter Q; and that they ought, and must of necessity appear most graceful, if placed on the head at an angle, like the tail of a Q. Richard made this discovery in bed, as appears from his diary, which he regularly kept, and from which we shall faithfully copy an extract, in order to settle a dispute which has agitated the fashionable world for some time, as to what person has the priority of discovery; and, it will be seen, that the merit alone rests with Richard, as he made the discovery just one second before any other person. His diary says—Rose from my bed—brilliant ideas in my head—lighted a taper—looked at my watch—just one second to twelve—soon be to-morrow—asked myself the question why is a pig-tail a pig-tail? The answer as quickly on my mind, in good Cantab logic—a pig-tail is a pig-tail, because it is like a pig-tail, and, therefore, can be nothing but a pig-tail; and a queue is a queue, because it is a queue, fixed like the tail of a Q—and the more its like a Q's tail the more it is a queue, and the more it looks like a Q the more it must be a queue; looked at myself in the glass, saw my queue had, by the force of imagination alone, (query mesmerism) assumed the very form that my dreaming fancy had pointed out to me to be so elegant.—No more sleep this night—up soon in the morning, and sent for Tidpole to dress my hair.

Tidpole was one of those who never differed from Richard; regularly every morning he took his *cue* from his patron, and retailed it; but if, on the morrow, Richard, in his wisdom, found it necessary to alter his opinion, why then Tidpole as regularly altered his, and

tacked to it, what always beat down all arguments—that Richard said so, and, therefore, it must of necessity be true. Richard, sure of his man, trusted his discovery to him—in fact he could not carry his hobby out without his assistance, and, therefore, he that morning, which of all good days was the Sunday, dressed his hair in the new style entirely to the satisfaction of Richard, who, as he peered into the glass, gazed upon himself with delight; whilst Tidpole thought within himself also, as he looked on his own handy-work, that although there might be thousands of barbers, there was but one Tidpole, perruquier; and that he and Richard were designed to work out an important revolution in the world of fashion. Richard was particularly anxious that this day, at least, he should be smarter than any other, as he had an affair of love on his mind. Among the number of ladies who were desirous of possessing his heart, was one, who, besides having a handsome person, had a heavy purse; and although Richard had no more mercenary motives than the rest of the world, yet he always adopted the prudent idea of his revered mother, who, on parting with her darling boy had said, that whenever he entered the marriage state, however great might be the charms of the lady, yet if she had thousands in cash, she had so many more thousand charms. Richard had often wished to unbosom his thoughts to her, but as often hesitated, deterred by the reflection that so many suitors had already proffered their bleeding hearts to her, and been rejected—good man, at that time he little knew what the lady thought about him; their hearts had been for some time like a box of lucifers—they only wanted a rub together, and they were in a blaze directly. Richard being a good churchman, considered it indispensable, that once, at least, on Sunday he should attend the church; and, therefore, to neglect this day, so important as it was to him, would have been monstrous. It was one of those fine Sundays in September, when the weather is warm, and every one feels listless and lazy. The sun was pouring out his beams of light and heat, dispelling that morning mist so peculiar to England, which foretels a hot day;—not a breath of wind was stirring—the smoke from the chimnies ascended perpendicular, and the little gossamer spider was spinning its web, floating itself along in its aerial car, and festooning every projection. All nature seemed hushed on the Sunday, except the carol of the melodious birds, and the hum

of the industrious bee ; and they, too, seemed to enjoy the pleasures of life to the utmost ; every countenance seemed happy as the parties lounged listlessly in the streets on their way to church. The bell had ceased tolling, when Richard, dressed to his hearts content, sporting his new tie, issued from his house, in that classical spot in Hull—the Land-of-Green-Ginger, and walked to church. He had always been remarked as a notable man ; but the extreme care in dressing this morning had finished him off as an exquisite, and exclamations of surprise and admiration fell upon his ear as the passers by noticed him. Every one seemed struck with his peculiar appearance, and for some time could not divine what could make him look so remarkably elegant ; but the keen eye of a barber at once detected the cause and explained the reason. The whole town seemed taken by surprise ; and the very fanes of the church which that day seemed also affected by the sultriness of the weather, and were basking in the sun, and pointing to all quarters of the compass, spun round with astonishment ; as for the clock, why so great was its surprise, that the third hand was pulled up in a trice, the second's hand in a second, and in less than a minute, the minute hand was also still with admiration. To this day, 1844, this clock has not recovered from its shock.

We are sorry to say that his entry into church had the effect of drawing off the attention of the audience from their devotional duties for a time to him, but we ought to excuse the frailties of our fellow creatures in this instance, as they had all been taken by surprise. Richard saw none of his fellow-townsmen or women, save one and that one the girl of his heart, whose eye caught his on his entrance and carried a healing balm to his heart. The angel on whom he had fixed his hopes smiled graciously on him as he passed her pew. The object of his choice had chosen him also, and well might he inwardly ejaculate as he did, after the manner of the great Julius,—not any of the modern Julius Cæsar's, “ I came—she saw—I conquered.” Soon as service was over he joined his lady-love, proposed and was accepted, indeed, how could she refuse when he was the leading man in Hull. From that time he and his Q were paramount here, the new tie had settled the love affair. He married and now thought that every thing would run smoothly with him. Short sighted man his good fortune was his downfall, he fancied that he alone, while

Tidpole kept the secret, would wear the finest queue. A host of rivals instantly sprung into existence, who were determined, if possible, to outstrip him in the length and beauty of their pig-tails, and one tail especially, the property of a joiner in Blackfriarsgate, ran so hard a race with him, that for a long time it was difficult to say which was the best; but the profound knowledge of Richard in the matter of tails, at length enabled him to beat down every antagonist; he distanced the joiner, and no other competitor was left of any consequence: bright visions of glory and renown were before him, and for once, again, his slumbers were peaceful and sound. Time rolled on. Richard was independent—he retired from business; but, alas! for human nature, that fickle goddess Fashion, which he had wooed and won, was again in the fidgets, and, like many married ladies, wanted another new dress, although she had already plenty. Her fiat went forth against the wearing of pig-tails; soon the world adopted the new fashion, save here and there a remnant of the olden time persisted in adhering to what soon became of little moment in the fashionable world; but Richard was one who held on to the last. *He was the last of the pig-tails in Hull.*

All things in this mortal world must have an end, or a change, at least; and we now approach the time which marred his happiness, and caused him to be shorn of his pig-tail. Amongst the host of defeated rivals, no wonder that some one should be left with revenge still rankling in his heart, and ready to gratify it on the first opportunity, this soon offered itself to the rival joiner, of which he availed himself to the utmost. The annual election of municipal officers had come on; the office of sheriff was hotly contested by the candidates and their friends. The worthy and independent free-men of that day, as well as the present, were what are termed *rum* customers, and the spirited manner in which they advocated the claims of each candidate, drew down the applause of the town. So severe a contest had not taken place for many years, and the utmost strength of each party was tried. Neck and neck was the polling of the day, till noon, when one of the parties having gained a trifling majority, a determined push was made by his opponent, and, they were again equal. At four o'clock not a man was left unpolled, save Richard Sagg, who, under other circumstances, would have declined voting; but the idea of securing the election for

one or the other, seemed, in his mind, to carry with it so much importance, that he could not resist. Arrived at the polling place, he found the numbers equal—'twas a tie—no one remained to vote but himself; he had to give the casting vote. As soon as he approached the polling table, the uproar from each party demanding his vote for their friend, with threats of punishment from each if he voted contrary to their wishes, almost stunned him, and, inwardly, he contemplated making his retreat without recording his vote; but his mind called up the fact, that one of the candidates had struggled with him for superiority in a rival tail; that he had stood next in order to the hated joiner, and, that moreover, when defeated, he had had the audacity, more than once, when an opportunity offered, on dark evenings, to seize Richard's pig-tail, and pull it most unmercifully. This indignity roused up all his angry feelings, and as he had his rival completely in his power, he was determined to crush him, if possible, for ever. He gave his vote against him; the tie was loosened, his old antagonist was rejected by him in the face of the whole town. Little did Richard think that that vote would so soon cause his own death. His old competitor, the joiner, was on the side of the defeated candidate, and soon communicated the result of his vote to his friends outside the polling place. He determined on satiating his revenge on Richard, that very day, by cutting off his pig-tail. When Richard showed his face outside, he saw preparations were making by his opponents to handle him roughly; their very countenances shewed they were ripe for mischief; he wanted to retreat—no escape was there for him, his foes closed around him, and hurried him on into the midst of the crowd. His friends seeing his distress, made a desperate effort to rescue him; a rush was made by them to secure him, which for a time was effectual; but the multitude of opponents soon bore down all his friends, and there was he, at last, in the midst, and at the mercy of his enemies. There was one man, who while the struggle was desperate, looked coolly and calmly on, and quietly opening his clasp knife, and giving the crown of his hat a hard rap, to fix it firmly on his head, walked deliberately up to the contending parties, and watching his opportunity, seized hold of the hated pig-tail, which had made him appear so insignificant. Richard felt the tug, and turning round his head as much as he could to see the rude assailant, his eye fell upon the

face of the joiner, who, with open knife was preparing to cut it off. He felt the doom of his importance sealed. He struggled, and loosed himself from his grasp, only to be the more forcibly held; their eyes again met, the joiner had nearly secured the tail—the next moment, and all was over; a cry of joy from the joiner, followed by a terrific shriek from Richard, announced the fearful tale that he had been shorn of his triumph. His loud shriek had the effect of allaying the struggle for a moment, thinking that he had been seriously hurt, but the joiner holding up in triumph the trophy of his valour, a loud burst of laughter and ridicule followed, and he was allowed to sneak his way home again. Richard went home a changed man, he saw that he had lived too long, in Hull at least; he must decamp, how could he meet his fellow townsmen shorn of his tail, the thing was impossible, and then to lose it in so ignominious a manner, the very idea almost broke his heart and that very night he made preparations for setting off by the early coach which used to leave Barton water-side in the morning for London. No more was seen of Sagg alive in Hull; at length news arrived of his death, he drooped ever after he lost his pig-tail; on his death-bed he wished his bones to repose in Trinity Church, in Hull, and a neat marble slab close to the centre of the altar rails marks the spot where his mortal remains lie entombed.

The expression of "Go to Dickey Sagg" was current in Hull many years after, but the circumstance of its origin having gradually died away; it has ceased for some time to be current, though we yet occasionally hear it, when it always calls up to our mind the man whose history we have briefly sketched.

But what became of the pig-tail? Why the joiner kept it for many years, left it as a legacy to one of his children, and it is now in the possession of the joiner's grandchild and we are happy to inform our readers that he intends presenting it to the Hair Dressers' Society, which is now being established in Hull, under the title of the "Hull Latherum Association." In the mean time it is now laid for inspection in the Museum and the curator, who is a very nice man, is very courteous in shewing it to all visitors and giving a short sketch of its history. Be sure you go and see it.

BOTANICAL NOTICE FOR FEBRUARY.

THE CROCUS AND SNOW-DROP.

As both the above-named plants possess, what are commonly known as bulbous roots, it will be a proper time to examine into the nature of a bulb.

Linnaeus considered a bulb to be the leaf-bud of the root, or the winter quarters of the future plant. That it could not be the leaf-bud of the root is certain from the fact, that roots are especially characterised as having no buds; yet, according to modern authors, he was correct in styling it a leaf-bud.

Until very lately, bulbs were known as being of three kinds, namely, the scaly, as in the lily; the tunicated, as in the onion; and the solid, as in the crocus. But modern authors are quite indisposed to admit such a thing as a solid bulb. Professor Lindley says a solid bulb has no existence. The bulb of the crocus, which has been considered a root, appears to be in reality an underground stem, to which the name of *cormus* is given by recent writers, so that it is distinct from a true bulb it being not an imbricated scaly bulb, but a solid, pithy, subterraneous stem; itself emitting bulbs, which can be seen upon its surface. In one respect the bulb differs essentially from a bud; it is not a perishable part, intended merely as a protection to the young and tender vital point, from which new growth is to take place: this, indeed, is a part of its object, but, as I observed in the botanical notice for January, the bulb also serves as a copious reservoir of nutritive matter, upon which the young leaves and flowers feed. On this account, the scales of the lily bulb are not thin and easily withered up, as in a common bud, but succulent, and capable of retaining their moisture through long and severe drought. Thus we find, that in the cultivation of bulbous plants in this country, they prosper the best in a light sandy soil, for they are, generally, natives of situations which, in certain seasons of the year, are quite dried up, and where all vegetation would perish, if it were not for some such provision as we find in the bulb; even on the burning shores of tropical India, beyond

the reach of the tide, and buried in sand, the temperature of which often rises to 170° , bulbous rooted plants are enabled to live, and enliven such scenes with their periodical beauty.

There are now only two kinds of bulbs, the tunicated, as the onion; and imbricated, as in the lily, which may be, and, indeed, really are, considered as buds, and not roots; these contain the whole of the ascending organs of the plants to which they belong, in a condensed form, with the real roots proceeding downwards from a flattened disk below.

There are four varieties or species of crocus known to grow in Great Britain, namely, the *crocus autumnalis*, or saffron crocus, the stigmata of which constitute the saffron of commerce; *crocus vernus* or spring crocus; *crocus reticulatus*, or net rooted crocus; and *crocus nudiflorus*, or naked flowering crocus. The spring crocus, (*crocus vernus*) is of the natural order, *Irideæ*, or iris tribe, which is well known in this country by the wild species, commonly termed corn-flags, which abound in moist and shady places. But, according to the Linnæan classification, it is of the class *Triandria*, having three stamens, or pollen bearers; and of the order *Monogynia*, having one pistil, which is the central organ of the flower, and receives the pollen when ripe, having burst from the anther, which is supported by the stamen. These last-named organs are called the generative organs, an account of which we shall give in our next article, they being so necessarily and frequently mentioned in the description of the flower.

The crocus has a roundish cormus, or solid bulb, as large as a small nutmeg, somewhat compressed, and covered by a coarse brown reticulated skin. From the bottom of this cormus, are sent down into the earth a number of fine fibres, which are the true roots; and immediately from the upper part of the bulb proceeds the flower stalk, which is generally from five to seven inches long, surrounded by a thin membranous sheath, open at one side, enclosing the base of the leaves as well as the flower stalk. The leaves are long and narrow, botanically called linear, curved, of a dark green colour, having a white stripe in the centre. The corolla or flower is large, divided into six equal segments, of a beautiful purple colour. The stigmata are confined within the flower, and not hanging over the corolla, as in the autumnal crocus. The flower has no scent, and the

tube is hairy at the mouth. It flowers about February or March, and is, therefore, the cheerful indicator of departing winter, and the welcome harbinger of spring.

I have said that the crocus is of the natural order *Irideæ*, it will not, therefore, be out of place briefly to mention the distinctive characters of this order. The calyx and corolla are confounded, that is, it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other; they are sometimes irregular. The stamens are three in number, and arise from the base of the sepals or calyx leaves, and not the petals or flower leaves; and their anthers or pollen bearers, burst externally. The ovarium, or ovula deposit, is inferior to the calyx and flower, and the style is single, the stigmas are three in number, and often expanded, or what is called petaloid. They are all herbaceous plants or undershrubs, the roots are tuberous or fibrous, the leaves are equitant, or riding.

The *crocus vernus*, however, presents us with one or two deviations from the above general rule.

The stigmas do not expand, but are rolled up; still they are very large, and in the saffron crocus hang down on the outside of the flower, like an orange coloured tassel. The leaves in the crocus are not equitant, that is, riding the one over the other, as in the iris, so that there is, in this respect, an assimilation to the amaryllis tribe.

Besides the above named species of crocus, the following are cultivated in our gardens, *crocus versicolor*, or party-coloured crocus, a kind which requires light loam, while most of the others grow best in sand; *crocus biflorus*, or yellow bottomed; *crocus mæsiacus*, or great yellow; *crocus susianus*, or cloth gold; *crocus sulphureus*, or sulphur coloured; and *crocus serotinus*, or late flowered, blossoming in autumn, the leaves appearing at the same time with the flower.

The SNOW-DROP, *galanthus nivalis*, will next occupy our attention, as being a plant very generally cultivated, and often found springing up in groups in our meadows and pastures, at this season of the year. It is now admitted into the catalogue of English plants, though it was not so by Ray, who was of opinion that it was imported into England about the reign of Edward III. It is a flower, universally admired, piercing through the unmelted snow, which it rivals

in whiteness, and remains uninjured by a season, during the inclemency of which, most vegetable productions lie torpid ; just as if,

“ Nature's breath by some transforming power,
“ Had changed an icicle into a flower.”

It belongs to that beautiful tribe of plants the *amaryllideæ*, or narcissus tribe, of which the daffodil is another example. It only differs from the last mentioned tribe, in having six stamens, with their faces turned inwards towards their pistil, as is generally the case. In the *Irideæ* it will be remembered they were described as being turned outwards from the style, which occurrence is very characteristic of the tribe. The snow-drop is of the Linnæan class *Hexandria*, having six stamens, and of the order *Monogynia*, having one pistil. As in the crocus, this plant arises from a bulb, but it is scaly, and consists of a shortened expanded stem, surrounded by fleshy coloured leaves. The leaves are usually sword-shaped with the veins running nearly parallel, from one extremity to the other. This latter circumstance is indicative of this tribe of plants belonging to that grand division called Monocotyledons or Endogens, of which we shall treat hereafter.

It is interesting to remark that whilst the external characters of these two plants, the crocus and snow-drop, are so nearly the same, the minute differences which I have mentioned should be indicative of quite opposite properties, this remark applies to the whole of the two tribes. For whilst nearly all of the *Irideæ* are harmless, and some nutritious, the *amaryllideæ* nearly all possess poisonous properties. The Hottentots are said to dip their arrows in the juice of the bulbs of the *hæmanthus* in order to render them poisonous ; and the narcotic odour as well as the emetic properties of the narcissus were known to the Greeks and Romans.

The Hyacinth is our next.

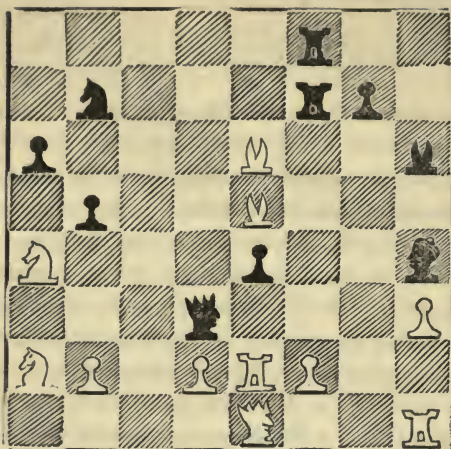
J. H. G.

CHess PROBLEM.

No. V.

BY B. J.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and Check-mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF CHess PROBLEM, No. 4.

BY W. G. COLDWELL.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd sq. ch. | K. to Q. B., 6th sq. |
| 2 K. to Q's sq. | |

Black has here two modes of playing,

FIRST:—

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 3 Kt. to R. sq. | Q. B. P. 2nd sq. |
| 4 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd sq. | Q. B. P. advances. |
| 5 Kt. to R. sq. | K. to Kt. 7th sq. |

The game is here evidently drawn through Kt's. commanding B's 2nd. sq. If K. takes Kt., white wins by playing K. to B's sq.

SECONDLY:—

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 3 K. to B's sq. | K. to Q's sq. |
| 4 K. to Kt's 2nd sq. | K. to K's 5th sq. |
| 5 K. takes P | K. to B's 5th sq. |
| 6 K. to Kt's 3rd sq. | K. to Kt's 6th sq. |
| 7 Kt. to K. 3rd sq. arresting the advance of either P. | K. takes P. |



in whiteness, and remains uninjured by a season, during the inclemency of which, most vegetable productions lie torpid ; just as if,

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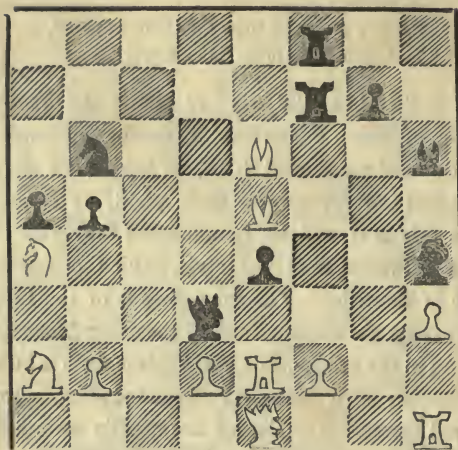
J. H. G.

C H E S S P R O B L E M .

No. V.

BY B. J.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and Check-mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM, No. 4.

BY W. G. COLDWELL.

WHITE.

BLACK.

- | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|
| 1 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd sq. ch. | K. to Q. B., 6th sq. |
| 2 K. to Q's. sq. | |

Black has here two modes of playing,

FIRST:—

- | | |
|------------------------|--------------------|
| 3 Kt. to R. sq. | Q. B. P. 2nd sq. |
| 4 Kt. to Q. B. 2nd sq. | Q. B. P. advances. |
| 5 Kt. to R. sq. | K. to Kt. 7th sq. |

The game is here evidently drawn through Kt's. commanding B's 2nd. sq. If K. takes Kt., white wins by playing K. to B's. sq.

SECONDLY:—

- | | |
|--|--------------------|
| 3 K. to B's. sq. | K. to Q's. 6th sq. |
| 4 K. to Kt's 2nd sq. | K. to K's 5th sq. |
| 5 K. takes P | K. to B's 5th sq. |
| 6 K. to Kt's 3rd sq. | K. to Kt's 5th sq. |
| 7 Kt. to K. 3rd sq. arresting the advance of either P. | K. takes P. |



THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY,

MARCH.



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TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will bear in mind that we do not identify ourselves with the opinions of our correspondents, on questions admitting of discussion. It is our wish that the *Miscellany* should be an available medium for the expression of opinions on Literary and Scientific subjects.

We beg to apologize to our readers for the delay which has arisen in publishing the *Miscellany* this month, occasioned by circumstances over which we had no control.

An error in chess problem, No. 5, having escaped our notice when going to press last month, we beg to present our readers with a corrected copy of pages 199 and 200.

Suitable bindings for the *Miscellany* may be seen at the Publishers, No. 4, Mytongate, and at all Stationers where the *Miscellany* is to be obtained.

* * * Papers not adapted to the pages of the "*Miscellany*," will be returned to the authors, where addresses are given.

Answers to Correspondents will be given in our next.

TO THE BINDER.

Cancel pages 199 and 200, in No. 5, see above.

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No. VI.

MARCH.

VOL. I.

TOM BELLAMY'S ADVENTURE.

"WHY, Harry, is it true," exclaimed my friend, Tom Bellamy, as we sat enjoying our cigars and grog, over a cheerful fire, one winter's eve, "that you, my poor friend, are going to sacrifice yourself a victim to matrimony? Have not the fearful examples which you have seen, heard, and read of, warned you from such a pernicious course? Oh! Harry, Harry, 'my soul grieves over you.'" Here Tom made one of the most fearful countenances I had ever beheld, resembling most of all one of those fancy portraits seen on door knockers, in violent convulsions. Seeing Tom's visage, I set up a roar of laughter. "Yes," said he, "you may laugh; but I pity you for laughing at your impending fate, knowing not its horrors; and reminding me forcibly of a lamb led to the slaughter, sporting and gambolling on the road. Ah! I see," said Tom, "I had better cease moralizing, as your eyes are getting moist." "Which, being translated," said I, "means, I suppose, that I have a drop in my eye." "No, no," said Tom, "quite wrong there, my boy; but have you ever heard of my first attempt to commit matrimony. Bless you, I had quite a providential escape. Oh dear! it nearly gives me the ague to talk of it." "Why Tom," said I, "I never heard of it; favour me with your early sufferings." "Well," said Tom, "I will; only let us first light another cigar, and get a fresh glass of grog, or I shall not be able to relate it to you."

These necessary preliminaries having been attended to, Tom began; but I will here give the narrator's own words, and wish I could faithfully pourtray his manner.

"You must know, then, Harry, that when I was about eighteen years of age, I was one fine morning abundantly gratified at seeing my name figuring in the gazette, as '—regiment; Thomas Bellamy, gentleman, to be ensign, vice Green promoted.'—Hurrah! shouted I, with such vigour, as brought my respected progenitors into the room, thinking I had suddenly gone mad. When they came in I was standing up, waving the newspaper over my head, and continuing to shout. 'What's the matter, Tom,' said my father, 'is your aunt Moody dead?'—'Or have you won a prize in the lottery,' said my mother. 'Neither,' I answered; 'but look here,' pointing out with great diligence the astounding paragraph. 'Oh!' said my father, giving a prolonged whistle, putting his hands in his pockets, and slightly raising his eyebrows; 'is that all, Tom?' 'Yes,' said I. 'Oh! then, never mind shouting,' said he; 'glory and five shillings a-day are all very well in their way, Tom, but nothing much to shout about after all.' On getting a little more settled, and receiving the official order to join my regiment, then stationed at (we will give it a name, Harry) Cherwood, I set to work to make all ready for a start in search of 'the bubble reputation.' All my affairs being settled, I bade adieu to my admiring friends, and in due time arrived at Cherwood, where I met with a kind reception from my brother officers. I must give you some idea of them; they had just arrived from India, and having been successful in several very gallant affairs, came home with a very high opinion of the regiment in general, and each man of himself in particular. They were making themselves quite popular at Cherwood, when I arrived, giving balls, races, &c., and completely astonishing the town from its propriety. After my first kind reception, they amused themselves mightily with quizzing me, constantly offering to make bets that if I was placed with a party of New Zealand savages, I should be picked out from them as a civilized man. This, others pretended to dispute, and said I might safely venture to appear as Orson, the wild man of the woods, without being recognised. Then, after a time, it was imagined that I began to have some appearance of belonging to the

— regiment, and eventually they ceased their quizzing. I had not been with them many months, when I unfortunately fell in with Miss Julia Springbolt, (she was a sweet creature, Harry!)” “Fie, Tom, be quiet.” “And, after seeing her once, I fell deeply in love, and sought other opportunities for meeting again; and, finally, after some time, obtained her promise to be mine.—By-the-bye, Harry, her father was an eminent merchant, worth £20,000, but having an astonishing animosity against the red coats. Well, in our regiment was one Lieut. O’Haggerty, an Irishman, who had fancied himself fully established in the good opinion of Julia, until he was perfectly undeceived by her evident partiality for my company in preference to his or any others. As is usual on such occasions ‘the course of true love did not run smooth;’ and it was eventually agreed that we should elope, and then come back; and, after established precedents, appear very penitent—receive her father’s blessing, and, on his death, his £20,000, as she was the only child. This being all nicely arranged, and a time fixed for carrying it into execution, I solicited, and obtained leave for a short absence. The day that was to have seen the result of this plan was also fixed for a sham fight, when all the regiment were marched out, and duly placed, myself being in command of a small body of men, (placed under cover) with certain instructions as to my part in the affair. As ill luck would have it, a maiden aunt of my Julia’s, from whom she had great expectations, and who lived a few miles from Cherwood, was seized dangerously ill, and sent for Julia immediately, who had barely time to scribble me a note, putting off our intended elopement until either her aunt died, or was sufficiently recovered to allow of Julia leaving her. This note, by the clumsiness of the messenger, was delivered to O’Haggerty, who, prompted by the green-eyed monster, shewed it to others, who joined in forming a plot to prevent me being disappointed in my intended elopement, by not having anybody to run away with. Well, as I said before, I had under my command some men placed in ambush, and shortly after the fight commenced, hearing the bugle sound ‘enemy advancing,’ I gave orders for my men to fire at an advancing body of, as I supposed, the enemy; on doing so, I heard from amidst the smoke, a gruff voice shout out ‘what the devil are you doing, Mr. Bellamy.’

'Firing into the enemy, sir,' cried I, quite coolly. 'Confound you, sir,' why you are firing into your Colonel's escort.' This I found to be perfectly true, and overcome with confusion, the remainder of the events of the sham fight passed without much notice from me. After the business of the day, on adjourning to the mess room, I was most awfully badgered by the rest; the invariable answer to what are you doing so and so, being, 'firing into the enemy, sir.' Irritated by this I drank more wine than was prudent, and soon had an idea that the company had very much increased; we had two presidents where there had been one, and more majors, captains, and lieutenants, than I ever knew to belong to one regiment. As it was now getting late, I tried with a great effort to make out the exact time; after nearly raising a blush on the face of the clock, by staring so intently, I made out that it was time to leave. Not observing the winks and nods that passed round I took my departure, and hurried to the place of meeting, there I found everything ready but my fair one. After waiting a short time I observed a female figure hastening up the road. I rushed forward exclaiming 'my dearest Julia, I was afraid some accident had occurred to prevent you coming.' I received no answer to this address; this rather bothered me, but I was not perfectly clear in my intellects, so I ventured again. 'Come fly with me on the wings of love,' (curiously represented by an old chaise and two elderly posters, one blind, the other lame); not getting any answer to this, and my Julia taking very unfeminine strides towards the chaise, I was still more surprised. On getting there, by the light of one of the lamps, I observed a pair of corduroy trousers peeping out from her petticoats, and her feet encased in high-lows. Looking with amazement at her, I said—'dearest Julia, have you had great difficulty to escape the vigilance of your father.' What was my surprise on hearing issue from beneath the folds of her veil, in a rich Irish brogue—'the devil a bit.' 'Then why,' said I, 'this uncouth disguise, the corduroys, the high-lows.' I was cut short, by her hastening off; walking after I entreated her to return, and the corduroys should be buried in my bosom for ever.' 'I wouldn't do sich a thing,' said she. 'Why, love, why,' cried I, getting a little more sober, 'allow me to receive my pardon from those ruby lips.' 'Arrah, be quiet now,' said she. Continuing to implore her return, she stopped, lifted up her veil,

and said—‘I’ll tell you what it is, Misther Bellamy, you have not been firing into the inimy this time ; but, by the powers, the inimy’s been firing into you.’ I must now inform you that, in accordance with the plan of O’Haggerty and his friends, Mr. Springbolt, my Julia’s father, had been informed of the proposed elopement. It seems that they had intended to have informed him earlier than he received their communication, but through some accident their epistle was delayed until the old gentleman had been some time at a dinner party, where he had just arrived at that comfortable point of intoxication when a man imagines himself to be the happiest person in the world ; all his cares softening down into things of little moment. There sat the old gentleman, at the house of his friend, Dr. Snookdragon, enjoying the good things of this world, with his face as rubicund as could possibly be ; his eyes sparkling, the tip of his nose particularly red, and his whole manner betokening excessive enjoyment. He had just offered to delight the company with a song, (it being a gentleman’s party) which proposal being highly approved of, he commenced that charming one of Lord Byron’s—‘The Maid of Athens.’

‘Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh ! give me back my heart.’

Here the old gentleman committed a violent assault on his white waistcoat, about that part where his heart might be supposed to be ; during this operation a footman silently entered the room, and after waiting patiently until Mr. Springbolt had completely finished all the numerous shakes and turns which he contrived to introduce into this song, he handed him a letter. During the clapping of hands and rattling of glasses, which followed his vocal entertainment, he opened the letter, and read as follows:—[“Mr. Springbolt.—Sir—Knowing your estimable character as a father and a Christian, (quite right, murmured the old gentleman) and being possessed of certain facts, I cannot refrain from informing you, that it is the intention of your daughter Julia to elope this night with Mr. Bellamy, of the —— regiment, now stationed here,—(why curse his impudence, said Mr. Springbolt) ; you will find the carriage waiting for them near the three oak trees in the ‘Ladies’ Walk ;’ (the devil I shall, growled

he). I am exceedingly distressed at having to impart to you this information, but consider it my duty, as a parent; the time fixed is eleven o'clock. Your attention to this, of course, is immediately necessary. Your friend, and that of your undutiful daughter.—X.”]

The old gentleman, during the reading of this epistle, took off his glasses, rubbed them savagely, gloomily responded to his health being drank, and then finished the communication. With great difficulty gathering his thoughts together, he politely informed the company that urgent business required his immediate departure. After various regrets, requests, and expostulations, he got off; hurried home, and getting his old servant, Jacob, to attend him, to whom he explained the matter, he made the best of his way to the three oaks. Well, just at the time that my Julia had informed me that the ‘inimy had been firing into me,’ up came old Springbolt, her father, and his servant, Jacob. ‘So, then, it is true,’ exclaimed he, in tones strongly altered by wine and emotion. ‘Mr. Bellamy, this, sir, is not the conduct of a gentleman. Julia! Julia! I cannot believe my eyes; you, whom I so fondly loved, thus, in my declining years, to desert me, and seek another home; ’tis base ingratitude! return immediately with me, and seek through future obedience to my commands, to regain my lost love.’ Here he gave a very violent hiccup. Julia, instead of attending to this order, gradually got nearer the chaise. ‘Julia,’ said he, ‘do you hear; I’ll disinherit you, Julia, if you do not obey me; I’ll, I’ll, cut you off with a shilling, you disobedient, base girl.’ ‘Come, don’t be personal, old gentleman,’ said Julia. ‘What,’ said her father; ‘I tell you, Julia, you must come with me;’ and upon this the old gentleman advanced, and attempted to seize her, but Julia retreating, put herself into a first-rate pugilistic attitude, and said—‘I’ll tell you what, my old buffer, unless you keep yourself at a greater distance, I shall be obliged to bonnet you.’ Mr. Springbolt, on this demonstration looked excessively surprised; but, on advancing to his daughter, was received with a tremendous blow on the top of the hat, which completely extinguished him, sending the hat over his eyes, and preventing further proceedings. During the old gentleman’s struggles, my Julia decamped, and I stood thunderstruck, until roused by a loud laugh from behind an adjoining wall, where O’Haggerty and friends

had been waiting for the *denouement*, just at this time the old gentleman contrived, after several violent efforts, to make his appearance from under his hat; and, having looked at me, and hearing the laughter, judged we were brother sufferers; so politely raising his damaged beaver, he speedily vanished.

"As for me, I quickly jumped into the chaise, and told the man to drive as far as the before-mentioned quadrupeds could carry us from the spot, it mattered not in what direction. From the next town, where, by some providential means we arrived, I hurried up to London, and shortly after negotiated an exchange into another regiment.

"I never heard the fate of Julia Springbolt; but O'Haggerty died abroad."
c.

EVENTIDE.

(FROM A FORTHCOMING VOLUME OF "LAYS, LEGENDS, AND LYRICS.")

BY WILLIAM J. BOSOMWORTH.

I love to wander in the silvery eve,
 Of some enchanting summer's day,
 And watch the golden glimmerings weave
 The pensive dirge, and welcome lay,
 When all the earth is silent, still,
 And music rises from the rill
 Like nature's speech, so wild and free,
 It charms me with its witchery:
 Oh! then is the time for thought and song,
 To watch the merry muses throng,
 In the gentle gale and the fluttering breeze,
 And list to their notes in the rustling trees.
 I'll sit and rest in this silent bower,
 Which is shaded by the hill,
 And see the stream with its crystal dower,
 Become wedded to the rill;

And I'll weave a strain for a bridal lay,
Of the beauties of the earth,
For the birds to chaunt as they fly away,
A song of love and mirth.
The flowery world is peeping still,
'Tis a lovely sight to see,
How they bow their heads at their Maker's will,
And close from their revery ;
They all are fraught with heaven-born charms,
The violet, and the bright blue-bell,
And sweet they lay in nature's arms,
Like gems to stud her cornal ;
There too the daisy, with its simple lore,
Rearing its head in a lonely spot
On the streamlet's side ; I love it more
For its home, and humble lot ;
For it takes me back to bye-past years,
And tells of hope and childish fears,
And how I roamed 'neath sunny skies,
To gain it only for a prize ;
I look and gaze on the beauteous scene,
The tall and stately trees,
The blooming meadows clothed in green,
And the swarm of humming bees,
And I list once more to the streamlet's flow,
And watch the last beam fall,
And grey twilight in his mantle glow,
And the birds' last thrilling call.
The moon now peeps o'er yon broad oak tree,
And her rays like a charm go merrily,
And the evening star with its twinkling light,
Is an orient pearl for approaching night.
'Tis a bright, bright spot, and a gay glad scene,
For the care worn man, and the earthly being,
And methinks 'tis full of such joy and mirth,
As would make a heaven from this beauteous earth.

METEOROLOGY.

ON LUNAR AND PLANETARY INFLUENCES OVER THE WEATHER.

CONCLUDED.

By the remarkable coincidence of magnetic and isothermal lines, noticed in a former number of this Miscellany, we are led to recognise the beautiful phenomenon of the aurora borealis as connected with atmospheric changes. It seems highly probable that the aurora is a reflex of terrestrial magnetism. The following principles or facts corroborate this:—when in our climate the aurora borealis is complete; that is, when its permanent curvilinear light pictures on space a well defined arch, the culminating (or central) point of this arch is on the magnetic meridian, and its two points of apparent intersection with the horizon are at equal angular distances from the same meridian. Again, when it projects luminous and transient columns from different portions of this arch, their point of intersection (for they all tend towards one centre) is found to be on the magnetic meridian, and precisely upon the point towards which the dipping needle, indefinitely extended, is directed. It may here, incidentally, be observed, that the aurora, like the rainbow, has no fixed locality, being dependant entirely on the position of the observer for its apparent place, as referred to the sidereal heavens; the magnetic meridian varying in every locality. Observations, that changes of weather generally either follow or immediately precede the appearance of a vivid aurora seems to be confirmatory of the theory of a mutual but hitherto inexplicable association.

The various instincts and habits of plants and animals, and other indications of organic nature, afford signs by which approaching changes of weather may be inferred. Some of these effects, especially in vegetables, are merely mechanical, and produced by different degrees of saturation in the atmosphere; others, possibly, are chemical and physiological; but that an important class of disturbances affecting organic nature on these occasions is the result of electric action, is certain. This branch, then, of meteorological enquiry is susceptible of vast acquisition from future and sensible research.

Another important enquiry is—Does the earth possess a heat proper to itself and independant of solar influence? This question, although apparently involving important considerations, is, so far as it has relation to heat at the earth's surface, speedily answered. The ideas of Descartes, Leibnitz, and Buffon respecting the incandescent state of the interior of the earth, are by all recent investigations rendered highly probable. But the conclusions which Buffon would educe from this fact, are proved to be quite erroneous. According to this writer, the heat disengaged from the earth is many times greater than that which, even in summer, is received from the sun. Fourier has, however, satisfactorily and even mathematically shown that, although we allow that the earth at the depth of fifteen miles is in a state of fusion through intense heat, the effect produced on the surface is not more than one-thirtieth of a centigrade degree. This cause, then, may be regarded as constant and inappreciable.

From the many data which require to be taken into the account when estimating meteorological calculations, it will be seen that it must be one of the most complicated of all the physical sciences; it is *that* in which it is necessary to spread our observations over the greatest extent of the earth's surface, and to note the weather in the greatest variety of local and geographical position. The accumulation of facts from distant quarters, and a comparison of the affections of the atmosphere, in the same moment, at different points, and at the same point, during successive moments, may throw great light on the comprehensive scheme which regulates the otherwise apparently arbitrary and capricious fluctuations of temperature, humidity, and atmospheric currents. By this means, within the last few years, much information has been gained respecting the laws which appear to influence extraordinary storms. These may be briefly stated:— It has been observed, that tornadoes and hurricanes are whirlwinds, ordinarily generated within the tropics, and possessing, in some cases, a very limited diameter, say less than 100 miles; that those formed north of the equator move to the north, in a curve which is parabolic. For instance, storms which agitate the West India islands, proceed in the first instance to the eastern shores of North America, then bend north-easward towards Europe. Further,—that as these storms proceed in their course, their circumference becomes gradually widened, so as in some cases to attain a diameter of 1,800 miles; it is also

observed that, as the circle expands, the intensity of the storm diminishes. If this be an uniform law, it enables us to account for the apparent anomalies noticed by Dr. Franklin, although in a mode different from his own elucidation. He observed that a hurricane from the north-east, which began at New Orleans, did not arrive until some time afterwards at Charleston, still later at Philadelphia, and last of all at New York, all apparently in the direction from which the wind blew. Now, it will at once be seen, according to the circular theory of storms, that a hurricane of limited diameter proceeding northward at the usual rate of from ten to twenty miles per hour will, when its western edge touches the east coast of North America, have the wind there at north-east, (for it should be observed, the invariable direction of the wind round the circle is contrary to the earth's diurnal rotation) and that as it progresses, those places which on its western side lie in the direction from whence the wind appears to proceed, will be the last to come within the range of its influence. Now a certain uniformity prevails in this island in cases of violent storms which seems to denote the operation of the foregoing, or an analogous law: for instance, when a falling barometer indicates the predominance of a south or south-west atmospheric current, followed by wind and rain, we invariably find that the next change of wind (and which, by the way, occurs more or less speedily, as the gale may be violent or moderate) is to the west or north-west; and in no case under the circumstances just named, does the first veering of the wind be to the east. We may then conceive a whirlwind, and generally, in our latitude, one of large circumference, whose eastern side, as the whirlwind progresses to the north-east, affects this country; its first current will evidently be a wind from the south or south-west, which as it progresses northward will leave the wind west or north-west. Again, if the western side of the circumference of the storm impinge upon this island, a gale will suddenly rise from the north-east, followed, as it progresses in its course, by the wind at north-west. Those who have particularly noticed such phenomena will recognise this as generally accordant with observed facts. Still, generalizations in meteorological science where so much seems confused and obscure, are not with undue haste to be indulged in.

Whilst we deny that the planets possess any *direct* influence over the weather, it will be proper to consider *that* modification which

may be, in the lapse of ages, produced in the mean temperature of the earth, by virtue of the mutual disturbances of the planets. This power is indirect, and transmitted through the sun, tending to produce slight changes in his average distance, &c., &c., and is by no means an immediate and direct power of planet over planet, so far as temperature is concerned, *that* being affected solely through the varying distances of the sun. The perturbation or disturbance produced in the motion of the planets round the sun, by their mutual action on each other, tends to alter the form of the orbits in which they severally move, changing their amount of eccentricity or ellipticity. By virtue of this mutual disturbance, the orbits of some planets are becoming more circular, and at the same time those of others more elliptical. Now the amount of eccentricity to which any planet may be liable by the derangement of its orbit is all important to its inhabitants; for the amount of mean annual heat received by any planet from the sun, is *inversely*, as the length of the minor axis or shorter diameter of its orbit; so that in an orbit perfectly circular, the mean annual heat is the least possible, (the major axis of course remaining, with the exception of a small and rapidly periodic inequality invariable, which astronomers know to be a fact, and an all important one); the mean annual heat, by virtue of the ratio just named, increases as the orbit becomes elliptical, and the minor axis consequently shortened. Now we may conceive, if the mutual disturbances of the planets go on indefinitely and uncompensated, that the state of the earth may one day, by the extreme ellipticity of its orbit, and its consequent change of mean annual temperature, become quite incompatible with the existence of present animal and vegetable life. By a mathematical theorem, however, of extreme beauty, it has been proved that this indefinite ellipticity is impossible, and that the limits of the eccentricity of all the planets are within bounds so narrow, as to preclude any important changes in their physical condition. At the same time, from the period of the earliest observations to the present, the eccentricity of the earth's orbit has been diminishing; and it is thought will thus continue until the earth's orbit has become a circle, when the other compensating half of the long cycle which these changes embrace, will take its turn; the orbit will again become slowly elliptical until its limit of eccentricity is attained. From this cause, then, it appears that the mean annual

heat received from the sun is diminishing; the discernible effect, it is true, may be for ages totally unperceived, as so slow is the change of eccentricity of the earth's orbit, that if equably continued it will be upwards of 37,000 years before the orbit has become perfectly circular, and the earth receives its least annual amount of heat, and then the minor axis or shorter diameter will not have been lengthened one-fiftieth of its present amount. Whether the slow and imperceptible rate of this vast cycle produces real effects on the ceaseless changes of atmospheric phenomena in all localities, we are, perhaps, not in a condition to determine.

Another effect of planetary disturbances, slightly tending in the lapse of ages to affect climate, is the following: a variation in the inclination of the orbits of the planets to the ecliptic, or the sun's apparent annual path in the heavens, thereby affecting the apparent annual excursions of the sun on each side of the celestial equator. The planes of the ellipses in which the planets move are differently inclined, and, from their mutual action, their inclination is subject to variation. In some orbits the inclination is increasing, at the same time in others it is diminishing. At present the orbit of the earth is becoming less inclined to the equator (properly all these motions should be referred to an imaginary fixed plane, unaffected by secular variation; but for the sake of more easy intelligibility the inclination of the earth's orbit may be referred to the angle which it makes with the equator). This diminution of inclination is of importance in its tendency to influence the climates and seasons on the earth's surface; for were this decrease of obliquity to continue until the ecliptic, or sun's path, was in the line of the equator, the succession of seasons would cease, and an uniformity of temperature, so far as dependant on constant equality of day and night, would in every latitude ensue; for day and night would throughout the year be of equal duration. When we consider that all organic nature is specially adapted to climate as at present constituted, requiring annual periods of excitation and repose, it is evident that great change must ensue. Again, were it possible that this varying state of inclination could be gradually changed the other way, so as to be constantly augmenting, until at length the sun's path lay on a meridian of longitude, or making a right angle with the equator, the most insupportable extremes of heat and cold would in every zone be produced;

at each pole the following phenomena would result:—During three months the sun would ascend, apparently, by reason of the diurnal revolution, spirally from the horizon to the zenith; every diurnal revolution marking the sun's place when on the meridian at a higher and still higher altitude, until at length his unmitigated rays, for a long time vertical, or nearly so, and unrelieved by the cooling shades of night, would produce a temperature far exceeding that of the most sultry regions of the torid zone; during the succeeding three months the sun would in the same manner decline towards the horizon, and after remaining visible uninterruptedly for six months, would then set; during the other six months he would never rise, and probably, from the rapid radiation which would then set in, winter the most intense and protracted would soon ensue. On the other hand, at the equator, there would annually prevail two tropical summers and two polar winters. In our latitude the sun would, in summer, remain for more than two months constantly above the horizon, for the most part nearly vertical, and in winter during the same space of time would be constantly below it. From the great changes which would necessarily result under such a state of things it is impossible to predicate the effects; but from the long continued and intense action in one direction, it is probable that in the hot seasons tremendous deluges of rain, and unparalleled and devastating tornadoes would sweep the surface, whilst in winter, the intense radiation would produce a temperature as low as that of the present polar regions. At all events it is clear, that man, as now physically constituted, could no longer inhabit this planet. Now since the earliest recorded ages the inclination of the ecliptic has been decreasing at the rate of $47''$ per century, by this amount tending to modify the extremes of summer and winter, and to produce in every climate a smaller annual fluctuation; the amount is small, but it is certain that if it go on indefinitely, it must result in catastrophe; because, after the inclination has become zero, and produced equal day and night throughout the year over the earth's entire surface, it may again increase until it become the greatest possible—namely, at an angle of 90° with the equator. Here again the profound research of a late eminent astronomer has led to the demonstration of a theorem, (the expression of which is very similar to that by which the ultimate stability of the eccentricities is proved.) which shows that all the changes of inclination will perpetually oscillate

within such limits as to prevent changes of temperature or climate destructive of organic life; that although for thousands of years slow and trifling alterations may accumulate, yet when arrived at a moderate limit, compensation will ensue, and the other half of the cycle restore every element to its original value. It would be digressive from the purpose of this article, or it might be shown that any thing more beautiful in mathematical science is not possible than those theorems which exhibit the wondrous harmony, connection, stability, and perpetuity of the solar system.

To project a scheme of the weather founded on lunar and planetary positions is worse than puerile; these positions, as has before been observed, are connected with widely different relations from those which are concocted in the brain of the astrologer. The planets accomplish not merely rotary and orbital revolutions, but cycles of variation and compensation, and cycles upon cycles, of which the small interval which has elapsed since the creation of man is barely sufficient to indicate a narrow segment, and for the completion of which an almost illimitable duration will be required. On the exact relative distances, magnitudes, and periods of all the planets depends the order, uniformity, ultimate periodicity of all secular variation, and consequent perpetuity of the system; and from the theorem of forced vibrations it appears that such a connexion and mutual dependence exists, that if derangement occurred in any one body of the system, the shock would be communicated through every other body, whether planet or satellite throughout the system. Amidst all those temporary and slowly accumulating secular variations to which the orbits of all the planets are subject, it is most highly interesting to observe and admire the wonderful provision which is made for the permanent stability of their major axis or longer diameters. Whilst all the other elements, comparatively less important, are ceaselessly subject to change, the major axis on which most depends is undisturbed, or subject only to a variation rapidly periodic, so that the mutual mean distances and periods of all the planets are the same now and ever will be as when their motions were begun.

Not only are the planets and moon deemed by the astrologer the efficient causes of atmospheric changes, but, by way of filling up the absurd catalogue, even telescopic comets, invisible to the unassisted eye, are announced as playing an important part in these occurrences.

It will only require us to look at this for one moment, and in one point of view. Inherently, comets possess neither light nor heat; that they are visible by virtue of light derived from the sun, has been proved by a method pointed out some years ago by M. Arago. He has shewn that if the light of comets were proper to themselves they would continue visible so long as they possessed any sensible magnitude, and would not disappear until their distance was so great as to reduce their apparent bulk below any appreciable value; whereas, they become invisible even whilst they have a sensible magnitude, and some time before their distance *alone* would render them invisible; (the argument of M. Arago would be too long to introduce here more fully). The light, then, which we receive from comets is no more calorific than that which is reflected by the moon, and is, at the same time, incomparably more feeble. Whoever reflects that the light received from comets is of the same *kind* as that reflected from the moon, will at once perceive, when it is known that the brilliant light of the moon does not sensibly affect the thermometer, the impossibility of any influence being exerted by the feeble and diffused glimmerings from a vapoury and far distant comet. If it be supposed that the influence be dependant on its quantity of matter, rather than its light or heat, the absurdity is equally palpable, for so attenuated are comets, that in the immediate neighbourhood of the nucleus small stars are distinctly visible through the vapoury mass; and, besides, if comets had really a power over meteorological phenomena, when we regard the number known to belong to the system, some of them of very short period, and the great probability of many more undiscovered, being circulating round us, we cannot select a moment in which the earth may be supposed to be free from such agency, and, of course, uncertainty must characterise at all times, on his own principles, the calculations of the astrologer.

It will have been seen that what has been advanced in these pages, beyond the attempt to expose errors, which materially damage true philosophy, is intended rather for the purpose of stimulating enquiry, than of explaining a mysterious and involved science; for we see from the many physical causes known to be effective in the earth's atmosphere, as well locally as generally, that it is not surprising that meteorology should be beset with unsolved difficulties. Nevertheless we may regard it as certain, that although

complex, perfect arrangement exists; and that every adaptation of the atmosphere essential to the wants and enjoyment of organized nature is permanently insured. This suggests, in conclusion, the notion that no reflecting mind can doubt, that on this earth, in all its physical as well as moral departments, a system prevails of which every part is adapted to the rest; and that all the changes, some of which to our limited and imperfect observance, may appear paradoxical, have but one ultimate tendency, the happiness of the creatures of Infinite Benevolence. In the government of our own planet itself, but a point in the Vast Universe, we are able to recognize, to some small extent, the laws by which its physical changes are regulated. So far as we can understand the mutual adaptation of these laws, we everywhere see them working towards the same end, and we entertain the highest anticipations of the beauty and harmony which will be revealed, when our imperfect knowledge shall have been in after ages extended and corrected by the expanding force of philosophic principle, and the pure light of Eternal Truth.

M.

CAPTURE OF BASSANO.

FROM "MEMOIRS OF NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE."

"Amid the deep silence of a beautifully moonlighted night," said the Emperor, "a dog leaping suddenly from beneath the clothes of his dead master rushed upon us, and then immediately returned to his hiding place, howling piteously. He alternately licked his master's hand and ran towards us, as if at once soliciting aid and seeking revenge."

The pale moon rose in cloudless light,
 And threw her radiance silv'ry bright,
 On all who fell in honor'd fight,
 On glory's field.
 With faces turn'd to God's high throne
 As praying mercy to be shewn,
 To souls that now from earth had flown,
 Their corse lay.

Now birds and human beasts of pray,
Who'd watch'd afar the murd'rous fray,
In dev'lish triumph held their sway,

O'er glory's toys ;

But one, whose breast was plough'd by death,
That tore the spirit from its sheath,
And gave in lieu the blood-stain'd wreath,

That Victory wore,

Was left unscath'd by ought beside
The steel which had his pallet dy'd,
With crimson rivers flowing wide,

Around his bed.

A sad and pity-moving yell,
Was borne upon the wind's low swell,
Which e'en a plund'rer's heart could quell,

And bow in shame—

A dog lay by his master's corse,
And nerv'd by friendship's deathless force,
E'er turn'd the savage prowler's course,

On other guest ;

He lick'd his master's hand, that now
Would ne'er again caress bestow,
And then to his dead eyes would throw

Beseeching gaze.

We came, and then his watch was done ;
A gleam of joy an instant shone
In eyes whose brightness now was gone,

And lost in grief.

Once more he look'd ; then downward turn'd
His grief-stor'd eyes, as though he'd learn'd
That heart was cold, for which his burn'd

And mourn'd for e'er.

A low sad wail was his last cry ;
It told of mortal agony,
And mournfully did testify,—

A Friend in death.

WILLIAM HENRY PAGLAR.

THE PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

"Hominis mens discendo alitur, et cogitando, semper aliquid aut anquirat, aut agit, videndique et audiendi delectatione ducitur."—*Cic. De. Off.*

THERE is a spirit within us which knows no slumber—deathless and unwearied it is ever on the wing; traversing infinity with a lightning-like course: grasping all time, it surveys the past, the present, and the future. Ever dissatisfied with present attainments, it pries with eager desire into the phenomena of nature, and sedulously drags out the secrets of her vast magazines. The extensive discoveries which have from age to age rewarded this incessant activity, so far from exhausting the efforts of the mind, or quenching its ardent thirst for knowledge, have only opened a vista of deeper and more extended vision, and have left enough yet shrouded beneath the pall of darkness, to stimulate to greater exertions to unveil, if possible, the mystery of life.

Whatever the eagle eye of the understanding has perceived remain as ideal forms of truth pictured in the chambers of the memory, and to substantiate these airy phantoms and inspire them with a mimic life, imagination offers her magician's wand; calling to her aid those vast mysterious things which even the piercing eye of truth can but dimly recognize, she unites the speculative with the real, and gives them, ere they vanish in the surrounding darkness, "a local habitation and a name." But it is those alone who take their stand "on the vantage ground of truth," who can fully appreciate the force of Lord Bacon's maxim—"knowledge is power;" and it is those only who use this knowledge for the good of their fellow creatures who can know that it has been bestowed upon us by a gracious Providence as a means of promoting the permanent happiness of the whole human race. The past experience and future prospects of the world make us look to knowledge as the only hope of liberty for many a nation now bewildered in the gloom of superstition and bigotry, or in cheerless bondage sinking to the earth beneath the galling yoke of tyranny.

Independently of its usefulness, there is undoubtedly a pleasure in the pursuit of knowledge merely for its own sake. When, in turning over the classic page we imbibe the profound wisdom of the dialogues of Socrates, and other Grecian sages, the uncompromising integrity of Cato; or listen to the thundering appeals of Demosthenes, or the graceful imagery and flowery diction of Cicero, which once over-awed the fierce crowds of the Quirites, we seem for the moment to be in actual converse with the illustrious dead, and to tread with them the solemn porches of the Athenian Lyceum. It is the cultivated mind alone that can appreciate the accurate reasoning of Locke, the profound eloquence of Brown, or the soaring sublimity of Milton. But if the wisdom of ancient sages, and the elegance of modern literature are an insufficient incitement, there are still pursuits of absorbing interest in the study of man, as the various phases of his character are unfolded in sacred and profane history; and in the unbounded fields of research to which the modern discoveries in geological, astronomical, and chemical science invite our attention. By reason of the close analogy which exists between the laws of God as they relate to the spiritual and material universe, the mind of man, by the pursuit of natural knowledge, may be more fully opened to a perception of its true relation to its Creator, and to eternity as revealed in the Word of God. Who, with such an object in view, and whose heart is warmed with so holy an aspiration, does not at once resolve to enlarge his small store of knowledge, and to strengthen his feeble powers, adopting the beautiful prayer of Milton,

"What in me is dark,
"Illumine!—what is low, raise and support."

It is an indisputable fact that there are such things as premature births in the world of mind. Gray was not very much mistaken when he presumed that "some mute inglorious Milton" might have been interred in an obscure village churchyard. Nature, it is possible, in her incomprehensible prodigality may allow in some degree the noblest part of her creation, the intelligent mind of man, to run waste; at least, so it may appear to us, who form our opinions rather in relation to this world and temporal things, than as they are connected with an immortal existence. How many have we beheld whose powerful and gigantic intellect seemed just to have attained maturity,

when they sunk rapidly into the silent grave : but the blasted anticipations of those who have watched the early promise of genius and wisdom are surely not to be regarded as fond illusions. On the contrary we may conclude that there is at all times, if we may be allowed the comparison, a vast capital of inventive intellect floating around us, which needs only to be directed in proper channels to enable it to multiply a thousand fold the productions of its otherwise feeble efforts. "Great occasions," says a talented scholar, "seem always to call forth great minds," and that great mind which is best adapted to the necessities of the times is instantly elevated to the first rank. Whenever any important public exigency arises, we generally observe some daring intellect already prepared to grapple with it ; and it is this happy coincidence between the commanding mind, and the urgent necessity of the times, which perfects the enduring monuments of human genius.

Looking into society in past or present ages, some solitary individual may be found—"Whose soul is like a star and dwells apart," who may be far in advance of his cotemporaries ; an unintelligible mystery in his day and generation ; but whose attainments and actions are to be viewed with astonishment by remote posterity.

How many there are in the various fields of philosophy, literature, and the arts, who struggle with the difficulties of an adverse lot ; but who pant after knowledge as "the hart panteth after the water brooks." How many self-taught geniuses have been dragged through every gradation of wretchedness and want, but who, by devoting their little leisure to intellectual pursuits, have finally overcome a combination of obstacles that seemed united to crush their aspiring souls.

Our own Goldsmith furnishes us with one among many instances of a character that made every thing subservient to the ruling passion for literary pursuits ; concerning him Dr. Johnson beautifully writes—"He left no species of writing untouched by his pen, nor touched any that he did not embellish." We could select a host of these self-taught geniuses who have risen from the humblest station in life, many of whom, whilst pursuing their studies, have had to earn their daily bread by the most laborious or the most sedentary and ungenial occupations. Among these we may notice the names of Purver, Wild, and Carey. Purver succeeded in translating the

Scriptures while engaged in the harassing employment of teaching a village school. Wild, who became Professor of Arabic in the University of Oxford, attained his accurate knowledge of that language whilst following the sedentary and drepressing business of a tailor ; the most unfavourable to the development of mental activity. William Carey, at an early age, acquired a vast knowledge of European and Oriental languages, although compelled to earn a scanty subsistence by following the trade of a shoemaker. He disregarded the old proverb—looked beyond his *last*, and ultimately attained one of the first stations in the literary world. The diploma of Doctor of Divinity was but a small part of his honours : he was elected professor of languages in Port William College ; and before his death he had translated the sacred Scriptures into a variety of languages spoken by nearly 400 millions of people. Indeed the shoemaking business has been remarkably fertile in distinguished characters, and we should far exceed our limits were we to attempt the slightest notice of its many contributions to the republic of letters. Mr. Drew, the metaphysician and intimate friend of Dr. A. Clarke, was a bright example of this class. Perhaps the employment of a butcher may be thought the most degrading and repulsive to a refined intellect, and the least likely to produce a valuable literary character, yet even this occupation has furnished us with the ingenious Akenside, and the classic and elegant Kirk White, whose early death has left us but the buddings of his fame ; and, probably, some more examples from this sphere of life might be cited. Bloomfield, the matchless farmer's boy, was a shoemaker, but with the disadvantage of being deprived of sight. Falconer, it is well known, was a sailor the greater part of his life ; and the still more undesirable occupation of an exciseman was the sole and miserable refuge from abject poverty that rewarded the genius of Burns.

Thus, briefly, have we noticed a few of those illustrious characters who, by their arduous perseverance, have become their country's honour and their country's pride ; and who have lighted the torch of genius at the altar of learning ; that torch which the hand of death has not been able to extinguish, but which continues to burn and must ever burn with increasing lustre so long as truth shall be esteemed, or beauty obtain admiration.

The illustrious characters who have paved the way for the

advancement of the human species in literature and the arts, who themselves have stood on the pinnacle of the temple of science and of learning, have, with comparatively few exceptions, belonged to that interesting class, the self-taught. Individuals whose fame has been acquired by their own unaided exertions, and who seem to have been deeply imbued with the sentiment of Cicero, where he says—"In scientia excellere pulchrum putamus; labi autem, errare, decipi, et malum et turpe ducimus." Candidates for immortal honours, who have just commenced the race, take courage from these examples of persevering patience and unflinching toil so worthy of your imitation. Science is as yet in her infancy, and those great minds who have gone before you have left the fields of universal knowledge still unexplored. They have only, as it were, penetrated the outer wall of her sanctuary, and lo! what a radiance has issued forth! What will it be when the veil of the temple shall be withdrawn to illuminate the darkness of the soul of man. Oh! think, we beseech you, what an amount of blessedness you may be the means of bestowing on your fellow men if you are diligent in improving every opportunity of cultivating your minds; by employing those hours in study which are generally devoted to idle conversation, you may take your station in the first rank of these bright examples, as kindred spirits; it may even fall to your lot to dispel the twilight darkness that still obscures the temple of science; and then how mightily will the progressive improvement of mankind be accelerated! How will ignorance and superstition, crime and despotism, bow like a bulrush before the wind; and be annihilated by the regenerating impulse of physical and mental energy which already begins to herald the progress of genius, and the dominion of truth.

J. B.

THE SEASONS.

It is pleasant in Winter to witness, on high,
 The sun beaming bright in a clear frosty sky ;
 White smoke-staining ether, else stainless and free,
 And hoary frost spread over meadow and tree.

It is pleasant in Spring-time to look from the door
 Upon fields that are barren and dreary no more ;
 On the trees' tender green, and the myriads of flowers
 That start into life beneath sunbeams and showers.

It is pleasant in Summer to mark the rich glow,
 The blue sky that tinges the waters below ;
 The breeze that springs up at the close of the day,
 And wafts to the sense the sweet odour of hay.

It is pleasant in Autumn to mark, o'er the plain,
 Asleep 'mid the poppies, the heavy brown grain ;
 The trees with lithe branches that bend to the ground,
 Weigh'd down by the bursting fruit, tinted and round.

All, all have their beauty ; all, have their use !
 Without Winter to check, Spring would never produce ;
 Without clouds, even sunshine would not appear bright ;
 By succession they yield the rich boon of delight.

J. M.

THE FEMALE SCULPTOR.

BY DR. EPPS.

AUTHOR OF "HOMÆ PHRENOLOGICÆ."

THERE are some persons whom emulation inflames in a way, so to speak, spontaneous. There are some privileged souls who, in situations the most unfavourable, shed forth, nevertheless, the brightest flashes of genius, and arrive at the most extraordinary successes. Witness the poor servant of whom Dr. Corona one day told us the interesting history.

This physician, now dead, was himself a very good scholar. He had been unfortunate on account of some political events, and was obliged to leave Italy, the place of his birth. He took refuge at Paris, where it was known how to appreciate his merit and talents, which distinguished him in the exercise of his profession. Corona was particularly remarkable in the pointedness of his anecdotes, and by the vast erudition he had acquired. Upon any subject whereon he was interrogated, his steady memory served him so well, that he enchanted his hearers. This, which he related to us one night, when met together to enjoy the charms of his conversation, may serve as an example.

One of the most famous sculptors of Rome had a servant of the name of Maria. This person, born in a miserable cottage, of poor and obscure parents, nevertheless made herself remarkable by the elegance of her manners and the dignity of her gait. Picture to yourself a young villager, with a physiognomy more striking than beautiful,—an extraordinary vivacity in her look,—modest moreover,—ardently desirous of instruction,—hearing everything and forgetting nothing,—busily attending to domestic duties in order afterwards to give herself to pursuits more worthy,—always pensive—and passing from the silence of reverie to the bursts of enthusiasm,—inaccessible, besides, to all the weaknesses of coquetry and of vanity, and you will have a true idea of this astonishing woman, whose name was made to be the subject of history. It is affirmed, that by hearing,

by stealth, the great men who came in the evening to converse with her master, she was initiated into the mysteries of the art of sculpture.

What is wonderful in her history is, that the love of fame, under circumstances apparently the least congenial took possession of her in the lowest rank of human life.* She began at first by conceiving the most lively admiration for the works of the celebrated man whom she served : but soon she was tormented with the desire to be one day applauded by him whom she regarded almost to adoration. The following was the stratagem to which she had recourse, and which she confided to a very skilful artist, who frequented the house of her master. She begged him to give her some lessons secretly, in the short intervals that her domestic occupations allowed her. The physician mentioned above was let into this important secret, and immediately he declared himself her Mæcenas.† This learned philanthropist wished to contribute to the expenses of an instruction as long as it was expensive. On her part, the diligent Maria neglected nothing to render the services rendered to her by her two benefactors profitable. Never did she relax from that passionate emulation which was completely her master, and the effects of which it was impossible for her to diminish. Her activity knew no relaxation : an unknown impulse seemed to direct all her faculties towards the honourable goal to which she wished to attain.

Maria had one of those powerful imaginations in which all nature seems in a certain way to be reflected. One is particularly surprised

* Gray, in his beautiful "Elegy [on a Country Churchyard," observes, with the greatest truth,—

"Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton, here may rest,—
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood."

So it was with poor Maria. Her mind had been formed in a mould of superior excellence. Circumstances had been entirely against her : but Nature's dictates made her disregard these, as will be seen from the sequel of her history. Nothing is more delightful than to see talent overcome every obstacle. It is like a powerful man fallen overboard, and manfully struggling with the billows ; now overwhelmed, now rising, now drawing near the shore, now hurried away, and so on till he at length reaches it. though perhaps he sinks at his arrival.

† Mæcenas was a Roman knight, who rendered himself celebrated by the encouragement that he gave to men of letters.

to meet with qualities so eminent possessed by a person who had never received any previous instruction. She herself said, that her existence was dated only from the day when she dedicated herself to the study of sculpture. Never was she found inactive. The desire of success was to her a fixed idea: did she slacken, she ran to the Vatican, when her inspirations were renewed. She was often found in the churches at Rome, endeavouring to divine the high thoughts of the great artists, by studying their master-pieces. She passed whole hours at the pedestals of the ancient statues; and that which others beheld with coolness, excited in her the deepest emotions.

Maria studied sculpture, not as an art, but as a science. She was no longer the same, since she had left the country, to inhabit the classic soil of genius. All truths were fruitful just in the proportion that they sunk into her soul. Hers was not one of those barren spirits that could contemplate coolly the ruins of Rome. Everything is solemn in this city of inspiration: everything there elevates the soul by the most noble and the most touching remembrances. Those colonades, those obelisks, those mausoleums, those sarcophaguses,—nothing is mute to the observing artist; and from the tomb of so many illustrious dead, flames as it were issue, which impart their influence to the living.

The will is the most precious gift of genius. It may even be said, that, it is the guarantee of success. Maria triumphed over every obstacle, in the study of an art which appeared incompatible with the weakness of her sex: but she was moved by the most energetic of moral powers,—that of enthusiasm. Some used to calumniate her: they pretended that the sentiment of love had peculiar influence upon her excessive labours, to obtain the approbation of her master: but Maria was swayed by a more noble desire. There is, besides, in the study of the fine arts, something exciting feelings of devotion, which purify the soul, and disengage it from every earthly motive. Maria was inaccessible to vulgar passions, and it was in the bosom of virtue, that she obtained all the ardour which ought to immortalize her.

There are some truths which steal a hold upon our minds in a way that cannot be explained: they are engraved everlastingly upon our memories. Maria, who listened, so to say, at every door, heard her master discourse with his scholars upon the force of moral expression

in the arts of imitation; and as she greedily sought every impression which could enable her to arrive at great results, she did not lose a single word. One day, when a banquet was celebrated on the occasion of the birth-day of her master, there arose a serious dispute among the guests, on the subject of the pre-eminence of Sculpture over Painting. Maria, who served at table, was present at this interesting discussion, which contributed not a little to her instruction. Her zeal particularly redoubled, when they spoke in her presence of the power of study, and of the high qualities which distinguish the opposite talents of Michael Angelo, and of Raphael.

Some one has said, that genius is only a greater or less aptness for patience. Maria had an uncommon perseverance in that which she undertook, and all the hours which she could steal from her occupations were employed in the composition of that beautiful piece of workmanship, which was about to astonish all connoisseurs. At length, after two years of concealed but incessant labour, Maria completed a statue of Minerva, which one might believe to be animate. This production had not all that art could give, but all that the soul communicates,—every thing expressive in the ideal world,—all the majesty of celestial life.

Some time afterwards, the judges assembled in order to pronounce their judgment, and to decree the palm in the midst of the multitude of rival artists. A circumstance of particular interest in this anecdote is, that the master of Maria presided at this memorable jury. All the suffrages were decreed to this statue of Minerva, which had been secretly conveyed to the assembly, and which discovered the germ of the most remarkable talent: but no one had the least idea that it could be the work of a woman. Maria, under the veil of *incognito*, with the modest dress which became her humble condition, had penetrated just into the gallery, where her master-piece was exposed to the view of the curious. Astonished at herself, intoxicated with glory and happiness, she enjoyed in the highest degree the eulogiums which were lavishly bestowed upon her production. Not even a critic came to disturb her triumph. All the spectators were charmed: besides, we allow much to genius that conceals itself.

Let us add, that Maria experienced joy still more sweet, when, being returned to the house of her master, she heard him, in the presence of her friends, bestow the highest eulogiums on the crowned

statue. He busied himself in vain conjectures upon the true author of this anonymous work. He attributed it to a young artist who gave the most happy hopes, and who had doubtless feared to make himself known. But the admiration bestowed produced a nervous agitation, which is resistless. Maria could not hear this concert of praises without being moved almost to tears; and it was thus that her secret was divulged. Her master, who was far from supposing that she had ever in the least studied the fine arts, remained some time immoveable with surprise and compassion. He afterwards complimented her with dignity upon the success which she had just obtained, in declaring that he wished no longer to be served by her. He even desired henceforth to contribute all his means in order to the completion of her instruction, and assigned to her as the place for her labours his own work room. Maria, confused, had no words to express that which passed in her soul. The joy of Corona, her friend, when she was conducted to the Capitol, was not less lively than her own.

But, by the most deplorable catastrophe, Maria did not long enjoy the advantages which so delightful a triumph had procured her. She shone only for an instant, and was extinguished as a meteor. Vanquished by labour and painful night watchings, she was seized with consumption, and a short time afterwards was seen to sink under the fatigues which she had undergone. The physician Corona, who had taken an active part in her success, bestowed upon her all his attentive cares in this unhappy condition. But he could not prevail to force death from that noble heart which had never beaten but for glory; and soon the laurels of Maria were covered with a funereal crape. All who had known this interesting person, bewailed her exceedingly. Corona related this history to show the ascendancy of an example upon a great genius. It is then an innate disposition, this ardour for the fine arts, this fever of imitation, which subdues us during waking, which agitates us during sleep, and which makes us to aim at excellence by the very nature of our faculties. Genius is the gift of Heaven; but it is to emulation, the influences which fertilize it are owing.

BOTANICAL NOTICE FOR MARCH.

THE HYACINTH.

THE common hyacinth, (*scilla nutanus*) deserves notice on account of the interest taken in it for the sake of its beautiful flowers, and the many varieties which cultivation has induced, rather than for any particular service of which it is capable. The Dutch florists had at one time upwards of 2,000 varieties of one species of hyacinth.

The hyacinth is of the natural order, *asphodeleæ* or *asphodel* tribe, which also includes the onion, squil, garlick, &c., and is remarkable for the extreme simplicity of the structure of all its parts.

The principal points to be attended to in this tribe are the perianth or flower leaves, consisting of six pieces of similar form, size, and colour, arranged in two rows, the outer one being the calyx and the inner one the corolla. There are six stamens, and one pistil; the ovarium, or seed deposit, is superior to the calyx, and divided into three cells; the seeds are numerous, and covered with a black brittle skin. The stem arises from scaly bulbs, from the bottom of which the roots are developed. Although, however, the bulbous structure and herbaceous vegetation is common to the *asphodel* tribe, yet, there are exceptions, especially in some plants which grow between the tropics, such as the *Dracæna Draco*, of the Canary Islands, from which the Dragon's Blood of commerce is obtained.

There are points in which the plants belonging to this tribe, and growing in our own climate, differ. In the onion all the parts of the perianth are distinct, but in the hyacinth they cohere nearly to their points; and in other genera they are completely grown together.

The hyacinth is of the Linnæan class, *hexandria*, having six stamens, and of the order *monogynia*, having one pistil: its leaves are long and narrow, their veins running parallel. The cluster of flowers is drooping; the flowers themselves are pendulous cylindrical-bell-shaped; the petals are reflexed at the points, of a blue colour, emitting a sweet fragrance. It is generally found wild in groves and

thickets, growing very plentiful in Welton-wood and dales, and also in the neighbourhood of Cottingham. The stalk is generally about a foot in height.

I have said that this plant has six stamens and one pistil ; and as I promised to describe these parts or organs, I shall now do so as briefly as possible. The stamens may be called the fertilizing system, and have been looked upon, from the time of Linnæus, as the male organs of the plant. On the same ground the pistil is called the fructifying system, and has also been looked upon as the female organ of the plant.

The stamens are those parts placed immediately within the floral envelope ; take a hyacinth for the purpose of illustration, or a lily, where we find there are six ; but they differ exceedingly in number in the various orders of plants. It is worthy of remark, that as a general rule, they are the same in number in the same tribe or class of plants, and it was upon this that Linnæus formed his classification of plants, called the Linnæan or artificial classification. In the ginger and glass-wort tribes, for instance, there is always one stamen ; in the speedwell, ash, and sage tribes there always two stamens ; in the valerian, saffron, lily, grass, and corn tribes there are always three stamens ; in the parsley, carrot, nightshade, and flax tribes there are always five stamens ; and so we might go on to an unlimited number. But Linnæus was only guided by the number of stamens in his first thirteen classes ; in the eleventh class they number from twelve to nineteen ; in the twelfth class they consist of any number above twenty, if they arise from the rim of the calyx, and in the thirteenth class the stamens are numerous, but arise from the receptacle, as in the poppy. The next ten classes are regulated by the relative position of the stamens on the flower, such as having two long and two short, or four long and two short, or in being combined in two sets or bundles, or so united as to form a tube, as is seen in what are called the compound flowers as in the dandelion, thistle, &c., or in being situated on separate flowers from the pistil, yet on the same plant, as in the oak, beach, &c., or in the pistils being situate on the flowers of one plant and the stamens on the flowers of another, as is the case in the willow, poplar, hop, juniper, &c. ; the last, or twenty-fourth class, consists of the *cryptogamic*

plants, such as ferns, lichens, and mosses, in which the stamens and pistils are either imperfectly or not at all known.

To a person commencing the study of botany, and desirous of making himself acquainted with the names and characters of the plants he may meet with in his walks, the Linnæan system will be of the greatest use. To count the number of stamens and pistils is generally a very easy process; this at once establishes the class and order, and nothing then remains but to determine the genus and species, which a little practice in the examination of characters will enable any intelligent person to do, with the aid of books in which these are laid down.

The stamen consists of two parts, the filament and anther; the filament is to the anther what the foot-stalk is to the leaf, it is that on which the anther rests and through which it obtains nutriment for its growth and support. On the point of the filament is placed the anther, which, in the lily, is a narrow reddish-brown body, having a deep furrow passing down its longer diameter, and being thus separated into two parallel lobes. In course of time the sides of the lobe contract and separate at the furrow, which consequently opens and allows a brownish-orange powder to fall out, or projects it upon the summit of the pistil, which is always within the inclosure of the stamens when both are on the same flower; the two sides of the lobe when they thus separate are called *valves*, and the furrow itself the *suture* or *line of dehiscence*. The pollen, then, is considered the fertilizing material of the vegetable, and it is only when this is cast on the stigma, or summit of the pistil, and thence conveyed to the ovarium, or ovula deposit, that fecundation can take place, the seed be produced, and reproduction of the vegetable effected.

The fructifying system, or pistil, or female portion of the plant, by all of which designations it is known, occupies the centre of the flower and is the part round which all the other parts are arranged. It is divided into three portions; the upper portion or stigma, the middle portion or style, and the lower portion or ovary (germen of the old writers), which contains the ovules.

The appearance of the stigma is very various in the different tribes of plants. In the saffron-crocus we have already observed it to be of a beautiful red colour, of a fragrant odour, and hanging in shreds

over the sides of the flower ; in the pansy it is a hollow globe, with a small aperture on one side ; in the grasses it is a tufted hairy body something like a brush ; in the orchis it is a hollow basin placed at the summit of the column and besmeared over with a gluey substance in order to cause adherence of the pollen when cast from the anther.

It is, therefore, an established fact that for the purpose of vegetable reproduction there must of necessity be, as in animals, a conjunction of the sexes. This was discovered at a very early period in the cultivation of the date palm and the fig, when it was found that those flowers of the date in which the beginning of a fruit was discoverable, would never arrive at maturity unless sprinkled with the powder secreted in the flowers of other individuals of the same species of palm, and hence they considered the latter to be males and the former females, which was true. Wild figs again were found to be necessary, by coming in contact with it, to enable the fruit of the cultivated fig to mature ; and hence they also supposed the former to be males and the latter females, which, however, was *not* true. Caprification, as the hanging of wild over the cultivated figs is termed, does not depend upon the powder of the wild fig coming in contact with the fruit of the cultivated fig, but upon a totally different circumstance, for both figs are in reality perfect in themselves. What makes the act of caprification necessary is this,—that the flowers of a fig are inclosed in a fleshy case, which finally becomes the fruit ; and, from some unknown cause, does not readily ripen unless injured by the puncture of an insect. Now the wild fig abounds with a little fly called a cynips, and consequently when it is brought into the vicinity of the cultivated fig, the latter is attacked by the cynips and thus enabled to mature.

That my assertion is true, viz. that there must be a conjunction of the sexes, will be proved by a very simple experiment. Take an apple-blossom, and cut out the anthers before they burst, and no apple will be formed ; or in the cucumber plant, in which some of the flowers bear stamens, only, and others only pistils ; if the stamens are cut away, the pistils instead of swelling out immediately after the flower has faded will turn yellow, wither and drop off ; so that we are surrounded with proofs of the necessity of the anthers to fertilize the pistils. When the two are on one flower it is easy to conceive how the pollen is conveyed to the stigma ; and it is

worthy of remark that, as a general rule, in flowers which are erect the stamens are longer than the pistil ; but in those which are pendulous, as the fuchsia, the pistil is longer than the stamens.

In plants in which the stamens and pistils are on separate flowers, but on the same plant, or on separate plants, then it is that the vegetable economy is so much indebted to the rambles of the bee, the butterfly, or any other insect taking its summer's day airing, either in search of food or pleasure ; these little insects, "roving about from flower to flower," convey the pollen from the anther of the one to the stigma of the other, thus answering the beautiful designs of an all-wise and beneficent Creator.

J. H. G.

ON THE KEEPS OF ANCIENT CASTLES.

On an eminence in the centre, commonly, though not always, stood the keep or dungeon of ancient castles ; sometimes, as in the relation of the seige of Bedford Castle, emphatically called the tower ; it was the citadel, or last retreat of the garrison, often surrounded by a ditch and occasionally with an outer wall garnished with small towers. In large castles it was generally a square tower of four or five stories high, having turrets at each angle ; in these turrets were the staircases, and frequently, as at Dover and Rochester Castles, a well. If, instead of square, the keep or dungeon happened to be round, it was called a julliet, from a vulgar opinion that large round towers were built by Julius Cæsar.

The walls of this edifice were always of an extraordinary thickness, which has enabled them to outlive the other buildings, and to withstand the united injuries of time and weather ; the keeps or dungeons being almost the only parts remaining of our ancient castles.

POESY AND SLEEP.

A FREE TRANSLATION FROM THE FRENCH OF MADAM BAYLE MOUILLARD.

"Avenir: mot puissant qui charme on desespere
 "Que la bouche en tremblant commence sur la terre,
 "Que la penssee acheve aux cieux."

When fervid youth's delicious dreams declin'd
 My pensive head, with soft seducing power,
 The far-off future rose before my mind,
 Imag'd in likeness of a budding flower ;
 Closed o'er the charmed dish each petal lay,
 But, one by one, expanded to the light,
 And deep the bliss that odorous centre bright
 Reveal'd, unbosom'd to the solar ray.
 Even such the charm, the depth, the tenderness,
 Of those young hearts whose union God doth bless.—
 Love heard my sigh, and brought th' auspicious hours ;
 Love crown'd my brow with hymeneal flowers ;
 A tranquil happiness but full of life.—
 Dreaming again, new thoughts my breast inspire,
 A brighter future still my soul's desire,
 More ardent hopes, with stern ambition rife,
 Unlike that purer joy so gentle and serene.
 'O let me live to place my name on high,
 'With those bright stars whose rays can never die !'
 How vain the wish !—Fame's wreath is never wrought
 For woman's brow.—Begone deluding dream !—
 But, oh ! 'twas passing sweet !—that glorious thought !

W. H.

RUINS IN YORKSHIRE.

BY J. G.

MOUNT-GRACE PRIORY.

In the parish of East Harlséy, wapentake of Birdsforth, North Riding, seven miles from Northallerton, nine from Stokesley, and eleven from Thirsk, are situated the romantic ruins of Mount-Grace Priory, which was founded and endowed in the reign of Richard the second, who at the special instance of Thomas de Holland, duke of Surrey, granted to Edmund, Prior of the House of Mount-Grace and the monks thereof (who were of the Carthusian order) certain lands and possessions in the county of Leicester and Southamptonshire, for its support.

The vale in which these remarkable ruins are situated is shut in on the south-east by a lofty hill clothed with wood, which adds a solemn grandeur to the scene, and the ruins of the monastery, though at no great distance from the road, being sheltered from public view "embosomed high in tufted trees," escapes the general notice of strangers.

The building is approached on the west by a narrow lane, leading from the main road into the quadrangle of the monastery, the outer walls of which enclose about three acres of ground and are still standing thickly mantled with ivy.

The church, which stood on the north-side of the first court, and is now in ruins, was in the form of a cross, with the tower, which is still perfect, rising in the centre, supported by four light gothic arches. Besides the eastern window (which, as well as the walls of the chancel, is now levelled with the ground) the church was lighted on the west by a door under a pointed arch, and from the nave, on the north, was an arched doorway, for the admittance of the religious from the cloisters. The entrance into the chancel was through the arches supporting the tower. The vestry room appears to have been on the north-side of the chancel, which, like every other part of the building, is now roofless.

The second or inner court is surrounded by double walls, and

contained the cells of those solitary monks, the doors of which, though now walled up, may be distinctly traced, there being four on the east, five on the west, and five on the north; on the side of each door there is a small zigzag opening in the wall, communicating with the apartment, which has no doubt been made in order that food might be conveyed into the cell without the person being seen.

Around this court, which measures eighty paces from north to south, and seventy-three from east to west, there appears to have been a shade or covering to shelter the religious in their processions; and in the west wall, under an arched recess, is the cistern where a pump seems to have been fixed, and resembles one in a vaulted vestry at York Minster; this was probably for the priest to perform his ablutions in previous to commencing divine service.

From the north-east corner of this court there is a small stream of clear water, which at present runs in an open channel till it reaches the centre of the court, from whence it is arched over and conveyed beneath the building until it comes in front of the farmhouse, where it breaks out and terminates in a fine flowing well. On the south of the first court or quadrangle the faint vestiges of many buildings appear.

At some distance, on the summit of the mountain that shelters the monastery on the east, are the ruins of an ancient building called the *Lady's Chapel*, which was founded A.D. 1515; the edifice has been but of small dimensions, and from the present remains appears to have contained nothing remarkable in point of architecture; the road from the monastery to this chapel which leads up the steep brow of a lofty mountain is rugged, and by the growth of trees rendered at present a painful and difficult ascent.

Numerous miracles are reported to have been performed at this chapel, such as the sudden recovery to life of a child that had been for some hours dead; the immediate cure of many who were afflicted with painful maladies, but these stories wear so much the appearance of superstition that I forbear entering further into them.

Such are the prominent features of these venerable ruins, every part of which, even the loose fragments that lie scattered about, are luxuriantly covered with ivy, and conspire with the surrounding scenery to impress the mind with that calm composure and pleasing melancholy which arises from visiting the sacred ruins of time.

THE BARK.

I watch'd a bark one summer's day
 Go forth all deck'd with colours gay ;
 Her masts were tall, and her sails were white ;
 The sky was clear, and the sun shone bright ;
 And as o'er the waters she glided along
 Merrily sounded the mariner's song.

I thought, then, as she left the shore,
 How many barks had gone before
 With streamers as gay, and sails as white,
 And crews with hearts as merry and light,
 That had never return'd to glide again
 Over the calm bay she was leaving then.

Such was her fate !—the sun sank down,
 That night was dark, a threat'ning frown ;
 Lower'd o'er the main, the wild winds blew,
 And the waves dash'd o'er that gallant crew,
 Who scarcely had bidden their friends farewell
 Ere the north wind howl'd their funeral knell.

Her tall masts rent, her beauty fled,
 Her crew were number'd with the dead.
 She was dash'd to atoms, and drift away,—
 The sport of the ocean's angry spray ;
 And her crew left to rest in their briny bed
 'Til the deep, deep sea shall give up its dead.

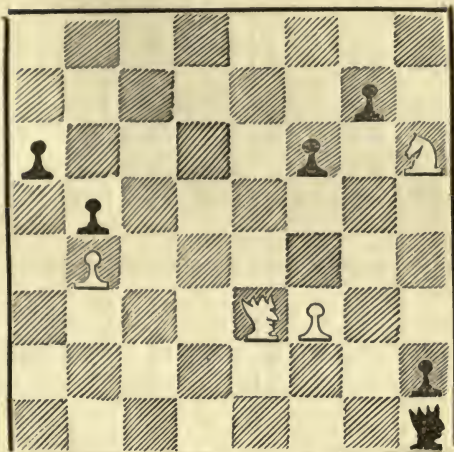
* * *

CHESS PROBLEM.

No. VI.

BY Mr. W. G. COLDWELL.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

METEOROLOGICAL TABLE.—SUMMARY FOR JANUARY, 1844.

BAROMETER.

| | |
|----------------------|-------|
| Monthly Mean | 29.78 |
| Mean at 9 a.m. | 29.78 |
| Ditto 3 p.m. | 29.78 |
| Ditto 9 p.m. | 29.77 |
| Maximum on 15th..... | 30.25 |
| Minimum on 6th. | 28.94 |
| Range | 1.32 |

WIND.

| | | | |
|----|--------|----|--------|
| N | 0 Days | S | 1 Days |
| NE | 0 " | SW | 5 " |
| E | 1 " | W | 18 " |
| SE | 1 " | NW | 3 " |

RAIN—1.59 inches.

THERMOMETER.

| | |
|----------------------|-----|
| Monthly Mean..... | 36° |
| Mean of Maxima..... | 40 |
| Ditto Minima..... | 33 |
| Maximum on 5th | 50 |
| Minimum on 3rd | 20 |
| Range | 30 |

WEATHER.

| | |
|------------------|--------|
| Clear | 5 Days |
| Cloudy | 9 " |
| Overcast..... | 0 " |
| Showers..... | 9 " |
| Rain | 3 " |
| Snow..... | 4 " |
| Frost | 11 " |
| Hoar frost | 1 " |
| Misty..... | 1 " |
| Stormy | 1 " |

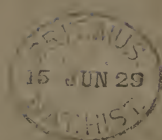
GENERAL REMARKS.

The temperature of this month has been about the mean for a number of years, and the weather very changeable. There have been no long continued storms. On the evening of the 29th occurred a violent storm of wind from the south-west which has occasioned some damage to buildings.

Infantine diseases continue to prevail.

| DATE. | BAROMETER. | | | THERMOMETER. | | RAIN. | WIND. | | WEATHER. |
|--------|------------|---------|---------|--------------|------|-------|---------|--------|---|
| | 9. A.M. | 3. P.M. | 9. P.M. | Max. | Min. | | 9. A.M. | FORCE. | |
| 21 | | | | | | | | | |
| M. 22 | 29.72 | 29.70 | 29.83 | 40 | 34 | | W. | 0 | Fine clear day. |
| Tu. 23 | 29.91 | 29.96 | 29.99 | 42 | 38 | | W. | 0 | Clear day, evening a few drops of rain. |
| W. 24 | 29.99 | 29.99 | 30.06 | 39 | 34 | | W. | 0 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. clear and fine. |
| Th. 25 | 29.97 | 30.01 | 30.01 | 40 | 31 | | W. | 2 | Cloudy all day, evening clear and starlight. |
| F. 26 | 30.10 | 30.09 | 30.09 | 43 | 35 | 0.36 | N.W. | 2 | A.M. overcast, P.M. showers, evening starlight. |
| S. 27 | 29.99 | 29.95 | 29.89 | 47 | 37 | | N.W. | 1 | Cloudy but fine all day, evening overcast |
| 28 | | | | | | | | | A.M. cloudy, P.M. overcast, evening showers. |
| M. 29 | 29.74 | 29.50 | 29.24 | 44 | 35 | | S.W. | 1 | Showers occasionally during the day. |
| Tu. 30 | 29.48 | 29.50 | 29.41 | 40 | — | | W. | 3 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. rain, evening hurricane. |
| W. 31 | 29.51 | 29.52 | 29.63 | 33 | 30 | 0.37 | W. | 0 | A.M. cloudy, P.M. showers. |
| Th. 1 | 29.61 | 29.85 | 29.63 | 32 | 29 | | E. | 1 | Morning snow, P.M. fair, evening clear and frosty. |
| F. 2 | 29.62 | 29.33 | 29.62 | 33 | 30 | | N.W. | 0 | Fair all day, evening clear and cold. |
| S. 3 | 29.83 | 29.83 | 29.76 | 33 | 27 | | N.W. | 0 | A.M. snow, P.M. snow, evening fair, cloudy. |
| 4 | | | | | | | | | Morning fair and clear, snow on ground, P.M. clear. |
| M. 5 | 29.28 | 29.30 | 29.33 | 35 | 32 | | W. | 0 | Morning snow, P.M. cloudy, evening lunar halo. |
| Tu. 6 | 29.38 | 29.30 | 29.23 | 32 | 23 | | N.W. | 0 | A.M. clear, P.M. fair, cloudy. |
| W. 7 | 28.98 | 28.95 | 28.95 | 37 | 26 | | W. | 1 | Morning cloudy, frosty, P.M. overcast, evening slight snow. |
| Th. 8 | 28.96 | 28.98 | 28.98 | 36 | 31 | | N.W. | 3 | Morning rain, thaw, P.M. slight snow, evening rain and snow. |
| F. 9 | 28.94 | 28.98 | 29.16 | 38 | 31 | | N.W. | 2 | A.M. snow, P.M. rain and snow, slight thaw, evening, frost. |
| S. 10 | 29.39 | 29.40 | 29.56 | 33 | 30 | | W. | 1 | A.M. snow and rain, P.M. thaw, evening, frost, clear. |
| 11 | | | | | | | | | Morning frosty, P.M. a few flakes of snow, evening, overcast, frosty. |
| M. 12 | 29.78 | 29.79 | 29.81 | 34 | 32 | | N.W. | 0 | Fair and frosty all day. |
| Tu. 13 | 29.89 | 29.89 | 29.88 | 40 | 25 | | W. | 0 | A.M. slight snow, P.M. slight rain, evening overcast. |
| W. 14 | 29.80 | 29.75 | 29.68 | 40 | 33 | | W. | 0 | A.M. fine, clear, and frosty, P.M. cloudy. |
| Th. 15 | 29.60 | 29.74 | 29.80 | 43 | 35 | | W. | 0 | A.M. overcast, thaw—overcast all day. |
| F. 16 | 29.69 | 30.01 | 29.89 | 45 | 34 | | W.S.W. | 1 | Morning overcast, no frost, P.M. cloudy, evening clear. |
| S. 17 | 29.79 | 29.74 | 29.71 | 43 | 35 | | | | A.M. fine and clear, evening brisk wind, cloudy. |
| 18 | | | | | | | | | A.M. overcast, P.M. a few drops of rain, evening ditto. |
| M. 19 | 28.90 | 29.23 | 29.39 | 34 | 33 | 0.82 | W. | 1 | Occasional showers throughout the day. |
| Tu. 20 | 29.59 | 29.59 | 29.51 | 35 | 26 | | N.W. | 0 | A.M. showers, P.M. hail and snow, evening clear. |
| | | | | | | | | | A.M. fair and frosty, P.M. clear, evening a few flakes of snow. |





THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

APRIL.



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TO OUR READERS.

Our readers will bear in mind that we do not identify ourselves with the opinions of our correspondents, on questions admitting of discussion. It is our wish that the *Miscellany* should be an available medium for the expression of opinions on Literary and Scientific subjects.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS:

ARTHUR — Under consideration

M. J.—“The Monk” in our next.

Communications from A. F., L., †., and ***, have been received and will meet with early attention.

*** Papers not adapted to the pages of the “*Miscellany*,” will be returned to the authors, where addresses are given.

THE HULL
LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

No. VII.

APRIL.

VOL. II.

SIMON FLAT'S COURTSHIP.

BY SLIM SLAM SLUM, ESQ.

YES, in no other place than Yorkshire, where all the people are considered *sharps*, lived Simon Flat the tailor, an individual of no high standing in society—being in height from five feet three to that of five feet four, with a body rather larger in proportion to the pair of *understandings* which supported it; and as to his physiognomy, why I only lament that Lavater himself had never seen it, for being no proficient in the science myself, I cannot describe him to advantage; but what I know is, that it is not unlike a child's fiddle, with a couple of garret windows in. Nevertheless, this said Simon was possessed of that big bump of majesty (or, phrenologically speaking), self-esteem—for he ever considered himself a man of importance in the sphere in which he moved.

Well now, gentle reader, would you be astonished or surprised that such an individual should, to use the common-place phrase, “fall in love.” Be your decision as it may, his penetrating day-lights were once so fixed upon the features of a buxom maid, full

six inches taller than himself, that it opened his heart to the sensibilities of love, and made such an impression upon her feelings, that her affections were set on fire immediately by the electricity of poor Simon's peepers.

Weeks and months passed away, and found these lovers enjoying their hours of bliss in perfect tranquillity, with but one exception, namely, that from his popularity among the children of the place, he was often shouted after, which rather affected his pride; and many are the times that he has bid his fair one

"Lead on, lead on,
While these youngsters have gone."

And then would he make an attack upon the miniature troops, and make them scamper in all directions.

But these comforts were not of long continuance. His betrothed, from some circumstance or other, removed to a distance of twelve miles. Some say it was to escape the brawlings of schoolboys; others, that it was for the benefit of her health, it being her native place: she went, however, and left a mighty impression upon poor snip's feelings: he felt deserted and alone, whilst all around looked happy; and as the gloom of melancholy settled upon him, he wept, because the only individual who admired him had "left him alone in his glory."

In the present stage of the story, Simon often meditated, and wished to bring his thoughts to an anchor, in order to decide upon what course to adopt. To give her up was the wreck of his feelings; to walk twelve miles was a penance of no joke; and in connection with the latter were many things which seemed to bear against him—the state of the weather, snowing and blowing—the roughness of the road—and again, the anticipation of what kind of a reception he would have, as he had heard that her friends had issued a proclamation that no lovers would be admitted; nevertheless he determined to go. The day fixed was the approaching Saturday; the hour, immediately he had made his *draw*; and the conveyance, his own patent shanks. In the interim, Simon did as all others do—lived upon hope, and, like a child expecting Sunday, counting how many times he had to go to bed, and how often to get up; until at length the long looked for day arrived, clothed in a dark and dreary

mantle, and wearing a grim and threatening look. This was a watery prospect; yet he would go, and go he did.

The old church clock was just striking nine as Simon had finished shaking hands and bidding adieu to his fellow workmen, with all the parting expressions of an individual who might be going a voyage to the Antipodes. His garments were the best his wardrobe could furnish (though no doubt altered some dozen times to accommodate as many different fashions), and his heart as light as the treasures of his pockets. He sallied off with the smile of hope beaming upon his face; and the expectation of a warm reception seemed to have an effect upon his legs—for the rapidity of his steps might be taken for those of a metropolitan fireman.

For one single mile he kept on that part of the highway which is allotted to beasts of burden; but, thinking to shorten the length of his journey, he struck across some pathless fields, steering at the same time in the direction which he thought would bring him out at the spot where he intended to take in a cargo of provisions. But "true love never did run smooth," says the adage. Neither did Simon Flat on this occasion; for the night being dark, and having no compass, he was like a luckless bark upon the trackless sea; for on hurrying across the second field, with his head downwards to escape the pelting of the rain, he came in contact with a tall oak which stood in the middle. This stunned him for a moment; but gaining his self-possession, he bawled out, "Oh! I beg your pardon, sir; but would you be kind enough to inform me in what latitude I am?" The insulted personage breathed not a word, and the night being dark, Simon could not see him; so after waiting a moment for the pardon of his offence, he retraced his steps until he gained a footing upon the free highway.

Half-past ten arrived, and found Simon comfortably seated by the fireside of the "Traveller's Rest," relating his adventures and examining his dinged beaver. After taking in a considerable share of eatables and drinkables, and a due caution from the host to beware of robbers, who sometimes frequented this part of the road, he pursued his journey with many fears.

Imagination is undoubtedly one of the most extraordinary principles of man. Simon's imagination begun to work before he had

proceeded far, and he thought he heard a robber—no, a band of robbers, and their instruments of destruction rattling one against another! They approached nearer! more distinctly did the rattling grate upon his ear! An escape, if possible, was now necessary; and in a moment Simon was crouching in the hedge bottom, and waiting the exit of those blood-thirsty villains. Moments passed on, and seemed to take their time as if they were hours. The noise sounded nearer and nearer, and poor snip shut his eyes, thinking they could not see him! At length they came so near that he felt their touch, and in that critical moment he grasped the supposed thief, when lo! the being he grasped was nothing more than a poor donkey, with a chain and clog to his leg, straying from his own fold! On making this discovery, Simon's heart throbbed with less violence, and he went his way with thankfulness.

The solemn hour of midnight had passed, and the birth of morn had just been celebrated, when he arrived at the little village of *****. He dreamed no more of fears, and thought of nothing but a hearty welcome; and with the importance of a *whole man* he knocked at the door of his fair one's dwelling, and anxiously looked through the window (shutters were not used); when bye and bye he beheld the glimmering of a light, and in another moment saw two tall figures coming towards the door—one with an old rusty sword, the other with a carbine, said to have been used in the civil wars. Now these men-at-arms were no others than his intended brothers-in-law; but he knew it not, and off he went and waited until he had gained sufficient courage to make another attempt, which was done at the back of the establishment; for seeing a light in a small window, and the form of his fair one pass to and fro, he determined to reach it by mounting an old tub which served as the depository for pigs' meat, and then to the top of a small building which served as a dairy, but his mind was again roused by hearing his own footsteps, which he mistook for those of his pursuers. He made up his mind for another retreat. He leaped; but alas! that awful leap! It was into the tub of pigs' meat; and when he came out he was like a drowned dog. He ran down the garden, but his escape was procrastinated by several falls over cabbage stumps; however, he cleared the wall, and ran—and for anything I know he is running yet.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF FEUDALISM

ON THE

MODERN INSTITUTIONS & SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

BY ROBT. WELLS, ESQ.

*A Paper read before the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society,
Tuesday, 5th April, 1842.*

To every lover of England's history, the word feudalism must excite recollections of the deepest interest. To trace the development of that system of political and civil power which for centuries ruled Europe with an arm of might, which raised the spirit of military prowess that shone conspicuous in our annals, and transmitted it through every successive age—which, if it gave not birth to, nurtured and matured the genius of chivalry, though long extinct in name, yet survives in spirit—which, though once the stern ruler of a crowd of slaves, yet at last the instrument of a nation's freedom,—must indeed be attractive to every reflecting Briton.

Our earliest recollections teem with the traditions of feudal grandeur; and the ruins of every castle on which we gaze, excite a train of reminiscences dear to us in the days of our youth. One cannot pace those deserted halls, or look on those dismantled walls, where once the stalwart Baron of England's feudal glory kept his court (almost a sovereign within his domain) without desiring to linger on a spot, the scene of many a season of festivity,—of knightly courtesies or political strife. Sorrow for departed greatness may for a moment shade the brow, but will soon be dispelled by the sober thought that a nation's welfare might perhaps have required the destruction of what was once so noble and imposing; and the calm consideration of the elements of that system—of the vices it nourished—of the injustice it created and upheld, great indeed in comparison with the civil advantages it unfolded, will lead to the conviction that Britain's greatness was best ensured by feudalism's

fall,—and that fall, gradual as it was, could not be accomplished without leaving behind it some traces of the system deeply engraven upon the habits or manners of our people, and stamped in almost every institution of our country.

The system of fendalism, was a system of gradual subordination and dependance, originating in beneficiary grants of land by the northern conquerors of Europe to their officers and soldiers upon the express condition of protection on the one hand, and service on the other; and that condition with all the fruitful incidents of power or convenience, was ultimately ramified in all the relations of life,—and when the Norman Conqueror introduced it *fully* into England, (for it was not unknown even in the times of the Saxons) his division of the land, exclusive of his royal demesnes, into sixty thousand knights' fees implanted it irrevocably there.

In this partition William exhibited his usual sagacity, in thereby gratifying and rewarding his companions in conquest, and embodying a militia for the national defence. The creation of the order of the greater barons and other the immediate tenants of the crown, the lesser knights' fees carved by them out of their extensive original grants, and the subinfeudation by these latter among inferior vassals; each tenant as he was called rendering homage, suit and service to the lord of whom he directly held, who in his turn was under the same conditions to the sovereign as paramount lord, all combined to form a gradation of classes mutually dependant on each other for protection and reciprocal service, but all subservient and under fealty to that sovereign, the creator and head of that compact, the fountain of honour, the protector, leader, and ruler of them all. By the terms of that compact, the sovereign could summon these his military tenants into the field at a moment's notice; each lord in capite or mesne, each tenant mediate or immediate being bound to attend at the hazard of forfeiting his estate in default.

The ransom of the lord's person when needed; the feudal incidents of aids to him in war, or on the knighting of his son, or the marriage of his eldest daughter; of payment of reliefs on the assumption of an inheritance; of yielding the primer seisins or first fruits of the inheritance; of the lord's right to the wardship of an heir and the receipt of his income during his minority, and of giving the hand in

marriage of his female ward; of fines on the alienation of a fief or fee; of escheats to the lord on the death of the tenant without heirs, and forfeiture of the fee to him on the felony or default of a tenant; of the lord's right to hold his courts of justice, and to compel the attendance of his tenants therein;—these and many other enactments of the institution, though once in full vigour and long since declined, have left their traces in the modern institutions and customs of the land.

No order of the state was exempt from this system, all were under its subjection from the highest baron to the poorest serf—churchmen or laymen—freemen or bondmen, that system held all within its sphere and defined the rights and liabilities of all. The effects of such a system were both beneficial and injurious; beneficial in maturing and upholding that martial spirit for which our ancestors were so illustrious, and in maintaining if not creating that spirit of chivalry which prompted them to deeds of enterprize and renown; and injurious in raising one body of men who seemed by their actions but to live for themselves, a chosen class, the imperious rulers of a population of dependants or slaves. These latter effects have long since vanished under the force of political circumstances, which freed from their thralldom the stout peasantry of our Isle, and placed them in that position to which they were naturally entitled; but the former effects have survived the death of the institutions which excited them, and are infused into the elements of our modern society.

This brief sketch of the nature of our feudal institutions is necessary as a preface to the consideration of the subject of this Essay.

Although it will be necessary for me in this paper to allude to both political and religious institutions in this country so far as they have any connection with feudalism, yet in alluding to them I shall simply state what I believe to be facts, without venturing to offer or desiring to elicit any remarks upon the propriety or impropriety of our present political or religious government; being ever mindful of the wisdom which dictates this society's law, prohibiting the discussion of religious or political subjects. I shall therefore divide this essay into three heads, by considering the influence of of feudalism upon the political, religious, and civil state of our country.

First.—*Its political state.*—Under this division, the nature of the High Court of Parliament primarily presents itself to our view. In the earlier ages of feudalism the third estate of the realm did not exist; the parliament then consisting of the sovereign and the barons, who composed the King's great council. The present House of Lords, spiritual and temporal, must deduce its origin from the feudal system; whereby every baron and every owner of a knight's fee being tenant in capite to the crown, was bound to attend and had the privilege of attendance as a right, in his sovereign's court to consult upon the national affairs. It was a peculiarity of that system, a principle of the antient northern freedom that secured this privilege to every military tenant. The usual services of every tenant of the crown, were *knights service*, or the necessity of serving the sovereign for forty days annually, in civil or foreign war, with the seven other incidents of *aids, reliefs, primer seisins, wardship, marriage, fines* or alienation of *the estate or fief, and escheat*; and any services required beyond these, whether payable, or to be rendered by the barons, or their vassals; in short, whatever extraordinary ineasures were necessary for the common weal could only be imposed by their lord the king, by their advice and with their consent. And for nearly eight hundred years this principle has existed and still survives in full force, not exclusively however, since the erection of the House of Commons; for every act of parliament bears still the expressions, "Be it enacted by the King's most excellent Majesty, by and with the *advice and consent* of the lords spiritual and temporal, &c."

The lay peers held their seats by virtue of their baronies, and the archbishops, bishops, and mitred abbots, also held theirs by the same title. Summoned to parliament in right of the temporal baronies which they hold or are supposed to hold, the prelates now take their seats as lords of parliament and not as peers of the realm.

The most striking feature in the political system of England, and indeed of Europe, was the feudal constitution of the landed aristocracy possessing peculiar privileges, exclusive immunities, and many of them almost sovereign power; for the nobles of this country, at one period, both awed their king and ruled his people. As the feudal companions of their chief they had a right to sit along with him on all trials, whether civil or criminal, occuring within the limits of their

jurisdiction, and the only legal mode of punishing them for crime was upon conviction in their own court, by their own equals or peers (*pares*). And such is still the case; a lord of parliament, as has been most recently shewn (in the case of the Earl of Cardigan) must be tried by the House of Peers, who decide his guilt or innocence upon their honour,—thus preserving that chivalric feeling which in the days of feudalism was declared, or assumed to be, the only test of their actions. And here I may notice that the titles of nobility, such as duke, marquis, earl, &c., &c., are all of feudal origin; these titles of honour, being fiefs in themselves, granted at first for life and subsequently like the knights fees, in inheritance, have still annexed to them some of the feudal incidents, viz.—homage and fealty, forfeiture on attainder and descent by primogeniture, generally amongst heirs male.

However well calculated this system might originally have been for the formation of a national militia, yet in the course of two centuries after the conquest, the sovereign found it inadequate to meet the exigencies of the state. The number of military tenants had much decreased, the practice of compounding for personal service by pecuniary payments or scutages (so called from the derivative of *scutum*, a shield) which was too frequently withheld on the plea of prescriptive exemption, the very limited period during which this military aid could be compelled, and even when compelled, the disorganized and undisciplined state of the forces thus raised, shewed the expediency of having more plentiful means of embodying and paying a national army. This state and other necessities induced the king to look elsewhere than to his nobles for assistance. The crown demesnes were beginning to be limited by too frequent grants to favourites, the towns in the royal jurisdiction were assuming increased importance by the advantages of commerce, and after that the lesser barons and landed gentry, by their representatives for the counties, had been summoned to the Great Council, the burgesses were ultimately considered of sufficient importance to be taxed by a parliament to which they by their representatives were invited. The king was glad indeed to have the opportunity of enlisting the lower classes on his side against the increasing power of the nobles, and these classes in return felt the advantage of their new position in partly freeing them from baronial oppression. Thus the evils of feudalism

contributed to their own eradication, and the burgesses, under the care of the sovereign, were enabled to take some share in the legislation of their country.

Still more firmly to attach them to the interests of the crown against the aristocratical presumption, *Charters of Incorporation* were granted to the principal boroughs vesting the election of the municipal body in the burgesses themselves; a stroke of policy, admirably adapted at that time to aid the royal design, which might more readily be supported by the corporations, who, by their influence, might secure the return of such members for the borough as would be required. We are proud to remember that Kingston-upon-Hull was the first chosen spot for this new element of regeneration; its charter by Henry VI. separating it completely from the county of York, and giving it privileges utterly incompatible with the feudal subjection. By the effect of this charter and prior charters (not of incorporation) the barons' court could no longer affect its burgesses, and the right of pleading and being impleaded in their own jurisdiction, created the Court of Record of our Mayor and Sheriff, which still exists with advantage to our townsmen.

One curious badge of feudalism yet remains in the privilege granted by the *carta de foresta* in the reign of Henry III. in favour of every lord spiritual and temporal summoned to parliament, who passing through the king's forests "may both in going and returning kill one or two of the king's deer, without warrant, in view of the forester, if he be present, or on blowing a horn if he be absent, that he may not seem to take the king's venison by stealth." Absurd as such a privilege may now seem, yet on its reservation, when the forest laws of the Normans were so rigorously and oppressively maintained, such license was considered as a high mark of favour.

The mode in which the royal assent is given to any bill in parliament also exhibits an instance of feudal usage; in the words of Blackstone, "The king's answer is declared by the clerk of the parliament in Norman French, a badge it must be owned (now the only one remaining) of conquest, and which one would wish to see fall into total oblivion, unless it be reserved as a solemn memento to remind us that our liberties are mortal, having once been destroyed by a foreign force. If the king consents to a public bill the clerk usually declares "*le roy le veut*," (the king wills it): if to a private

bill "*soit fait comme il est desire*;" when a bill of supply is passed it is carried up and presented to the king by the speaker of the House of Commons, and the royal assent is thus expressed "*le roy remercie ses loyal subjects, accepte leur benevolence et aussi le veut.*" And here it may be remarked (though somewhat in digression) that the Norman French language might once (if the conqueror's wish could have been gratified) have been imposed upon this land, it was the language of the court, of judicial proceedings, and until the reign of Richard III. the statutes were generally written in it. This will conclude my observations upon the political institutions of England.

Second.—The remnants of feudal associations relative to the Clergy of this country must next claim our attention. As I have before generally stated, most of the territory of England was subject to the feudal law. William first knew well how firmly the clergy could cement his newly acquired power, and the grant to them of more than one-third of the fiefs proves how much he valued their adherence and how well he repaid them for it. But yet they held their domains under no peculiar or privileged tenure, and the church could claim no exemption from the feudal services, other than the non-liability to personal military service which was commuted by pecuniary payments. Prior to the conquest the clergy had no separate ecclesiastical jurisdiction; spiritual as well as temporal causes being tried in the county courts, when the bishop of the diocese and the alderman or earl jointly presided; but the Conqueror's charter at the instance of his foreign clergy separated the jurisdictions and prohibiting spiritual causes from being tried in secular courts, commanded the suitors to appear before the bishop only, whose decisions were to be conformable to the canon law.

This was the foundation of the Courts Christian as they were called, which pursuant to the principles on which they were first founded now exercise jurisdiction not merely in matters purely ecclesiastical but in many which are simply civil; for example, in causes testamentary, and affecting slander, brawling, marriage, and divorce. What these Courts Christian were in Bishop Burnet's time may be best gathered from his own words, "As to the ecclesiastical jurisdiction, it has been the burthen of my life to see how it was administered; our courts are managed under the rules of the canon law, dilatory and expensive, and as their constitution is bad, so the business of them is small;

and therefore all possible contrivances are used to make the most of these causes that come before them; so they are universally dreaded and hated." Whether any material improvement has taken place in these courts since the honest Bishop wrote, I shall not here enquire; if any of my hearers have had the opportunity of using them, they can best decide.

It may be asked, what has this to do with feudalism? Nothing, if results be simply regarded, but much if the origin of the power be considered. William had to maintain his position not only by the prowess of his knights, but also by the influence of his clergy; that influence he acquired and preserved by vesting in them immense possessions of which they were his feudal tenants, and in return for their devoted adherence to his interests he separated them as an ecclesiastical body from the rest of his subjects, by giving them exclusive jurisdiction in matters relating to themselves, which were afterwards enlarged by forced constructions on the nature of many affairs purely civil. The crown, however, as the feudal lord paramount, did not relinquish its right to be the ultimate court of appeal against the decision of the ecclesiastical tribunals, a right which was expressed by the constitutions of Clarendon (Henry 2nd) declared at the Reformation to be the antient law of the realm, and at this present time exercised by the Queen in Her Judicial Privy Council, in lieu of the court of Delegates which has been recently abolished.

The appointment of our bishops has from the most antient times been a royal prerogative, although frequently claimed and exercised by the clergy as their privilege of election; and that privilege received confirmation as a right by a charter of King John, who was induced to grant it in order to obtain the protection of the Pope against his discontented barons, and which provided that he should grant to the Monasteries and Cathedrals his license to elect an abbot or bishop on each vacancy. This license was called the *Conge d' elire* and is still used as a form on the appointment of a new prelate by the Crown in whom the antient right has been revived ever since the Reformation.

But in every age of the system, from the period of the Conquest to the abolition of military tenures in the reign of Charles the Second, the clergy had been bound to perform their feudal services as fully

as the laity, and very frequently the rapacity of the reigning prince made them especially feel the rigorous power of their feudal lord.

In imitation of the laity the hierarchy did homage to their prince for their temporalities before they could receive investiture of them, and as upon every accession by descent to lay fiefs in capite, (that is, held immediately from the crown,) the king was entitled to take the primer seisins, or first fruits of the estate for a year, so at the present day upon every appointment of a bishop, the crown is entitled to the perception of the first fruits of his diocese, payable by four annual instalments; and by the same rule all the inferior clergy are bound to tender the first fruits of their benefices also.

PATHS OF POESY.

BY WILLIAM J. BOSOMWORTH.

I love the bright and smiling earth,
The notes of feathered minstrels' mirth,
The shady trees, the towering hills,
The winding ways of pensive rills;
The birth of morn, the twilight hour,
The wide, wide earth, the quiet bower;
For these were made by God's decree,
To be sweet paths of poesy.

Over the ocean's unfetter'd sweep,
Where the great waters never sleep,
But troubled, roar their thunders aloft,
In bursts of passion, often and oft;
Or like a stream pass gently o'er,
To shake their hands with the quiet shore;
Whether a calm or rolling sea,
They all are paths of poesy.

The unknown place where winds are born,
And nurtured to a mighty storm ;
The trackless ways they speed along,
Sounding like some discordant song ;
The infant zephyrs caressing way,
Cheering and dying within a day ;
Whether they play on wave or tree,
They are bright paths of poesy.

The humble dwellings on every shore,
Homes of the much neglected poor,
Who groan beneath oppression's hand,
And strangers seem in their fatherland ;
Where sires and sons toil hard with care,
And hopeless live in a world so fair,
Languishing daily to be free ;
These too are paths of poesy.

The bright and everlasting sun,
The moon which rose when time begun,
The million stars that light the sky,
The spangled floor of heaven on high,
Bright and sublime have ever been ;
And dazzling paths of silvery sheen,
The sea, the earth, and canopy,
Are all sweet paths of poesy.

HAND VERSUS EYES.

ON theories, electrical or magnetic, the whole mental and physical creation seems to be animated, upon this basis the natural philosopher seems to build his theories of cause and effect; it is the fulcrum whereby the mental philosopher seeks to dispel the hitherto crude and unsatisfactory notions entertained by mistyfied metaphysicians. Every schoolboy of budding genius must manufacture an electrifying machine, and every person who has witnessed magnetic influence feels competent to produce similar effects, mental or physical.

Beneath the light of this dawning mental analyzing philosophy, the subtle and all pervading power of Love becomes a matter of natural existence, accounted for as scientifically as the evaporations of ether, or the fusion of metal by galvanic agency. To place this fact in its most prominent position, one simple instance will suffice.

Who has not heard of, or felt, the power, the influence, the never-dying remembrance, the hope-creating ecstasy occasioned by the *pressure of the hand*? an action though simple in itself, yet fraught with mighty and lasting influence, conveying volumes of meaning, speaking a language that the tongue itself, directed by a Romeo's impassioned feelings, would fail to utter. We have heard of the boasted language of the eye—the languishing, the imploring, the penetrating, and the bewitching eye; the flash of ire, and the sparkle of joy. But what of that? its influence is limited and partial. Besides, all eyes cannot look at you; and yet some sentiment is wished to be expressed. It might so happen that their services were required in some shady lane by evening's sombre gloom, or within some curtained *boudoir*, where the last glimpse of twilight rendered “darkness visible;” of what use then would be the “silent language of the eye?” when you could not behold the soft, enchanting look of confirmation, or the piercing glance of keen displeasure; when the long elegant lashes that fringed the beautiful orbs might be turned towards your own, or, Madona like, drooping over the pensive eye, or perhaps glistening with moisture like the mustache of a Parisian beau after taking *soupe à la julienne*; where would be the ocular telegraphic communicator under such circumstances? why rendered entirely unavailable, like the *guillotine* at the Pilot-office in foggy weather. But it is far otherwise with the pressure of the hand.

Either in the full blaze of laughing day, the dazzle and splendour of the ball-room, beneath the jealous or scrutinising eyes of those around, or amid the sombre shadows of stilly night, the pressure of the hand is equally ready and efficient. It is the mental-electro-animal-magnetic telegraphic communicator. Besides its superiority over the eyes is not confined to the immediate vicinity; the chairing of a member of parliament, to wit. He beholds the charming belles hanging from the windows, or standing on the balconies, displaying some coloured ribbons, the glory of his triumph, and he presses his hand to his lips and throws them individually a salute, like a knight-errant to his lady-love. Why, if he had to do the same execution with his eyes, right and left, he would run the hazard of having an obliquity of vision ere his procession was ended.

We will not stay to speculate on the supposed mystery contained in a Freemason's shake of the hand, for their recognition can take place without any such operation; nor will we endeavour to substantiate the assertion that there exists among some of the popular sectarians of the day a mode of *recontre*, preticed to the members of their flocks by a gentle "pressure of the hand," followed by a slight rising of the forefinger into the palm of the embraced one; but proceed in conclusion to point out the method in which the operation is carried on, and the cause of the phenomena, which cannot be accounted for satisfactorily except by the science of Animal Magnetism, or the Mesmeric influence of one person over another according to the susceptible or non-susceptible powers of the magnetiser or magnetised.

Nothing can be more simple than the experiment; but remember that animal magnetism, like electricity, being an *elementary* fluid, requires a respectful caution in its application. The effect is produced by gently pressing the hand (of course choosing a favourable opportunity), allowing your own mind to revel in all the poetic wildness of "Love's imagery;" then slightly relaxing your hold, allow the beautiful and tapering fingers to glide a little way through your own; then quickly increase the pressure, and remain so until you have received the conviction that the patient is not impervious to its influence, and should you receive a corresponding pressure in return, you may rest assured that *magnetic influence* exists. But here the experiment, like your philosophy, ends.—Verdict for the HAND!

B. E.

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.

The sun had set ; but rosy light
 Was blooming o'er the sky ;
 And tinting nature fair and bright
 With evening's richest dye.

A mingled music fill'd the air ;
 The vesper-song of birds—
 The music of the flowing stream—
 The low of distant herds.

A village on a rising knoll
 Gleam'd white between the trees,
 O'er which an ancient church arose,
 With spire amid the breeze.

I sought the sacred plot around
 This temple of the dead,
 And seated on a mossy mound
 Mused over times long fled.

Dear, cherish'd friends were sleeping there,
 The wealthy and the poor ;
 Who'd dwelt within the lordly hall,
 Or humble cottage door.

Of all the varied tombs around
 To cause the painful sigh,
 One gleaming white amidst the shade
 Most won the tearful eye.

A verdant willow o'er it hung,
 With low dependant boughs ;
 And at the sculptured marble's base
 There bloom'd a pale white rose.

An emblem beautiful and pure,
Meet for a maiden fair ;
Yet not so pure and beautiful
As she who slumber'd there.

Sweet, gentle Kate ! I knew thee young,
A bright and laughing child,
With azure eye, and golden hair,
So joyful—playful—wild !

The deer upon the mountain's side,
The wild bird on the tree,
The dolphin sporting in the tide,
Were not so blithe as thee.

Thou didst not know a father's love,—
He died ere thou couldst sigh ;
But doubly did a mother's care
The mournful loss supply.

Oft have I seen her lead thee forth,
And guide thy gentle feet,
And teach thine infant lips to speak
In accents pure and sweet.

Yet scarce nine flowery springs had wreathed
Their chaplets round thy brow,
When she, the fountain of thy joy,
In earth was sleeping low.

The heart may feel sufficed with love
When leaning all on one ;
But oh ! how sad, how desolate,
When it's last stay is gone.

An orphan ! in this chilling world
Where can her spirit rest ?
Where can she find a voice to soothe,
Or seek a kindred breast ?

With tearful eye and pallid cheek
Kate wander'd oft alone ;
And never was she heard to speak
But in a mournful tone.

The earth had lost its charm for her ;
And now with steadfast eye
She sought to fix her hopes and joys
In brighter worlds on high.

Next this, it was her chief delight,
Her solace and content,
To number o'er the happy hours
She'd with her mother spent.

The words she spoke, the prayers she taught,
The precepts she had given,
Were cherish'd in each secret thought,
To guide her feet to heaven.

Oh, ne'er was sainted relic kept
Within its sacred shrine,
As was thy mother's memory
In that true heart of thine !

Years roll'd along ; Kate's beauties bloom'd,
And numbers sought her hand ;
And though she view'd them with esteem,
None could her heart command.

A mother's love was in her breast—
She could no other own ;
And that to keep unstain'd and pure,
She still would dwell alone.

Her soul was framed of gentleness,
So kind, so pure, so good ;
She sought the poor in their distress,
And by the dying stood.

Well could she speak the words of peace,
For peace was in her breast ;
And whilst she walk'd on earth, she seem'd
A spirit of the blest.

Oft have I watch'd the morning star
Diffuse a lucid ray,
Till all its lovely beams were lost
Before the rising day.

Thus did she gently leave the earth,
And vanish from our sight,
When her immortal spirit pass'd
Into a world of light.

'Tis sweet to muse beside the grave,
And press the flowery sod,
Where rests in hope the form of one
Whose spirit dwells with God.

Such thoughts a healing balm impart,
Earth's deepest wounds to cure,
And waken feelings in the heart,
Most gentle, calm, and pure.

Death seems destroy'd—the very flowers
Which clothe the peaceful tomb,
Seem radiant with a heavenly light,
Illumining their bloom.

Thus I, in memory of Kate,
A fitting emblem chose,
And planted on her happy grave
That meek and pallid rose.

THE TWO MONUMENTS.

I was visiting at the seat of my friend C——'s a few years ago, during the shooting season, at the same time as my old college chum Harry Mordant, and during our stay a ball was to be given at the neighbouring town, all the elite of the county were expected to attend and many were the hearts that beat quickly when the conversation turned upon the coming assembly; great was the request for milliners, dress-makers, tailors, and the many other important personages usually in demand on such occasions. The time drew near—it wanted but a week; yet some thought even that a long time to wait; those were such as had little or no preparation to make. Others thought it sadly too near; those, of course, had all to provide. Time, however, passed on. The eventful night arrived; and I, with two or three friends, by ten o'clock were entering the ball-room. It was a large and lofty building, brilliantly lighted by many chandeliers, whose sparkling brightness dazzled the eyes on first entering, which, together with the gay and waving plumes of the ladies, produced a scene far more animating than I expected to find, while the spirit-stirring music made it still more exciting. All seemed gay in that large assembly. The company were variously employed; some promenading, some collected in groups in various parts of the room; others going through the ceremony of introduction; the second was the case with us. We, like many more solitary bachelors, were collected in a corner examining the company as they came in. Various were the comments made on parties as they passed in review before us.

"Now for the belle of the evening," said C——, as an elderly gentleman entered, having by his side a young lady of about three and twenty years of age.

"Which? which?" cried Harry Mordant; "the lady in blue with dark hair?"

"Yes," returned C——, "that is her; it is the Lady Caroline Vane, of whom you have often heard, I dare say."

"So I have," said Harry; "and as I am wife-hunting, you must introduce me at any rate." What reply C—— made I did not hear; for at that moment the M.C. came up to announce the first quadrille, and each went his way to seek his partner for the dance.

It was soon over, and Harry Mordant was again at my side. We had walked once or twice round the room, when we heard a buzz near the door, and, on turning round, found all eyes fixed that way. We soon perceived they were looking at a young lady who had just entered, accompanied by one whose likeness at once told it was her mother.

"By all that's good, Harry, but there's a rival belle for you," said I.

"And my partner for the next dance," replied he. "Who ever saw such? But come; let's go and ask C—— who she is; he knows all in this part of the country." And away we proceeded to find out C——; but he was no wiser on the subject than ourselves.

"Then here goes to find it out," said Mordant, walking away.

Again the dance was proclaimed, and I, not caring to join, strolled into the card room. After a short stay, I again entered the ball room. I had not gone far before I found Mordant standing alone, with his eyes steadfastly fixed on some object opposite, which object I soon found to be the strange lady.

"What ho! Harry," said I, "how is this? not dancing! I am surprised that such a gallant youth as you should stand like a statue while so many fair dames are waiting for partners."

"Never mind," answered he; "I've been disappointed myself; why should not others be so? I am waiting for the next change; they must do the same."

"Disappointed! how? Have you not succeeded in your errand?"

"Yes; I have found out she is the daughter of a late officer in the army, who died some time ago in India, leaving his only child and widow nearly dependent on the bounty of his country. But I was disappointed in obtaining her as my partner, through Sir William being too quick for me; so you see I am waiting for the next chance."

"Well, you will not have to wait long; for see, they are concluding this set already. Good luck to you, and mind introduce me, do you hear?" and off I went, leaving the love-struck Harry, hawk-like, prepared to pounce upon his prey.

Half the night passed away. I had lost sight of Mordant and the stranger. Supper was announced; and as I walked up to the room, I felt some one's hand upon my shoulder. On turning round I beheld Harry and his fair partner.

"I have found you at last," said he; "I thought you must have gone, but allow me to introduce to you my partner, Miss Harcourt. Miss Harcourt, my most particular friend, Sir James T——." The lady bowed; ditto myself; and the introduction was complete. O! how lovely she looked, and how proud Harry appeared to be of her; he felt himself the successful rival of all. I watched them the remainder of the evening. I saw what was taking place by the countenance of my friend. I saw they were happy; and I would not have intruded upon them for worlds. But it could not last for ever: they must part, alas! too soon! The lady's carriage was called; Harry handed her to it, and at the same time obtained permission to call upon them the next day. He returned to us, but his mirthful looks had left him. His first words were—"Come, let us go; I am tired. I can dance no more to night." Poor Harry! We left that dazzling scene, and were soon drawing towards our home.

The next day Harry contrived to give us the slip, and we saw nothing of him till night. His spirits were then higher, if possible, than ever; and all guessed some lucky incident had taken place. I, alone, knew of the appointment with Miss Harcourt. He afterwards told me he called at the lodgings of the officer's widow; what passed need not be told now. Sufficient will be said when I mention that Harry left the accepted lover of Emily Harcourt, with these conditions on her mother's part—that he obtained the consent of his father. Emily and her lover had a most happy parting; but, alas! her happiness was of short duration. He looked upon it as a mere matter of form: he never thought of a denial from him. He had always received whatever he asked; and he was sure he would grant him this request. In a day or two a letter came; Harry hastened to open it; he read its contents. It contained a cold and determined refusal; and he was desired to think no more of the soldier's daughter.

Six months or more elapsed, during which time I had been abroad. On returning home, I found several letters from Harry waiting me, the last of which was dated a week before; it requested me to join him at a village in Norfolk, where he had for the present taken up his abode. The letter also stated he was unwell, and he wished to have my advice on a particular subject. Two days after I entered my friend's lodging; it was near noon, but he was not up.

His landlady apologised by saying he was very unwell; but she would at once inform him of my arrival. After waiting about a quarter of an hour, I heard a step in the passage; the door opened, and in walked my friend Harry. But oh, how altered! His once fine manly form was withered, and shrunk to nothing; his eyes, which once used to sparkle with delight, were now dull and spiritless; his countenance was sad; and disease had plainly stamped his hand upon his brow. On my rising to receive him, he held out his hand and said—"Thanks, dear T—— for this visit; I have long been wishing for you."

"You would have had me sooner, my dear Harry, had I known you had been ill; but I only arrived home two days ago, and finding, among other correspondence, letters from you hastened down here as your last letter requested"

"For which you have my thanks. But let us have some breakfast, when you shall hear my short but melancholy history."

Breakfast was ordered in, and we sat down; I with a traveller's appetite, Harry with that of an invalid. After a few moment's silence my friend began.

"You will, perhaps, remember T——, the ball we attended while staying with our friend C——, about six months ago."

"Yes, and the fair stranger too."

"Well, of her I have to speak. I need not explain to you what passed between Miss Harcourt and myself up to the time I wrote to my father: you know all that, and his reply. But you do not know what has occurred since; I will tell you. After receiving that cursed letter, you will remember I left C—— Hall, and immediately proceeded to Emily's lodgings. She was in and alone. In a short time, with the usual quick perception of her sex, she saw something was wrong; in a few minutes she wrung from me the contents of that letter—nay, the letter itself. She scanned over its harsh sentences, each word of which was a dagger to her heart; she wept, oh! how the dear girl wept! while I, I who loved her so much,—whose very existence was wrapt up in the being before me, stood silent. Silent! but why?—not for want of words—not because I did not feel; but fearing, had I spoken, it would have been to curse the writer of that fatal letter—aye to curse my father! While thus occupied," continued Mordant, after a long pause, "Emily's mother entered, and seeing her daughter in such distress,

enquired the cause. All was soon explained. She listened to all I had to say—to all the excuses I made for the hasty reply of my father, to all my entreaties for her consent to our union, relying upon obtaining my parent's forgiveness after; and then expressed her determination that I should never wed her daughter without his permission; and further, begged I would not see Emily again unless I had better prospects of obtaining it."

"And have you heard of them since," asked I.

"Yes," replied he, "they reside at present in this village, where I find they have removed for the sake of Emily's health. I have sent to enquire after her; she is very ill."

"But have you not seen her," said I.

"No."

"And have you not tried to see her?"

"No. I, too, have been ill; but I have sent for you, as I wish you to visit her."

It was then arranged that I should do so; and during the afternoon I called at Mrs. Harecourt's lodgings. I sent in my card, and at Emily's request, was conducted to her room. I found her reclining on a sofa; and if she looked lovely in the ball room, when I first saw her, how much more so did she look now. Her delicate features were pale as marble; her fair shoulders were covered over with her rich black hair; her long transparent fingers almost rivalled her dressing-gown in whiteness. I sat with her about an hour. I told her of Harry's residence in the village—of his illness—of his anxiety for her, and of my intention to use my influence with his father to induce him to withdraw his refusal to their union.

"Ah! sir," said she, "it will be of no use; before then I shall be beyond the reach of your kindness, but tell Harry we shall meet again; and though we are not to be happy in this world, let us hope for the future." I left her, promising to call on the morrow, a day which, alas! poor girl, she was never to behold."

On entering Harry's room, I found him anxiously waiting my return. I told him what had passed; he was much excited, and it was long before I could persuade him to retire to his room. It was about ten o'clock when I left him, feverish and unsettled. I threw myself on my bed without undressing, that I might be ready to go to him if he wanted anything. I was awake from a sound sleep by

hearing a noise in Mordant's room. I took the light, which was still burning, and hastened there. I found him sitting up in bed ; his eyes staring vacantly before him ; his hands held out to their full extent, as if to clutch something within his reach.—“ See ! see !” cried he, at the utmost pitch of his voice, —“ there—there—’tis Emily ! she calls me ! Father, let me go ! she shall be mine—mine in spite of all ;” and exhausted by the effort, his hands fell by his side, and he sank back on his pillows in a swoon. I instantly sent for assistance. I looked at my watch ; it was just two o’clock. The physician soon came. After examining his patient, he shook his head. “ Your friend,” said he, “ will revive ; but his reason has fled.” He was right ; Mordant recovered in about an hour ; but he awoke an idiot.

As early as I could I called at the lodgings of Emily, and was surprised to find the windows closed. I was admitted into the drawing-room, where Emily’s mother was sitting. She arose on my entrance ; for some time she could not speak ; at last she said, “ O, sir, my Emily is dead !” she could say no more ; her heart was full. I called an attendant, and left the room. I enquired before I left the house the time of Emily’s death ; it was two o’clock, the very hour I had been awoke by my friend. Thus did the spirits of two beings, who loved each other best on earth, commune together before one took its flight to heaven. A plain white marble monument marks the spot where Emily is buried ; and though years have passed away since its erection, the remembrance of the fair girl whose death it records still draws me to the spot. I pass on a few paces to another of the same form, but in black marble—it points out the grave of Harry Mordant.

BOTANICAL NOTICE FOR APRIL.

THE PRIMROSE.

THIS class of plants are remarkable for nothing but their beauty and their general cultivation in our gardens.

The primrose, cowslip, ox-slip, and polyanthus are found growing abundantly in the neighbourhood of Hull, the earliest specimens of which appear on the banks of Sculcoates lane and at Newland. The natural order to which they belong (*Primulaceæ*) are characterised by having a monopetalous corolla, divided into five segments, the calyx is 4-5 cleft; the stamens are five in number, and inserted upon the corolla, opposite to its segments; the ovary is one-celled, containing a large number of ovules; the stigma single and capitate, that is, having a rounded head.

The great uniformity of these characters occasions the largest part of the order to be included in the Linnæan class *pentandria*, and order, *monogynia*; this class and order contains a numerous family of plants growing in this neighbourhood, and among which may be mentioned the *Anagallis* or Pimpernel, commonly termed the poor man's weather glass, from its property of closing on the approach of a storm; and the *Lysimachia*, or Loose-strife, inhabiting moist places. The group is extensively diffused over the globe, but is more abundant in northern and in mountainous countries.

It may be scarcely suspected, that those prettiest of spring flowers are in any way related to the venomous family of plants the *solaneæ*, or deadly nightshade tribe, yet such is the fact. Like the nightshade tribe they have regular monopetalous flowers, with five stamens and a superior ovary; they are sometimes similar in habit, as in the case of the mandrake, which resembles a gigantic primrose with white flowers, marked by purple veins; and they also possess slight narcotic properties. There is but one essential circumstance by which they are distinguished, *their stamens are not placed between the lobes of the corolla*, as in the nightshade tribe, *but are opposite to them*; a very curious and permanent difference. If the corolla has fallen off and some mark is sought to distinguish the two tribes, we shall find in the nightshade tribe two cells in the ovary, but that of the primrose contains only one cell.

“Interesting as are the British species of this natural order, they are far inferior in beauty to their relations who live on the mountains of other countries; for the primrose tribe most frequently prefers Alpine stations to all others. It is in the higher regions of the mountains of Switzerland and Germany, or the Pyrenees, and upon those stupendous ridges, from which the traveller beholds the vast plains of India, stretching at his feet in a boundless panorama, that the primrose tribe acquires its greatest beauty. Living unarmed beneath a bed of snow during the cold weather, where it is protected alike from light and from drying winds, as soon as the snow is melted it springs forth bedecked with the gayest tints imaginable; yellow, white, purple, violet, lilac, and sky-blue are the usual colours of its flowers; while its leaves, nursed by the food descending from a thousand rills of purest water, and expanded beneath an ever-genial and cloudless sky, acquire a green which no gem can excel in depth or brightness. It is in those regions only that the primrose tribe can be studied to the greatest advantage.”*

The ovary is a portion of the plant which is often named, and necessary to be examined in systematic botany, a few words, therefore, may be said with benefit in the description of this organ. The ovary is a hollow case, placed at the base of the pistil, or central organ of the flower; it incloses the ovules, and always contains one or more cells or cavities. It is the part which ultimately becomes the fruit; and, consequently, whatever may be the situation of the ovary, such must necessarily be that of the fruit; allowance being made for the changes that may occur during the progress of the ovary to maturity.

The ovary is said to be superior or inferior, as it may be related to the calyx, that is, if the calyx of the flower is placed above the ovary or seed-box, the ovary is termed inferior, as is the case in the rose. If the calyx is below the ovary, the ovary is termed superior, as in the tulip, mallow, and primrose. But, in reality, the inferior ovary is only so in consequence of the tube of the calyx *contracting an adhesion with its sides*; and such being the case, the exactness of the description of the constant place of the pistil and ovary, as being the occupants of the centre of the flower, around which all the

* Lindley's Botany.

other parts are arranged, is unshaken, although some authors would wish to make it appear otherwise. If an ovary is opened, it will be seen that at one particular part there is an attachment for the ovules, or young seeds; this is called the placenta, and generally occupies the whole or a portion of one angle of each cell.

According to the writings of De Candolle, Turpin, and Du Petit Thouars, the pistil is either a modification of a single leaf, or of one or more whorls of such leaves, which are technically called *carpels*. Each carpel has its own ovary, style, and stigma, and is formed by a folded leaf, the upper surface of which is turned inwards, the lower outwards, and the two margins of which develop one or a greater number of buds which are in a rudimentary state, and are called the ovules. Pistils containing but one carpel are simple; if several, are compound.

There has been great dispute among vegetable physiologists as to the part in which the placenta and ovule originate, some maintaining that the margins of the carpels produce the ovule buds, for which opinion Dr. Lindley is a staunch advocate; others maintaining, (among whom stands Dr. Schleiden,) that they are produced by the axis of the carpel, and not by the edges; however this may be it is not of much practical import, but merely interesting in a physiological point of view.

J. H. G.

THE SITUATION OF WOMEN IN SOCIETY.

(From the French of M. Segur.)

WOMEN are (if I may use the expression) another soul of our being, though enveloped in a separate covering. They accord most uniformly with all our sentiments, which they inspire; with all our desires, which they excite and in which they participate; with all our weaknesses, which they can commiserate without yielding to their influence. If man be unhappy, he requires of his soul an energy to enable him to support the load of physical sufferings, and of moral evils, still more difficult to sustain. But as this assistance must originate within himself, it necessarily partakes of the dejection which pervades his whole being. Should he resort to his other

soul, he then feels how much the women deserve his admiration; they approach him in enchanting forms, and administer an unexpected balm to his sorrows, making him sensible in every particle of his being that, although they appear distinct from himself, yet they are himself nevertheless. He observes these sweet participators of his joys and his sorrows unceasingly near him, who make him anticipate consolation, even before it is offered; to whom he assents at once, without waiting for any arguments of persuasion, and who appear an asylum against all misfortunes.

But because we are endowed with corporeal strength, is it to follow that the fair sex are born to slavery or submission? that they are to be dependant on our passions and caprices? awaiting the arbitrary decrees dictated to them by the forms of government and the prejudices of men? Here, adored as divinities—there, esteemed as companions and equals; and again we may see them condemned to servitude and contempt.

Yet under all these conflicting circumstances, we see them still retaining their characteristic distinctions, submitting with inexhaustible patience, and enduring with inconceivable fortitude. Their faults are not augmented under the pressure of humiliation and distress. And which of our good qualities do they not possess? One alone, Anacreon says, has been denied them; and that is prudence. But as they are everywhere led themselves, and never (unless by a temporary usurpation) are able to assume the lead of others, they have less inducement to the exercise of foresight than men. Their extreme sensibility, too, pleads their apology in this respect. Alive as they are to every impression that can excite their feelings, their situation is little calculated for the calm exertion of foresight; but being too apt to yield themselves up to the suggestions of the moment, they not unfrequently pass their lives in alternate action and repentance.

Various have been the opinions of celebrated writers respecting the fair sex. Some have considered them as equal in every respect to the opposite sex; while others have condemned them to perpetual frivolities. And no doubt examples might be quoted in support and refutation of both these modes of judgment; yet I must observe, that the number of those who have written in their praise is much greater than that of their calumniators. Some have denied them any share of political talents; yet how much address and intelligence

have they not evinced in important intrigues, and even in negotiations? How many treaties and unhoped for alliances have they conducted, of which the men received the honour, but the merit of which belonged to the women! How many great actions and great resolutions have been suggested and accomplished by them! What admirable enthusiasm have they not been able to excite to lead on heroes to the brilliant exploits which they themselves were incapable of executing, and when they could only console themselves for standing idle spectators by the flattering right of binding the laurels on the temples of the brave!

If the men can boast of more prudence, the women have less egotism; and so entirely do they devote themselves to others, that they have at length given reason to believe that nature ordained the sacrifice; and hence all our laws oppress them, and of them are all privations required. Among no people, even the most savage, have we seen the men obliged to offer themselves up as sacrifices on the tombs of their wives, as the women have been on the funeral piles of their husbands. And the history of men affords us no instance of an illustrious and voluntary victim of love, such as Dido, and many others that might be mentioned.

Ever disposed to commiserate our distresses, to participate in our joys, and to offer every addition to our happiness, evincing only the fear of poverty in the means of assisting us; and if slighted or neglected in our prosperity, how readily they return to our call if fresh misfortunes oppress us. Such are the generality of women.

In this view, how can we help but love them? in other respects, how can we cease to pity them? Withheld from the pursuit of any occupation—scarcely allowed to regulate the concerns of their own family—bringing us wealth which they never command—and presenting us with children who are seldom committed to their power; such is their condition. Yet it cannot be denied, that if the one seems to be endowed with peculiar qualities, the other possesses advantages equally valuable; that where corporeal strength is wanted, they possess qualities to make up the deficiency; that in moments of transient equality, they have evinced ability equal to ours; and that, with the exception of inventive genius, their intellectual faculties are not inferior to our own.

RUINS IN YORKSHIRE.

BY J. G.

WRESSLE CASTLE.

ON a gently rising ground near the east bank of the river Derwent, and about four miles north-west from Howden, stands this relic of feudalism.

"The mouldering walls
Black with the rust of age, and all within
Silence and waste, while not a sound is heard
But the wind mourning; not a form beheld
Save one, that fancy images to the mind;
The spirit of *Destruction*!"

From the Hull and Selby Railway, which passes within three hundred yards of it, a clear unobstructed view may be had of what originally formed the south front of the building, and which is the only part that the democratical miscreants, acting by the commands of Cromwell, had the grace to spare, of that once stately and magnificent Castle.

The exact date of its erection is not precisely ascertained; but Leland, in his Itinerary, ascribes its foundation to Thomas Percy, Earl of Worcester, in the time of Richard II., in which opinion Mr. Savage coincides, and thinks that its date must be fixed to some part of the period between the years 1380 and 1390, when that nobleman was in great favour with the king, and filled several high offices of the state. This earl rebelling against King Henry IV., was taken prisoner at the battle of Shrewsbury, on the 22nd July, 1403, and beheaded at that place the following day, in consequence of which the lordship of Wressle, along with his other estates, became confiscated to the king, who retained possession of it for some time, and at length gave it to his son, John, Duke of Bedford, who, at his decease, which took place in 1434, left it to Henry VI., his nephew and heir.

Its next possessor appears to have been Thomas Percy, knight, son of Henry Percy, second Earl of Northumberland, who, in 1457, obtained a grant of the Castle and lordship of Wressle, for the term

of his life; and from this period until the death of Josceline, eleventh Earl of Northumberland; which took place on the 21st of May, 1670, it appears to have remained in the Percy family; but in consequence of that nobleman dying without male issue, it descended to his daughter, Lady Elizabeth Percy, and was transmitted into the Seymour family through her marriage with his grace Charles Seymour, Duke of Somerset; and at his death, in 1750, it passed into the possession of his grace's nephew, Sir Charles Windham, who succeeded to the title of Earl Egremont, and in whose family it still remains.

From Leland's description of Wressle Castle it appears to have been of a quadrangular form, and built of large squared stones, which some suppose were brought from France. It was moated round on three sides, the fourth, in which was the entrance, being left dry; in it were five square towers, one at each corner, the gatehouse forming the fifth; they were all about the same height, and were again mounted by circular turrets of a smaller size; upon the top of one of these was fixed the iron pan of the beacon, which in cases of danger was used to alarm the country.

In the east tower, above the chapel, was a library, called Paradise, and which is spoken of in very high terms by Leland. The whole edifice was of the finest masonry; and the interior decorated with a profusion of ancient sculpture executed in wood, representing the ancient bearing, crests, &c., of the Percy family, and other ornaments of the most costly description.

The household establishment of the Earl of Northumberland, at this castle, was on the same plan, and little inferior in point of magnificence to that of his sovereign; it consisted of two hundred and twenty-nine persons, and was supported at an annual cost of £1118 17s. 8d., which, according to the present value of money, would be near £10,000. His head officers were all gentlemen by birth and office; the table were they sat being called "the Knights' Board." They bore the same titles, and their warrants ran in the same style as those of the king.

The chapel establishment was almost equal to that of Cardinal Wolsey. Eleven priests were kept in this large household, over whom presided a doctor or bachelor of divinity, as dean of the chapel; there was also a complete set of choristers, singing men, &c.

Wressle Castle continued in all its pomp and splendour until the civil wars of Charles I., when the earl espousing the cause of the Parliament, it was garrisoned with soldiers; and the losses he suffered from his own party between 1641 and 1646, by his tenants being unable to pay their rents, in consequence of the heavy contributions levied upon them, and the damage done to his buildings by the soldiers, amounted to £42,554, a sum more than equivalent to £200,000 at the present day.

Notwithstanding the zeal which the earl manifested for the cause of the Parliamentarians, an order was issued A.D., 1650, for the demolishing of Wressle Castle; and, in consequence, a number of Cromwell's soldiers, after destroying Howden Church, proceeded to this building, and threw down the battlements, and demolished three sides of the quadrangle, destroying the materials in the most wanton manner. At the close of this scene of destruction nothing was left standing but the south front, in the west tower of which was the dining-room, and in the east the chapel, the space between the towers being occupied with the antichamber and withdrawing-chamber, which were very magnificent.

For a short time after this demolition the remaining portion was used as a manor-house, and was then occupied as a farm-house, and continued to be so until an accidental fire, which broke out on the 19th February, 1794, completed its destruction, and left nothing but the blackened walls, which now

“Stand up against the injuries of time
And brave unmoved the fury of the storm.”

They are partly overgrown with ivy, and in a pretty good state of preservation.

On beholding the interesting remains of Wressle Castle, as

“Now in ruin'd majesty they lie,
The fading relics of departed day.”

The mind is led to contemplate the vast change that has taken place during the three centuries which have elapsed since its noble possessors sat in all their pomp and splendour within its walls; but the evils of feudalism, which at that period reigned supreme, and which system called into existence this once majestic edifice, forbids us to shed a tear over its fallen greatness.

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIS SHADOW.

HERE is a lamentable history!—the history of a man who had the misery to sell his shadow! Reader, do not smile; you may not, perhaps, imagine that a shadow can be anything but a shadow, and that it matters not much to trace an outline on the road as we walk in the sun. Very well; there are people in the world at the present day, perhaps, so ill advised, that they do not hesitate to deny the utility of the shadow, and imagine it signifies nothing in the conformation of their nature, and are ready to believe they should lose nothing by getting rid of it. Alas! this is a great error, as the history of Peter Schlemihl will shew. Our limits will not allow us to go into his remarkable adventures at length, we therefore confine ourselves to the most striking facts, which our hero shall relate for himself.

“I arrived after a very dangerous voyage at the port of ***. After some delay I landed, and, taking my luggage on my shoulder, advanced through the crowd to the first hotel that attracted my eye. I requested to be shewn into a chamber; and a servant whom I addressed conducted me unto a garret. I immediately inquired for the residence of Mr. Thomas Johns. ‘Out of the North-gate,’ he replied; ‘the first house in the country to the right—a large new building, with red and white marble, and a great number of colonnades in the front.’

“As it was yet early in the day, I opened my portmanteau and took out my best surtout, pantaloons, and waistcoat, with my letters of introduction, and directed my steps towards the house of the man on whom I reposed my modest hopes. After having traversed a long street, I saw the colonnades of red marble, surrounded by trees; and having wiped the dust from my feet with my handkerchief, and arranged my cravat, I pulled the bell and commended myself to providence. The door opened; but before I was allowed to proceed further, I was obliged to submit to sundry interrogations as to my business, &c. At last the porter, having satisfied himself on these points, announced me, and I had the honour of being introduced to Mr. Johns, who was walking in the park with a party of friends. He received me as the rich generally receive those who are likely to require their assistance, and turned himself to the side where I was

standing—without, however, leaving his friends—and took the letter which I presented from my hand.

“‘Ah, ah! from my brother!’ said he; ‘it is a long time since I had any news from him; is he very well?’ and without attending to my response—‘there,’ said he, turning to those who accompanied him, pointing with my letter to a hill in the distance—‘there is the place where I intend to make a new erection.’ At length he broke the seal, and proceeded to read the letter I had given him, making occasional remarks as he passed over its contents. When he came to the part setting forth my need—‘Ah!’ said he, ‘this is only one of the million of poor beggars, I suppose.’ ‘Yes,’ said I; ‘’tis true.’

“‘My dear fellow,’ said he, laughing, ‘stay here awhile; I shall perhaps have time soon to attend to you, and talk over the contents of this letter.’ Upon this he offered his arm to a lady; the other persons followed, and they began to ascend a hill which was covered with roses. They were all dressed very gaily, and appeared much amused. I walked after them, but they took no notice of me. On arriving at the top of the hill, a young lady, in attempting to break a branch off a tree, wounded her fingers; this accident directed the attention of the others towards her, and appeared somewhat to disconcert the party. A man—tall and thin, who walked near to me, and who had for some time surveyed me attentively—put his hand into the pocket of his grey surtout, and took out a small pocket-book, containing adhesive plaster, which he presented to the young lady without speaking, who accepted it, but, as I remarked, without offering the least thanks.

“The country around was very pleasant, and a remarkably fine landscape presented itself to our view; the horizon also wore a most beautiful aspect—so that I quite enjoyed the scene which was spread out before me.

“‘A telescope!’ cried Mr. Johns; and before the servants had time to move, the man in the grey surtout put his hand into his pocket and brought out one of immense size, which he handed to Mr. Johns with a modest salute. The instrument passed from hand to hand; for my part I looked on with astonishment, and I could not for my life comprehend how so large an instrument could be stowed away in so small a space; but I was the only one of the party who appeared to experience this surprise, for they took no more notice of the man than of me.

“ ‘We must not remain long on the top of the hill,’ said one, ‘on account of the damp from the ground.’ ‘It would be a delightful thing,’ cried another, ‘if we could have a carpet here.’ Scarcely was this said, when the man in grey put his hand into his pocket, and brought out a magnificent Turkey carpet, bordered with gold, which the servant received from him, and spread it upon the ground ; but still no one took the least notice, or appeared at all surprised, whilst I looked on with increased wonder and astonishment. The carpet must have been full eight feet long, and I could not help rubbing my eyes to see if I was really awake. Bye and bye the sun burst upon the party with great intensity, by which the ladies were much inconvenienced ; one of them turned to the man in grey, and asked him if he would provide a tent. He answered by a profound bow, as though it was an honour he did not anticipate. In an instant he dived into his never-ending pocket, and brought out a quantity of poles, cords, cloth, &c., with which he erected a most magnificent tent. On witnessing this prodigy, I began to feel a coldness creep over me ; but judge of my astonishment when he took out of his pocket three horses, saddled and bridled ! In truth, I was not certain whether the whole was not a dream : I doubted whether what I saw with my eyes was in truth a reality.

“ I now began to be apprehensive lest this mysterious being—the man with the grey surtout—should exercise a power of fascination over me, and I determined at once to return if possible without being observed. This appeared to be not difficult, as I had not been observed by the party. I therefore resolved to return to the town, and come again the following day, when I hoped to learn something more of the man in grey.

“ I had already reached the plot of grass at the bottom of the hill, when I looked back to see if I was observed ; what was my horror when I beheld the man in grey close by my side ! He took off his hat, and saluted me with more respect than he had shewn to any other person. I returned his salute with equal respect, for I had become like the bird fascinated by the eye of a serpent ; he appeared, however, embarrassed, and seemed as though he did not dare to lift his eyes to mine. Several times he stepped back ; at length he spoke, but with an uncertain, tremulous voice—‘ Sir, pardon me this boldness, if, without having the honour of knowing you, I dare to address

to you my prayers.' 'In the name of heaven!' cried I, 'what can I do for a man who——' for a moment both remained silent, and, as it appeared to me, we blushed; at length he continued—'During the short time I have had the honour of being in your company, I have contemplated with great delight the beautiful shadow which projects before you. I feel a very strong desire to possess it: have you any objection to part with it?' He paused, and I felt I knew not how. It was such a strange request to make—the man must be a fool, thought I; and adopting a tone and manner suited to this idea, I said, 'Go, go, my dear fellow; have you not your own shadow? is not that enough to satisfy you without envying me of mine?' 'I have in my pocket,' he replied, 'treasures which it is impossible to overrate, and these I will give you if you will only part with that beautiful shadow, which I survey with so much admiration.' When I heard of the terrible pocket being opened for me I shuddered, and the blood seemed to run cold within my veins. I knew not how to reply; at length I stammered out, 'Pardon me, sir, but I do not understand you.' 'I merely ask the permission,' he replied, 'to raise this noble shadow from the ground, and put it into my pocket.' 'But how can I bring it to you?' 'That is my affair—leave that to me; only let me have your consent, and you shall have the choice of my jewels; and more than this—you shall have the hat of fortune, and the enchanted purse.' 'What!' cried I, 'the purse of fortune!' The thought bewildered me, and I saw in imagination gold—gold in abundance. I was awoke from the reverie into which I had been thrown by my companion saying to me, 'Have the goodness to take this little bag,' which he at the same time presented. I took it; it was a purse, thick and solid, and tied with two strings, which I unloosed. I then plunged my hand into the purse, and drew out six pieces of gold—again six more—and again six more. 'This is well,' said I; 'the bargain is concluded. I take this purse, and you take my shadow.' He bowed in silence, and seized his bargain with marvellous eagerness; he then took my shadow from the ground, and, rolling it up, placed it in his pocket, when, with another low bow, he immediately disappeared among the trees. I remember well that I held the purse in my hand with a firm grasp; but a strange feeling came over me—I cannot describe it—I felt I know not how.

"I now hastened to quit the place, which I had no desire to visit again; and as I retired from the park I began filling my pockets with gold. I got on to the road and walked towards the town, on approaching which I heard a voice crying after me, 'Sir, listen! listen!'

"I turned and looked behind me, when an old woman came running up, and, addressing me, said, 'Sir, you have lost your shadow!' 'Mercy, good mother,' said I, and, throwing a piece of gold towards her, I pursued my course. Having proceeded a little further, I heard the sentinel say to his comrade, 'Where has this gentleman left his shadow?' I hastened on, but had proceeded only a little distance before a crowd of women, who were in consultation at the corner of a street I was passing, cried out, 'Holy Mary! that poor man has lost his shadow!' My annoyances increased; and I resolved to avoid the side upon which the sun shone. At length I arrived in a street in which it was impossible to avoid the sun's rays, and unhappily for me, just at this moment a number of children who were returning from school came up; a wicked little fellow, observing that I had no shadow, communicated it to his comrades, who set up a tremendous shout. I tried to run from them, when they set at me with their whole force, pelted and hooted me, and left me rolling in the street, covered with dirt and filth. Some humane persons came up to the place where I lay, and, raising me up, conveyed me to a carriage. I was now alone, and I wept bitterly. Having arrived at the inn, I threw down a piece of gold, which, the servant took up and immediately conducted me into the best room in the house. Being once more left alone, I began to turn over in my mind the events of the last few hours. In my hand was the purse—the price of my misery; and with a rage that grew upon me, I began to throw out its contents of gold. Thus did I throw on the floor gold—gold—always gold, until it formed a large heap. The brightness of the mettle spread out before me dazzled my eyesight, and I began to comfort myself. At length I laid myself down upon this bed of gold, and slept."

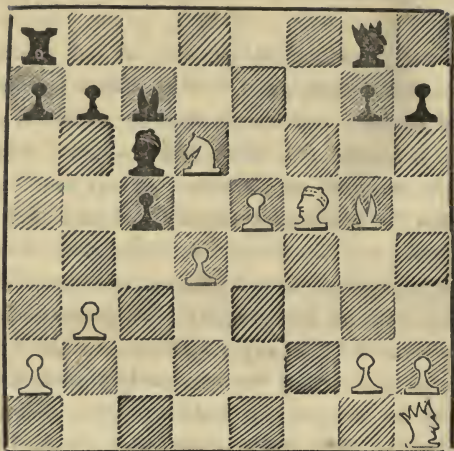
(To be concluded on our next.)

CHESS PROBLEM.

No. VII.

BY L'ONONIMO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to Mate in five moves.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM, No. 5.

BY L'ONONIMO.

WHITE.

- 1 Kt. to Q. B., 5th sq. ch.
- 2 K. B. to Q. Kt.'s. 3rd sq. ch.
- 3 Castles and Mates.

BLACK.

- 1 K. to Q. B., 7th sq.
- 2 K. to Q. Kt., 8th sq.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM No. 6.

BY A. G.

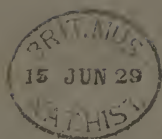
WHITE.

- 1 K to K. B. 2
- 2 K. B. P. 1
- 3 K. to K. B. sq.
- 4 P. takes P.
- P. on
- P. on

BLACK.

- P. takes Kt.
- K. B. P. 1
- Q. R. P. 1
- Kt.'s P. 1
- P. on
- P. on

P. Queens and Mates.



THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

MAY.



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THE HULL

LITERARY & PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY.

No. VIII.

MAY.

VOL. II.

ON THE INFLUENCE OF FEUDALISM

ON THE

MODERN INSTITUTIONS & SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.

BY ROBT. WELLS, ESQ.

*A Paper read before the Hull Literary and Philosophical Society, Tuesday,
5th April 1844.*

Continued from page 13.

Thirdly.—I proceed now to a consideration of the most important part of my subject, the influence of feudalism upon the *Civil condition* of this country.

The necessary consequence of the possession of wealth is a tendency to give power to its owner, and no species of wealth is so well calculated to raise and secure permanent power as that of landed property; for in no other kind of wealth are to be found the same elements of durability; the experience of ages has established the truth of this position, and no form of government was better calculated to guarantee this permanence than the feudal system, and so long as the original principles of that system were adhered to and maintained, the civil power of the landed proprietary must have been permanent.

The decay of the feudal institutions terminated in their abolition by Charles the second, but their constituent principles are still distinguishable in one order of society, the landed aristocracy.

I have said that feudalism was a gradation of subordination, a subordination in its entire progress, both coercive and oppressive. It doubtless had redeeming qualities and more ameliorating properties, the reciprocities of protection and assistance, by which the lord and tenant were respectively attached to each other; the harsher features are happily effaced and the redeeming qualities may still be traced in the modern relation of landlord and tenant. I know well that we may seek in vain, both in commercial and manufacturing towns, for any symptoms of the antient reciprocal feeling, for our boroughs have immemorially been the bulwarks of the people against the encroachments of feudal power. There is something in the nature of commerce so conducive to independence of thought and action, both in its transactions and in the wealth consequent upon its successful pursuit, that we need not be surprised at the constant and ultimately effectual resistance of our boroughs to the restrictions of feudal polity; and this spirit is in fact still exhibited in their present utter independence of, and indifference to, the modern representatives of that system; but in the agricultural districts and especially in those where the antient baronial domains have long remained the inheritance of one family, there still exists the last remnant of the feudal relation in the attachment of the tenants to that family, which is as proud of tracing on a rent-roll an hereditary tenantry as these are glad to count upon an hereditary connection with their landlords. These instances I know are not rare, and where the principle is established, on the death of a tenant the nearest or perhaps the best member of his family may surely expect the retention of what may be called his family farm.

These are the more pleasing remnants of the system; but there are others which although now deemed necessary by our modern legislators have really their origin in the most oppressive rigour of feudalism. I allude to the game laws, the last remnant of the odious forest laws of Norman oppression, laws which were then decreed for the gratification of the Monarch and his greater barons at the ex-

pence of the people's liberties and happiness, and which were both feared and hated by our ancestors, (to use the words of Blackstone) " for the most horrid tyrannies and oppressions exercised under colour thereof, for the sake of preserving the beasts of the chase, to kill any of which within the limits of the forest was as penal as the death of a man, and that these evils were of the most fearful magnitude may be gathered from the fact that the Conqueror had no less than sixty eight forests, thirteen chases and seventy eight parks in England for the royal sport." I wish not to be understood as intimating that the present game laws should be reviewed in connection with their detestable originals, for I know well that the preservation of private property and the discouragement of idleness, vagrancy, and nocturnal crime have been the declared statutory reasons for their enactment ; and I mention them merely as another memento of the existence of the feudal system in this country. Similar instances might be quoted, as the rights of *free warren and free-fishery*, which yet remain and trace their commencement to the royal grants prior to Magna Charta.

But although we do not expect to discover in Boroughs such evidences of aristocratic connection as those before stated, we may still distinctly find strong marks of their feudal relation to the Sovereign. Most of the Boroughs were parts of the royal demesnes and in these the sovereign power was unsparingly exercised in the raising of money by tollage and impositions. Our modern tolls on goods coming into and sold in market were originally raised and levied by the Crown, which exercised similar rights in compelling payment of tolls for the crossing of ferries and bridges ; these still remain, and are now principally the property of the town, or of private individuals to whom they were either farmed, or granted by charter, or bestowed by favour, and the great national impost of the Customs was originally a tax paid to the monarch by his towns, for the privilege of importation and commerce, and not merely as a prohibitory duty for the protection of particular national interests. No town exhibits stronger evidences of the truth of these statements than our own, and the reference to its charters and usages will shew clearly the original source of them to be derivable from the power of feudal sovereigns.

We will now glance at our Courts of Law and endeavour to ascertain how far either in their original constitution, or their present practice, they exhibit any memorials of the feudal system.

The most inferior court in the kingdom is now the Court Baron, (annexed to every manor) which in its name imports the authority by which it is holden; namely, the Court of the Baron or Lord of the Manor. One of the incidents of the system was the right of every baron or military tenant in capite to hold a court within the limits of his fief, for the dispensation of justice between his tenants and the freeholders of the manor; and in this respect it must be distinguished from another court whereof mention will be made, namely the Customary Court appertaining entirely to copyholders. This court still remains annexed to every freehold manor, and although in many it has fallen into disuse, yet in others the lord, by his Steward, holds his periodical courts for the settlement of actions under Forty Shillings, triable by a jury of the lord's tenants or freeholders of the manor. This and the Copyhold Court are the only tribunals of inferior jurisdiction remaining in this country which have been handed down to us direct by our Norman ancestors, almost unimpaired and unaltered in their form and proceedings. The origin of the High Court of Chancery, and the three superior Courts of Common Law at Westminster may also be traced to the same source. The supreme tribunal of the Conqueror was his *Aula Regis* or Kings Court, where he oftentimes personally presided; or in his absence, his Chief Justiciar, assisted by the Lord Chancellor, High Steward, Mareschall, the greater Barons of Parliament, and the Barons of the Exchequer, and other great officers, forming not merely several divisional Courts for the transaction of the particular civil or criminal business in their respective vocations, but also a High Court of law and equity in matters of moment, and a supreme court of appeal from its several sections and all inferior tribunals. The immense power of the chief Justiciary (the 2nd person in the realm) and other state reasons required the abolition of this court, and the division of its labour amongst others composed of the several judges of the former one, according to their respective duties therein. This was effected by Edward the first who raised out of the ruins of the *Aula Regia*

several other courts, namely the Court of Chancery under the Lord High Chancellor now possessing certain high political duties as well as the sole jurisdiction in Equity; the Court of Common Pleas for the trial of all civil causes at law between private subjects; the Court of Exchequer for the management of the Crown revenues, and recovery of the regal dues and debts; and the Court of King's Bench (so called because originally held before the King in person) retaining all the criminal jurisdiction and so much of the civil as was not given to the other courts. These three common law courts now, however, possess equal and concurrent authority in all matters except Pleas of the Crown (criminal cases) which belong exclusively to the King's Bench, and revenue cases which still lie within the separate jurisdiction of the Exchequer. The Court of Exchequer is indeed as old as the *Aula Regia* itself, of which it originally formed a part, it being then held before certain of the military barons of the kingdom. Thus although all the other Judges of the common law courts have always been styled and still are called Justices, this court alone preserves the evidences of its original feudal constitution by continuing to its judges the same name as that they at first bore, (independently of their judicial functions,) namely, Barons. This court derives its name from *Scaccharium*, the chequered cloth with which its table is covered, and wherein by means of counters scored thereon the royal accounts used to be made up. It is divided into two branches, namely, that for the receipt and management of the Exchequer, and secondly the administration of civil justice. The business of the former, in point of fact, is arranged elsewhere, the Chancellor of the Exchequer being a financial minister of the Crown, exclusive of any legal functions; but yet on the commencement of each of the four annual law terms, that officer with another one called the *Cursitor Baron* (not a lawyer necessarily) and the chief *Puisne Barons* of the judicial court open the court in olden form and perpetuate the memorial of its feudal origin.

The modern practice of these courts does not now exhibit many mementos of the institutions of which I am treating: the old forms of action for recovery of landed property, and which in their nature and language at once reminded us of the feudal ages, having either

fallen into disuse or been recently abolished : for instance, the right of trial by wager of *battle*, or personal duel, having only been abolished by statute in 1819, and the writ of right---the antiquated mode of proving a title to landed property, and wherein the jury consisted of four knights, spurred and armed, along with the other recognitors, having been tried last year for the last time.

The Court of Common Pleas still retains a badge of ancient feudal spirit, where in imitation of the old chivalric code that none but a knight should fight with a knight, so here, in this arena of legal contest, none but a serjeant at law is allowed to cope with a serjeant; none but an advocate of the *coif* being permitted there to plead. This may perhaps be deemed by some of you as a straining to discover feudal originals in our modern institutions; be that as it may, my assertion is fortified by that of a noble and learned peer, who in the judicial privy council lately assigned this as the true original cause of the serjeants' privilege.

On the dissolution of the Aula Regia the Barons of Parliament who were constituent members of that high court, did not forget their dignity nor part with all jurisdiction as a superior court; for they with the Lord High Steward as their president were then constituted, and now remain, the only tribunal for the trial of peers accused of crime; and the barons also reserved to themselves, sitting in parliament, the right of reviewing, in the last resort, the sentences or judgments of other courts. This is the feudal origin of the present jurisdiction of the House of Lords as a court of Appeal.

I have thus spoken of the superior Courts of Record; but there was one other court carved out of the Aula Regia, which bore more peculiar marks of the feudal ages than any other, namely the Court of Chivalry, a court of honour, over which the High Constable and Lord Marshall presided. The statute 13 Richard II., chap. 2, declared this to be the jurisdiction of this court, "That it had cognizance of contracts touching deeds of arms or of war, within the realm, which cannot be determined by the common law, together with other usages and customs to the same matters appertaining," under which latter words, its civil jurisdiction extended to two points, the redressing of injuries of honour, and the encroachments in

matters of coat armour, precedence, and other distinctions of families. As a court of honour it has long fallen into disuse, as it possessed no power of enforcing its decrees, but to which in the palmiest days of chivalry, (and in those days only) obedience would be rendered by the spirit of the age; and its heraldic business, according to Sir Mathew Hale, was "to adjust the right of armorial ensigns, bearings, crests, supporters, pennons, &c., and also the right of place and precedence when the king's patent or act of parliament had not already determined it." This portion of its jurisdiction has also declined and is transacted entirely in the Herald's Office of the College of Heralds of the present day, which (in his time) was thus sarcastically described by the antiquarian Pennant, (in his "Some account of London" p. 530) "in which the records are kept of all the old blood in the kingdom. In the warlike times of our Henries and Edwards, the heralds were in full employ, and often sent upon most dangerous services to hurl defiance into the teeth of infuriated enemies, or to bring to their duty profligate rebels. Sometimes it has cost them their nose and ears, and sometimes their heads. At present they rest from all harm, are often of great use in proving consanguinity, and helping people to supply legal claims to estates; and still more frequently are of infinite service to our numerous children of fortune by furnishing them with a quantum sufficient of good blood and ennobling them *to strut in the motley procession of quality*." The latter observations shew clearly the influence of feudal institutions even in the present age. Men may affect to despise the distinctions of blood and of family honours as much as they like; but let them once be placed in a position to derive credit from an alliance or connection with them, they begin suddenly to perceive the influence of a new light, and they may perhaps bring themselves to agree with Burke, that there is a solid satisfaction in being able to deduce a genealogy from those who long ago have been of distinguished or elevated character, nay, less, pride themselves, on their intimacy or acquaintance with those, whose only family honour is their descent from some great noble, whose character, perhaps if exposed, might exhibit some of the worst vices of our nature. The feeling of Englishmen in this respect is truly aristocratic; in a political view,

the bulk of the community may be, and doubtless are, perfectly indifferent to, independent of, and often opposed to the nobility; but in the civil relations of life the pride of personal distinction is an incident of human nature, and never is it more strongly developed than in the respect tacitly paid to the aristocracy. The man who to day in his humble sphere, unconnected with, careless of, and unknown to the nobles of our land, perhaps may esteem a long deduced pedigree as trash, titles of honour as useless and valueless, or a proof of feudal descent as sheer nonsense; but let him rise in his business let him become gradually connected with a class superior to his own, let his wealth rapidly increase, and let him retire from his occupation a millionaire; and his example may not with many others be wanting to prove with what avidity personal aggrandizement is sought as a becoming adjunct to opulence---the college of heralds is troubled to invent him a coat of arms, and puzzled to suggest its motto, whereof he possibly knows not the origin, and on which the secret influence of his new station and the lurking seeds of ambition may suggest, that a noble's quartering would be the most prized emblazonry. This I believe to be the national spirit. We are under the guidance of certain influences, or act according to certain usages which have been interwoven with our civil constitution, and transmitted (impaired and modified as they may now be) through each succeeding generation. We know not often how they arise; we act under their influence; yet we may trace them, if we will, to that complete spirit of feudalism which (as I have before said) has been necessarily infused into most of our institutions. And nothing has more contributed to effect this than the nature of our landed tenures.

I have already shewn that the greater part of the lands in this country was held by the military tenure of knights' service, to which certain incidents were annexed. These were entirely abolished at the Restoration by the statute 12 Charles II., which enacts that the courts of wards and liveries, and all wardships, liveries, primer seisins and ousterlemains, values and forfeitures of marriage, by reason of any tenure of the king, be totally taken away; and that all fines for alienations, tenures by homage, knight-service, and escuage, and also aids for marrying the daughter or knighting the

son, and all the tenures of the king in capite, be likewise taken away, and that all sorts of tenures held of the king or others be turned into free or common socage, save only tenures in frankalmoign, copyholds, and the honorary services (without the slavish part) of grand serjeanty; from which it will be perceived that all land was then to be held (and it has ever since been held) as of free and common socage tenure, and the three excepted tenures. Socage was an ancient free tenure, of feudal origin, even in the time of the Saxons, whereby lands were holden of a lord (without military service), but under certain free and honourable services—such as render of homage, fealty, or small money payments; in short, it is the tenure by which every freeholder now holds his lands. But time has dispensed with the necessity for any *real* services at all. Similar feudal incidents were annexed to this species of tenure as to those of knights' service, but all of them are by the statute of Charles abolished, except the following—the holding of the land either of the king as lord paramount, or sometimes in manors of a mesne or mediate lord; the implied render of *fealty* to that lord, even at this day; the payment of a *relief* or sum of money on the assumption of an inheritance when a rent is due to the lord; *wardship*, or the devolution of the custody of the person and estate of an infant heir to his next of kin (not his or her heir-at-law) until he or she attain the age of fourteen; and *escheats*, or the absolute forfeiture or resumption of the estate (pursuant to the original, or supposed original, nature of that estate) to the king or lord, on the corruption of the blood of the tenant (a freeholder) by attainder for high treason, petit treason, or murder. But these are not the only peculiarities of freeholds which remind us of their feudal origin—in legal phrase, the freeholder is said to be *seised* (i.e. possessed in estate after investiture, actual or presumed) of the land or tenements in his demesne as *of fee*; this word “fee” being synonymous with “fief,” a beneficiary grant of land, such as it originally was. Until within a very modern period (and perhaps even now, in some cases) a conveyance or purchase is made “to him *to hold of the chief lord of the fee*,” and these words, chief lord, are in express pursuance of the statute of Quia Emptores 18 Edw. I. c. 1. The old mode of conveyance of freeholds is now often

used, viz. *feoffment*—a name equally indicative of the same source. The law of *primogeniture*, or descent to the eldest son or male next-of-kin in exclusion of all the rest of the family, is likewise attributable to the feudal system, under which was continued the mode of inheritance by entails or estates tail (by the statute de donis 13 Edw. I.), and by which tenure, or law, the domains of our old nobility and the gentry have been so long transmitted unimpaired to their present possessors; the right of the husband, as tenant by the *curtesy* for his life to his deceased wife, and of the assignment or setting out of the widow's dower by the heir of her deceased husband's freeholds. These, and a number of other incidents, might be quoted, all leading further to confirm the truth of my assertion—that the influence of feudalism is still discernible in most of the institutions of the country.

And our copyhold tenures do even more strongly confirm this. Copyhold land is the remnant of the old tenure by *villeinage*—a species of tenure not strictly and exclusively feudal, but partly so, and so called from the state of villeinage or slavery in which many of the people, both under the Saxons and Normans, were held. Manumitted in process of time, their lands held originally at the will of the Lord of the manor, and ultimately by them absolutely, but apparently at his will, according to the custom of the manor, and most of them vested in inheritance—these poor serfs have transmitted to us the tenure of copyhold, or land held by copy of court roll, whereby many of the estates in this kingdom are now held. These are called either copyhold *free*, or in *bondage*; free—that is of inheritance, with merely nominal fines annexed to their transfer or descent; or in *bondage* (i.e. subject to heavy fines or manorial payments upon their alienation or descent, and subject, also, to heavy disadvantages in the legal disability to fell timber, excavate minerals, pull down buildings, or commit waste—burdens which in some manors are exceedingly onerous.) They all are held by the custom of a *manor*, are transferred or conveyed in the *court baron* or customary court of the manor, before a jury of copyholders or tenants, called the *homage jury*; and this transfer is effected by a surrender into the *hands of the lord* to the use of the purchaser, who

prays to be admitted *tenant*, and to whom the lord grants seisin (or possession) of the estate, “to hold of him according to the custom of the manor; and the new tenant rendering *homage* and *fealty* is admitted tenant upon payment of the *finés* and render of the ancient *services*; so that it will be perceived that every one of these words, *homage, surrender, tenant, fealty, fines, services*, indicates in itself the feudal nature of the tenure. And in case of the death of the tenant without heirs, or his attainder for crime, the lord ascertains the fact by the finding of the homage jury, and the estate consequently escheating, he resumes the possession of it by his original feudal rights.

The other tenures excepted by the statute of Charles II., viz., *grand serjeanty*, or *fiefs of office*, may be also described in the words of Littleton. “This tenure,” says he, “is when a man holds “his lands or tenements of our sovereign lord the king, by such “services as he ought to do in his own proper person for the king, “as to carry the banner of the king, or his lance, or to be his marshal, or to carry his sword before him at his coronation, or to “be his carver, or his butler, or to be one of his chamberlains at “the receipt of his exchequer, or do other like services.” And to this day many of our nobles’ estates are held by this tenure. For example—Worksop manor is, I believe, held by the fief of office, of supporting the sovereign’s hand when crowned and sceptred; and as grand serjeanty consists of the performance of some honourable service, so petty serjeanty also is a tenure of lands of the king by the annual render of some implement of war, as a bow, a sword, or a lance, an arrow, or the like. I believe the Duke of Wellington’s tenure of Strathfieldsaye is an instance of this kind.

I have thus endeavoured to detail most of the remains of Feudalism directly discernible in the institutions and customs of this country; but if time permitted, I might further enlarge upon the subject by shewing how we are *indirectly* benefitted in almost every condition of life by this system. Rigorous and oppressive as it was in its own nature, yet its continuance and decline were attended with consequences conductive to the best interests of our land. It fostered that spirit of martial ardour in its formation and preservation of the

class of tenants by knight's service, which, if not productive of, at least contributed mainly to, the establishment of the system of chivalry which tended to the most important results in Europe. Yes; it was that spirit which, responding to the cry of the Hermit, led forth its millions to war for the Holy Sepulchre, and which, in the name of the Crusades (so disastrous in themselves) was the precursor and promoter of the regeneration and civilization of Europe: for it brought the valiant yet semi-barons' hosts of christendom in contact with nations superior to themselves in arts, learning, and refinement; and in intercourse with the East, the West received those rudiments of enlightenment and courtesy which have softened and harmonized our species. Aye, whilst Europe despised the Saracen and cursed the Infidel, she little thought that she was warring with nations infinitely superior to her own, in almost every worldly attainment from whom she might, and must, derive the most incalculable benefits; and the descendants of myriads of warriors whose bones were bleached on the sands of Africa or the plains of Syria, may now really bless the day on which a furious fanatic roused Feudalism in its power to rescue the Pilgrim of the Cross from the thralldom of the oppressor; and those who have been led to view this system solely as a national evil, as an institution adapted only to a state of barbarism, or as a mere engine of power for a despot or his princely *few*, may trace in its existence, or deduce from its continuance, some of the highest temporal privileges and blessings which the *many* are now enabled to enjoy.

A FAIRY VISION.

Now should the moon with clear unclouded orb
 Rule from her highest throne, and shed on earth
 Her silver beams of visionary light,
 The magic rays create a softer scene
 Of mild and shaded beauty. One so calm,
 So pure, so lovely, that it seems a world
 Where beings brighter, and of finer mould,
 Than earth's inhabitants might love to dwell.—
 The verdure shining in the pearly light,
 Each hanging blade with dew-gems richly hung,
 The purple trees whose wide-extended boughs
 Cast a sweet shadow on the freshened turf,
 The deep dark nooks amid the spreading wood,
 The shady arbours or illumined knolls
 Presents a thousand exquisite retreats,
 Where such might haunt enamoured, nor regret
 Their fairer dwellings in celestial climes.

Imagination and poetic thought,
 In Ancient Greece, each woodland, tree, and spring
 Peopled with deities whose plastic hands
 Wrought all to special beauty. Not a tree
 Shot forth its spring-tide verdure, or displayed
 Its golden fruitage to the ripening beams
 Of fertile autumn, but 'twas deemed the work
 Of some fair dryad ruling o'er its form.
 Each crystal fountain bursting from the rock
 With trickling music, and thence gushing on
 Through mossy channel, flower-enwoven banks ;
 Now keenly glancing in the blaze of noon,
 And now deep-shaded by impending boughs,
 Whose verdant branches dip amidst its stream ;
 All nature pictured on its spotless glass ;
 Or curled in dimpling eddies till anon

It leaps impetuous from some jutting rock
And foams and flashes in the gulph below :
Possessed its nymph whose sweet presiding care,
Unlocked its source, and bade its waters flow
In mazy current guided by her hand.
Her task was all delight, and oft at noon
When fervid rays oppressed the tender flowers,
Her fragrant limbs amidst the crystal pool
She'd lave with ecstasy, and revel there
Till rosy evening brought the cooling breeze.---
Oft would she sit upon the mossy bank
And bind the golden tresses of her hair,
With water lillies or empurpled bells.
Whose beauties blushed around, and then would gaze,
In gentle pensiveness at her bright form,
Thus fair adorned, as in reflection clear
It shone resplendent in her native fount ;
The while her voice with silver melody,
More soft and gentle than the woodland choir,
Chaunted some sonnet to its murmuring flow.

Oh ! bright creations of the longing mind,
In love with beauty such as never blessed
The waking sight. Oh ! beings, who of old
Were deemed to people all the classic shores
Of Greece unrivalled, will ye never dwell
Amidst our woodlands, haunt our forest shades,
Our flowery plains, and mossy-bordered brooks,
Gilding their beauties with the richer light
Of legendary lore ? Yet British land
Is not untenanted by such as ye,
Her fairy-people whose enchanting forms
And peerless beauty ye cannot surpass !

Tradition tells that oft the rustic swain
When late returning from some village feast,

Or joyful visit to the maid he loved,
Has watched their revels o'er the dewy lawn,
Amid the moon-beam's pure unsullied light,
When midnight silence ruled the breathless world.
Struck with enchantment at the gorgeous scene
Of such celestial beauty, he has stood
In fixed astonishment till morning's dawn
Displayed its yellow beam; then all at once
The sight eluded his enraptured eye
Dissolved in air! Beneath an ancient oak
Whose rugged trunk, huge, antiquated, vast,
Like some strong pillar rearing high the roof
Of fane or temple, bore aloft a dome
Of stretching boughs, with verdure thickly clad,
That cast a shadow on the dewy turf
In circuit round immense, the fairy scene
Burst brightly on his view. In mazy dance
These gentle people of etherial form,
Delighted revelled in the moon-light glance
As in bright gleams at intervals it shot
Betwixt the parting branches. Some were sat
Amid the flowers that cloathed the high-heaved root
Inhaling fragrance, whilst with looks intent
They watched the circling throng. Some sought the beds
Where purple bells, with evening dew-drops bright,
In graceful curves hung their declining heads
Stooping to earth, and in ecstatic bliss
Extended lay beneath the balmy shade.
Others on instruments of softest tone,
Whose melody descended on the ear
Like the far cadence of angelic harps,
Or songs of seraphim, with band exact
The dancers guided in their sportive joy,
And thrill their bosoms with inciting sounds,

What pen can tell, what words describe their forms
So delicate and fine? No hues of earth

Can paint their beauty, and no things of sight
Display their matchless elegance of shape
The purest cloud that gems the summer sky
When slightly tinged with sunset's softest rose
To their bright features has the grossest hue.
All flowers of earth which rear their heads on high
In healthful sprightliness, or pensive hang
Their tinted loveliness in modest guise
Compared with them no comeliness possess.
Soft Zephyr wantoning amidst the meads
In gentle gambols, whilst the playful grass
Scarce bends beneath his foot, stirs not so light
Nor in his rapid gliding step betrays
Such lovely grace of motion. Twilight skies
Transparent with their fervid glow of light,
Like rosy crystal arching o'er the earth,
Seems likest to the fine etherial mould,
Of which their delicate proportioned limbs
Are softly framed. Their high expanded brows
Bear locks of golden gleam, in curling waves
Descending o'er their shoulders. Rays of light,
Like glory circling round the setting sun,
Shine o'er their radiant foreheads. Vestures gemmed
With starry lights beyond the glow-worm lamp,
Of texture finer than the gossamer.
Gird round their lucid waists and waving flow
In twining folds, with flutterings more light
Than rosebuds dancing in the morning's breeze,
Rich pearly crowns, inlaid with flowery gold,
Invest their brows ; and their pure, peerless hands
Bear sceptres white, indicative of sway.

These tiny people so refined of frame
In sportive revels wile their joyful hours ;
Yet is their life of glad festivity,
Oft varied with some sweet delightful task.

Their ready hands rear up the drooping flowers,
Exhausted by the fervent heats of day,
And sprinkle dew-drops on their beauteous heads,
'Till sweet refreshment, drunk through every pore,
Gives vernal brightness to their hues again.
With gentle fingers they the buds unbind,
And set them from their clasping leaflets free,
That when bright morning comes with rosy smile,
Their quick unfolding, or expanded charms
May gladsome welcome give. They oft, when falls
The sparkling moonlight shower, the bright drops catch
And hide the globules in the purple cups
Of thirsty bells or azure violets;
Or with nice touch unlock their nectared stores
Of balmy essences to breathe abroad
In lavish fragrance on the moistened air.
Works delicate as these employ their hands,
And give their sportive revels higher zest,
Whene'er the moon, in silver majesty,
Serenely rules the midnight's purple realm.

A truce to fictions, beautiful and bright !
And let imagination stoop to truth
From her high flight, and view the scenes around.

THE MAN WHO SOLD HIS SHADOW.

(Continued from page 39.)

The next day Schlemihl went among the merchants to purchase every luxury he could possibly think of, resolving to make himself happy ; but wherever he went, everybody came out to see " the Man without a Shadow," the women especially annoyed him by their sarcastic pity. On his return home he burst into tears, his agony of mind was more than he could bear, he repented bitterly of his bargain and was resolved to undo it if possible. He sent his valet to the house of Mr. John, to enquire about the Man in Grey, but to no purpose for he returned without having learnt any thing of him.

At last an idea came into his mind that he might get a painter to paint him a shadow, with this impression, he sent for an Artist of eminence, who resided in the town. On his waiting upon him, he told him he had had the misfortune to loose his shadow, which had been frozen in Russia one very severe frost, and he had sent for him in the hope that he might be able to provide him with a substitute for the one he had lost. The artist imagining he was being made a fool of, threw upon him a look of contempt and left him. What was now to be done ? After much anxious thought and deliberation he resolved never to go out alone, but always to have his servant by his side, so that the man's shadow might be taken for his own. This plan, like the other, was, however, a failure, and he now determined to keep himself shut up in the house during the day, and to go out only during the night, but the moon-light nights always discovered to him his misery. The circumstance of his having no shadow had now become so notorious and was now in everybody's mouth, that he was compelled to leave the place : he departed and went to a town some distance from——— and here his splendid equipage, and the gold that he squandered in every direction, got him a great name and the people got it up that he was a prince ; he had not been here long before he met with a beautiful young lady

whose personal attractions and amiable manners soon made an impression on his heart,—he became enamoured of her, and resolved to make an effort to obtain her affections. The young lady accepted his proposals, and her parents looking at the match, as every way suitable, at once consented to it, and every preparation was made for their wedding, which was to be celebrated on a most magnificent scale; every thing was now ready, the day was fixed—when,—Oh, shame,—oh desolation—a horrid valet let out the secret, he informed the father of the young lady that this rich stranger, whom they took for a prince durst not shew himself in the day time, because he had no shadow. Schlemiht entered the house, the family were in deep distress, the father had just communicated the intelligence to his wife and daughter; there was the father stamping with rage—the mother in tears, and the daughter inconsolable. He was rejected—in an agony he flew from the apartment and ran into the fields. He had now got a considerable distance from the town, when all at once there appeared before him the man in the grey surtout. “I will return thy shadow,” said he, “thou shalt be rich, and marry the young lady thou lovest if thou wilt sign me this paper,” holding out before him a paper which Schlemiht read, when he had perused it he recoiled back with horror. “No, no,” said he, “I will not—I dare not, no, I will not loose my immortal soul for a shadow. The mysterious being in grey, here made a beautiful shadow float in the air for Schlemiht to look at, but he resisted the temptation and fled in a state of dreadful agitation; he ran over mountain and hill, not knowing where he was going; on the fourth day he found himself in a desert and suddenly there appeared before him a shadow, and he began to run after it, the shadow passed on, but the desire to possess it gave him almost supernatural strength, and he ran with immense swiftness, the shadow, however, entered a forest and he had the unhappiness to see that it had escaped him. As he walked on the road, in a state of wretchedness, almost indescribable, he was overtaken by a person who asked permission to accompany him, and they walked with immense strides along the earth. That night he perceived the unknown was no other than the man in grey. They continued walking together until they arrived at the edge of an abyss.

which opened its frightful jaws before them, here they stopped—here again the devil presented the contract of damnation. And to induce Schlemiht to sign it, he made his shadow float in the air. “Unhappy wretch that I am,” cried Schlemiht, “thus you have made Mr. John rich, and so would you ruin me; but listen to the words of the Saviour”——and as he said this he threw the purse of gold into the abyss. No sooner had these words escaped his lips than the devil disappeared and Schlemiht continued his route, always trembling when he came into the light.

His days, however, he passed concealed in the woods and lanes, and only pursued his journey in the night. His boots being now nearly worn out, he chanced one day to come up to the stall of a cobbler, of whom he bought a new pair, and then continued his course being deeply absorbed in thought, he walked on not knowing where he was travelling to, or in what direction he was going, when he awoke out of his reverie he found himself in the midst of a forest, and the next moment he was walking upon ground barren and drear, he was now in a desert, without a sign or vestige of life—still advancing, he found himself surrounded by mountains of ice and snow; the cold was excessive, he could discern no trace of a human habitation. Stepping for a moment or two on the other side, he was overjoyed to find himself under a beautiful and serene sky, the air charged with fragrance, proceeding from the lime and orange trees which were scattered about here and there along the plain in which he found himself situated. Here he sat him down to enjoy the luxury of the scene spread out before him; and now the idea flashed through his mind, the boots he had so luckily purchased were the boots of twenty miles, or the enchanted boots, of the existence of which he had read, and now he was happy to find himself the fortunate owner of so valuable an acquisition. This discovery as may well be imagined caused him inexpressible joy and with a heart overpowered with emotion, he fell on his knees and thanked God for the good fortune which had befallen him, in the purchase of those wonderful boots.

From his youth he had always had an intense desire to acquire a knowledge of natural science; the study of animated nature had always been his favourite pursuit; but the misfortunes which had

come upon him had retarded the attainment of this his highest object; and now these were all removed—for he luckily hit upon the following mode of regulating his progress as he wished. When he wanted to go slowly, he covered his boots with a pair of trousers; but when he wanted to go faster, he took them off. And this he found to succeed most effectively; then he could stride over hill and mountain. Distance seemed to be almost annihilated. And thus he visited every portion of the globe. One day, however, he found himself in the uninhabited regions of the north, where the cold being so intense and severe, he was so bitten by the frost, that he had like to have lost his life before he could regain the civilized country; on gaining which, he found himself in a dreadful fever, and, almost in despair of his life, he entered the first hospital he could find. But judge of his astonishment when he found that this hospital bore his own name!

The faithful young lady to whom he was to have been married, on his leaving the place, as we have already related, fell into a low way, and died some time after of a broken heart, and her friends according to her dying request, had founded this hospital in memory of him to whom she had committed her dearest hopes and warmest affections. Here he remained until his health was restored, every attention being paid to his wants, and more especially on its becoming known that he was the man to whom the institution was founded. His health being now established he resolved still to prosecute his investigations, and having obtained an immense collection of specimens of plants and other remarkable productions of nature, from the four quarters of the earth, he returned to Germany, to his own native hearth, where he commenced the publication of an universal system of botany; the work was justly celebrated at the period in which it was written, whether there is a copy of it now extant our informant cannot say, it is doubtful whether there is one in this country. He also prepared a history of his voyages and travels, from which the foregoing narrative has been extracted.

* * *

THE SEA-SON'S DITTY.

THE sons of the tame Earth,
 Pale children of care !
 Sneering, ask me what sea-mirth
 Can with their's compare ?
 Blind bats be Earth's ninnies !
 Dull clods be they all !
 Whose joy but akin is
 To insects that crawl.
Their mirth is mere prattle ;
Their joy but a laugh,
 Which a straw may occasion—
 A stupid oration—
 A nincompoop's bluster—
 Or queer epitaph :
 VILE EARTHLING ! I scorn thee.

Vain booby ! does music
 Possess thy weak mind ?
 Can Earth boast such air
 As the mighty Sea-Wind ?
 When ensconced in the womb
 Of the big-swelling sail,
 With high-sounding revel
 He pipes in the gale !
 Ay, ay ! well may Ocean
 Bound high in his glee,
 For music more thrilling
 Dull Earth has no skill in,
 Nor aught can compare,
 Mighty Sea-Wind ! with thee :
 VON WEBER ! I scorn thee.

Or do the bright flashes
 Of false woman's eye
 Engage thy weak fancy
 In *dreamings* of joy ?
 A flash far more dazzling—
 A faith none upbraid—
 Lurks in the bright steel
 Of my trusty keen blade ;
 And the soul-stirring mirth
 Of the glorious *mellée*,
 When brand kisses brand,
 'Mid the vile Paynim band,
 To brim fills the cup
 Of the Sea-Son's glee.
 DULL WOOPER ! I scorn thee.

And yet, truckling slave,
 There is sweeter untold
 Which the Sea-Son inherits
 Who dares to be bold ;
 'Tis the spell that entrances—
 The luminous glow
 That irradiates our track
 And encircles our prow ;
 Ay ! Freedom, the birthright
 And pride of the sea,
 On the proud wave upcurled
 Her flag has unfurled,
 While the Sea-Sons exclaim
 “ We are free ! we are free ! ”
 VILE EARTHLING ! I scorn thee.

ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT.

IT is a verity of the highest order, and one that admits of no question, that every department of God's creation take a deep and thrilling interest in the concerns of human destiny. Magnificent as are the arrangements of nature, splendid the combinations of scenery that forms the glowing panorama around; yet it all fades into cloud and crumbles into dust, when contrasted with the responsibilities and awardments of moral and intellectual existence. Take even the youngest infant in your arms, and ponder over it in deep and solemn reflection; you feel as if you were present at some dramatic exhibition of great interest, in silence awaiting the rising of the curtain, in anxiety to witness its mighty action—its stirring incidents—its great catastrophe,—to deduce its lofty moral, what shall we behold? a human spirit dedicated to God, and the love and service of his fellow mortals, rising higher and higher in the realms of benevolence and duty, until fixed an unfading flower at God's right hand for ever; or shall we behold the converse a life of selfishness and sin, leading to a final heritage of shame and everlasting contempt. What have we here—poet, patriot, or parricide? shall he sink into disgrace—into oblivion—into shame? shall he rise into eminence, soar into fame, or rise into glory? By the immortality of the soul, we mean that immortality is its natural state, that the soul cannot die. Splendid aphorism, transcendent verity, it gilds virtuous and humble poverty, however lowly with, a beautiful halo. It is the fringe of light on the edge of the darkened cloud that tells us of the sweet and lovely region of light beyond. We deduce this great fact from the law of metaphysics, and from the voice of revelation. We know that thought has a real existence as well as matter. Intellect impresses, controls, and moulds matter into agencies, which it subjects to its will in accordance with the laws of reason.

The steam engine, which is in fact a new element in nature, was originally but an idea in the mind of Watt. It is now the noble exhibition of power in every department of manufacture; it is the great creator of commercial dispatch, the great producer of national wealth,

every steam engine that we see in motion is therefore but the realization of an idea—is but a proof of the immortality of the soul. We have in truth no such proof as this to offer on behalf of the existence of matter; matter cannot impress any power upon a single atom independent of mind, and we cannot by any means produce actual contact between any body; what we know of the qualities of matter is not what we learn from contact, only from theories; and although it were absurd to argue with Berkley that we have no proof at all of the existence of an external physical universe, it is quite true that we have no such evidence to adduce in favour of the existence of matter, as we are able to produce in favour of the existence of mind. The mind cannot expire, but the body can die. Destructive agencies cannot injure the soul; you cannot bayonet a sentiment, stab an idea, or murder an opinion. The first proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul being true that we will mention, arises from the attraction which the mind always feels in the contemplation of this subject. It requires its attention to be *forced* to other themes, such as logic, astronomy, or mathematics. No such compulsion is needed for this: the mind is at home here: it is really its native air. With each draught the soul is felt to be nourished. Like the peasant upon his native hills, life is found to be inhaled with every breeze, till the immortal spirit bounds again, and fancy and imagination finding free scope, like the eagle, are enabled to soar to a lofty height, and gaze upon the parent soul of the universe, as the bird of Jove with undimmed vision is enabled boldly to gaze upon the sun.

Another proof of the doctrine of the immortality of the soul being true arises from the fact that the mind finds consolation in such thoughts during seasons of privation and suffering, especially when undergoing the anguish arising from the bereavement of friends removed by death. It is from a consideration that the soul is immortal that we derive the pleasing thought that we shall meet again to part no more. It was this truly sublime consideration that comforted the mind of Cicero, when sorrowing for the removal by death of a tenderly beloved daughter. He argued that no combination of matter could produce thought, or emotion, or sentiment; consequently he inferred that these principles were not material, but spi-

ritual; that the soul was therefore deathless—immortal; that it could not die.

Such thoughts reconciled Cicero, a heathen, to his bereavement. These sweet inferences reconciled his mind to the removal of his beloved child. He found solace in the heart-reviving consideration that they should meet again. These thoughts supported Socrates, we are informed by Plato, when condemned unjustly to death by the cruelty of his countrymen; and upheld the great soul of Cato, about to take refuge in the tomb from the corruptions and calamities of his country.

The great proofs of this subject, independent of these we have adduced, are drawn from the laws of metaphysics, or as we might say, from the nature of the case. And these are, 1st, its immateriality; 2ndly, the fact that it possesses in itself no destructive qualities; 3rdly, from the nature of its powers and faculties; and, lastly, from the fact that it develops its nature by phases and not by additions. Upon these points we will not dilate, more than to notice two contradictions. The understanding is capable of considering; all classes of topics, whether they be material or immaterial. It can comprehend and explain all the physical laws and their relations to every department of nature, animate and inanimate, as has been done by Sir I. Newton, Marquis La Place, and by Linnæus. It can contemplate subjects metaphysical with equal ease, and analyse the most subtle elements of thought, as has been effected by Condillac, D'Alembert, Reid, Locke, Dugald Stewart, and Thomas Brown. It can contemplate eternity—eternity that is to come, and eternity that is past; but the fact of assurance as to the actuality of the event is more certain in the assurance that the mind feels with reference to a past eternity than to a future. But the great proof of the soul's immortality arises, in the opinion of the writer of this essay, from the fact that the immortal mind develops itself by phases and not by additions.

In youth the imagination is active; it is the period of genius, and poetry, and romance; it is the time for the dance and the song. Novel thoughts, rich and fragrant, gush from the soul as water from a fountain; the tree is garlanded with blossom. After awhile, this

season passes away : a new period arrives, when the mind no longer revels in imagination, but becomes thoughtful, enquiring, earnest, practical ; the age of vigorous acquirements and active duty has arrived. Another period comes ; the mind becomes tenacious, grasping, takes firm and vigorous hold of what it has found to be truth, and knows to be good. Another period arrives—the period of wisdom ; the mind is then either cautious or acutely discerning. Every sentiment it utters is then sterling—its every drop is gold ; it generally becomes pious and adoring, and seems then fitted for a new and better state of existence than that of earth. The inference we would draw from this part of the subject is this : If the mind grew simply by addition, either an increase in the intensity of powers first developed, or by new additions consequent upon the increase of its stores of knowledge, we ought to infer that these must have limitation, and consequently that this being, though distinguished greatly by its longevity, might not yet be eternal. But when we see one state of being rising out of another, phase after phase, and trace this to the very end of life, we may infer, and justly, that such a state of being, having in itself no destructive qualities, is destined to endure.

“ The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years :
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.”

This spirit, then, has a home—a haven of rest ; it pants to be there, like the captive who gazes through his prison bars towards his native valley ; it feels it has a home. He can see no other than the outskirts of the blue horizon ; but he knows there is beyond a valley where is hid his father's house ; it may be an humble cot, but it is his ; that there he last received a father's blessing—there listened to a mother's voice—there heard the cheerful laugh of his sisters' girlhood. It is graven on his heart ; eternity cannot erase it. Nor can it be erased from his spirit that his home is the skies, and that his destiny is immortal.

T. T. L.

SONG.

BY WILLIAM J. BOSOMWORTH.

I lov'd her in my childish dreams,
 When sad I ne'er had been,
 And flowers I cull'd into a wreath,
 For her, my youthful queen ;
 My heart was full of lightsome mirth,
 When musing on my lot,
 And silent words spoke in my soul—
 My love, forget me not.

We tripp'd along o'er nature's floor,
 At even's pensive hour,
 And stars would rise to light our way,
 To some sequestered bower ;
 We spoke of love, of future days,
 Of some secluded cot,
 And all her words echoed my wish,
 I will forget thee not.

I lived to see the world grow dark,
 And a dimness o'er the past,
 My brightest hopes seemed fled and gone,
 By the fierceness of the blast ;
 Yet, then I found within her heart,
 A shield, and resting spot,
 And heard its faithful beatings speak,
 Still thou art not forgot.

THE MONK.

DURING my residence at Oporto, one summer's evening I felt more than usually disposed for a stroll on the delightful banks of the Douro. The sky was clear, scarcely a breeze was felt; the horizon was beautifully tinged with the setting sun, which was brilliantly reflected on the waters, giving them the appearance of refined gold, and forming a strong yet lovely contrast with nature's variegated carpet. I insensibly fell into a reverie, and was contemplating the varied beauties by which I was surrounded; on stooping to pluck that simple flower (oft passed by unheeded), namely, the "Forget-me-not," my attention was suddenly aroused by a rustling noise amid the foliage of a shrubbery close by. I had proceeded only a few paces towards the spot from whence the noise issued, when I observed a person in the habit of a monk. He appeared to be about the age of forty, and in his features there were evident traces of what might have been termed handsome: his aspect was mild and ingenuous, but a soft shade of melancholy seemed to veil the whole, and to my mind excited a prepossession in his favour. Near him sat a young female, who seemed scarcely to have numbered sixteen summers. She held in her hand a book, and from her manner appeared to be receiving instructions from her spiritual preceptor. Her delicate figure, moulded in sylph-like form—her beauteous eye, sparkling with a diamond's ray—her luxuriant auburn tresses—all seemed to proclaim in silent eloquence—

"She was passing fair:

And bounteous nature o'er that maiden threw

All charms man loves, and all he honours too."

On my approaching nearer, the monk saluted me, and inquired if I was journeying to the neighbouring town. I answered in the affirmative. "Then, sir," said he, "as you appear to be a stranger, and as there is no beaten track between this and the town, you may be some time ere you reach it alone; in a few moments I

shall be going that way, and shall have pleasure in accompanying you." I acknowledged his kindness, and, retiring to a short distance, waited until his instructions to the young lady were brought to a conclusion.

The lesson was soon ended. The monk, who had taken his seat by his young pupil, arose, and said, " You may now return home—be with me to-morrow at sunrise. Go, my child ; and the blessing of heaven protect you." The young girl courtesied and departed—the monk accompanying her with his eyes until the distance hid her from his view ; when, rousing himself as from a dream, he apologised for his inattention, and we proceeded on our journey. He observed a profound silence until we reached the town, when I respectfully and earnestly requested him to sup with me ; he then informed me that for twelve years he had not partaken of animal food, and no drink stronger than water. " Nevertheless, sir," he added, " your conversation is a repast which, by your permission, I will not deny myself." Still he appeared abstracted ; his very soul seemed absorbed and almost to have quitted him with Clarissa—for that was the name of his young and lovely pupil.

At first sight I was struck with the dignity of my new acquaintance ; his every word and action inspired me with awe and esteem. I projected many schemes to draw from him the particulars of his life, yet had not resolution enough to put any of them in execution, though perhaps no woman, however great her curiosity, longed more to divulge a secret than I to obtain this.

The embarrassment I felt at the dejection of this poor Franciscan prompted me at length to remark that I thought he bore a strong resemblance to his pupil, at the same time adding, " But probably, sir, she is a relation under your care." " A relation !" exclaimed the monk, his cheek suffused with crimson, and his utterance of the words being given with unguarded warmth ; " she is ——" But immediately recollecting himself, his agitation became almost insupportable. I felt as if I could have walked a pilgrimage to Rome rather than have hurt his feelings for a moment.

On observing my distress at the thought of being the cause of his anguish, he eagerly grasped my hand between his, and

as soon as he had overcome his emotion, said, "Sir, I am more distressed for the pain I have occasioned you than at the memory of my own misfortunes. I feel fully convinced that you possess a heart that can sympathise with the distresses of another; and as a testimony of my opinion, I will acquaint you with the cause of my agitation, and why I became a victim to the austerities of a cloister. But again," added he, after a slight pause, "why should I unlock the secret chamber, and cause trouble to a friend? 'the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger intermeddleth not therewith.'" "Stay, worthy sir," said I; think not of my feelings, for the same book you have quoted says, 'As iron sharpeneth iron, so does the face of a man his friend'; if, therefore, it would not grieve you too much, I entreat you to proceed."

"That girl," said the monk, "whose absence but now gave so sudden a shock to my feelings, is my own child. She knows not that I am her father; and I am to lose her to-morrow, perhaps for ever! I think, sir, you remarked that my daughter resembled me; but I can trace another likeness in her countenance—a likeness of one who, when I was in the bloom of youth, filled my young heart with ardour and attachment; in her countenance I trace a likeness that gives me anguish and pleasure—that revives the memory of one who was dear as fatal to me;—she is the image of her mother." Here his feelings were so excited that tears flowed copiously, and some moments' silence ensued ere he resumed his narrative.

"I am named Father Bernard, and am a younger son of an ancient and honourable family residing in Italy, the garden of Europe. My boyish days I pass over. At the age of seventeen I entered the royal service; and ere I had reached the age of twenty-four I was appointed to a company of infantry. During a skirmish with a foraging party, through some unforeseen circumstance I saved the life of Count de Linwood, a wealthy French nobleman. The Count and my father were on strict terms of intimacy, and he had oftentimes shewn me great marks of esteem.

"As soon as the war terminated, the Count insisted on my passing a month with him; accordingly, instead of my returning to Italy, I accompanied him to the castle. His family was but small, consisting of

his sister and an only daughter. I was present at Laura's interview with the Count, her father.

"She was a very queen of grace, whose skill
Play'd with the heart, and wielded it at will.
The story of her beauty, like a breeze
That bears perfume, spread through the provinces—
Spread o'er the land; and many a raptured youth
Laid at her feet the vows of love and truth."

"And from the moment of my introduction, I resigned her a heart which is now buried with her ashes.

"Some charm or magic made me delay my departure. Three months had passed with lightning's fleetness ere I thought the period of my visit was half expired. Still I lingered; until at length, by hope inspired, I prevailed upon the Count to listen to my proposals for the hand of his beauteous daughter. He consented.

"Laura listened to my addresses; and many were the enchanting walks we've had beneath the umbrageous foliage of perfumed trees, or amid the groves where fountains poured their silvery streams, and the æolian harp sent forth its wild and plaintive melody upon the gentle breeze.

"Four months had elapsed, when our union was solemnised with the greatest pomp and magnificence.

"We resided for some time after our marriage at the castle, living, as it were, spirits of another land—breathing an atmosphere of perfect love and purest bliss, during which time my daughter Clarissa was born—a lovely, smiling innocent;—shortly after which, affairs of a very pressing character summoned the Count to Paris. We accompanied him, and from that hour I date my misfortunes. Yes, Paris—the seat of fashion, the birth-place of vice—became the tomb of her who was once so dear, so lovely, and so chaste, that angels might smile upon her as she trod the paths of life.

"I had not remained long in Paris, when I discovered an extraordinary change in Laura. She appeared to lose all relish for the pleasures of a domestic life, and would frequently rally me for wishing to relinquish these scenes of gaiety and sequester ourselves in our peaceful castle, where at one time she was the chief ornament.

“ The first open rupture I had with her was for complying with a custom I always detested, and which if anything can justify, it must be wrinkles and ugliness. Laura had the finest complexion of any woman I had seen in Paris; her skin was transparent whiteness, and health had tinged her cheek with a bloom which mingled with the lily on her countenance. To improve so much beauty was impossible; but to hide it under a mask of *rouge* was little short of madness.

“ Laura would be a woman of fashion, and it was impossible to obtain that distinction without complying with its injunctions in every particular. This, together with other circumstances, tended to make me very unhappy; but still I did not entertain a doubt of her honour, till one day as I was sitting in my study, a servant brought me a letter, which I inadvertently opened without examining the address. It was an assignation from a villain, who, having wheedled Laura into play, and having won of her a large sum which she found herself unable to pay, had made proposals on her chastity as a means of repayment. I trembled with rage; but my passion being a little subdued, I determined, for once in my life, to employ artifice. I sealed up the letter, and forwarded it to Laura by a trusty messenger, whom I told to wait for an answer. Her reply was brief, but to me it spoke daggers; it contained but these words: ‘ I will certainly meet thee.’

“ Here my worst suspicions were most awfully verified. I was paralysed with rage; every faculty seemed suspended. Did she ever love? I inwardly inquired—had those bright eyes ever beamed with fond affection, as she met me from my morning’s walk, when I first hailed her as my own and lovely wife?—had all the pleasures I had enjoyed with her been a dream?—could such words be the requital of sincere love? No; it could not be! But then the answer—‘ I will certainly meet thee!’

“ I sank into a determined, gloomy desperation, more terrible than the wildest transport of passion. From that moment Laura was doomed to die!” Here rising from his chair in a paroxysm of wildness, he exclaimed—“ And that night I executed my bloody purpose! for I thought it a duty, though a savage one, to sacrifice

her before she was polluted, and so save her and mine own honour. I immediately sent a challenge to the villain that would have so vitally injured me, which he accepted. Next morning the meeting took place, when my antagonist fell. I fled to a friend's house, where I remained until the rumoured murder of Laura had subsided. *I then procured a disguise, with which I contrived to leave Paris unobserved. Having arrived in this country, I procured through the interest of my friend a recommendatory letter to a convent of Franciscans, where I have spent about ten years in prayer and penitence.

"It is but recently that I have obtained the privilege of seeing my daughter, who was sent by the count her grandfather to the convent of Franciscans to receive her education. Had I not received information from my friend (whose acquaintance with the count had given him an opportunity to suggest this convent for her education) of the approach of my daughter, her likeness to her frail but lovely mother would at once have declared our affinity. And now, sir, she is about to be removed from me for ever, which will be another pang to my lacerated heart."

Here the unfortunate monk ended his melancholy narrative, when a short silence ensued, during which he wept bitterly. After he had recovered himself from his excitement, he arose, gave me his benediction, and took his leave.

M.

EDUCATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

*Being the substance of a Lecture delivered at the Hull Mechanics' Institute,
February 1st, 1844.*

BY MR. WILLIAM DENISON.

THE consideration of the subject announced, namely, "The Education of the Working Classes"—to say nothing of its peculiar claims to our attention as members of mechanics' institutions,—must be to all who wish for the onward march and universal spread of civilization highly acceptable. That this is the case, and must of necessity be so at this period of our history, it will not, I think, require any large expenditure of time to prove. To that class who may be justly termed the pioneers of every work, having for its object the improvement in the mental culture and condition of all, those I mean who make the bible their rule of action, however their attention may have been called to the facts which it is partly the design of this address to bring before them, the investigation of a subject of this nature at any time, inseparably connected as it is with the truths they are desirous of establishing, must under any form meet with a gracious reception; for the more the mind is made acquainted and familiarised with the ignorance and vice at present found to exist, the more firmly will this truth be established, that it is in vain to look forward for any great diminution of crime, or a steady and systematic pursuance of morality and virtue, by which peace to the country and a strict adherence to truth will be established, unless the mind shall in early years have become fully alive to the misery consequent upon the one course, and the blessings necessarily attendant upon the other.

To that numerous class who, it is hoped, in addition to the higher motive just alluded to, are eager that the mass of the people should possess a true knowledge of their political condition, must look upon an extension of educational means as the only lever by whose power the mountain mass of ignorance, at present existing, can be removed

to make room for those improvements which the progress thus far made imperatively demands. In short, to every one who may with justice be called the lover of his species, the investigation of a subject of this nature must present irresistible claims to his attention, for the result must tend more and more to convince him that under the banner of education are found piety, truth, and obedience to the laws; where education is wanting, vice, profligacy, and theft must of necessity abound.

In order to be properly introduced to the subject, as well as to form an idea of the progress made, I propose to take a glance at the state of education at different periods, commencing at the time of the Reformation. All who have made history their study must have formed a general idea of the state of education at that period. It may be considered the starting point of civilization, in the most enlarged acceptation of the word. Previous to this period knowledge had been almost entirely confined to the religious orders; being studiously kept from the mass of the people, in order, if an opinion may be given, that they might the better exert an undue influence over the national mind. At this period, however, something had been done—commerce with its civilizing influence had acquired an importance to which it had never before arrived; colonization upon a large scale had taken place—much had been done to shew of what mind is composed—for man had commenced thinking for himself.

At this period, Mons. Guizot, in his "History of Civilization," says, "The activity of the human mind displayed itself in every way—in the relations of men with each other; in their relations with the governing powers; in the relations with states; and the intellectual labours with individuals;—in short, it was the age of great men and of great things. The events were more numerous, varied, and important than in any of the preceding ages. A vast effort was now made by the human mind to achieve its freedom; it was a new-born desire which it felt to think and judge freely and independently of facts and opinions, which till then Europe received, or was considered bound to receive, from the hands of authority. It was a great endeavour to emancipate human reason, and to call things by their right names; it was an insurrection of the human mind against

the absolute power of the spiritual order." From the time of the Reformation to the commencement of the nineteenth century, not much had been done to educate the masses; now and then, it is true, the power of a cultivated mind became known—proving what the mind could accomplish when properly trained. But these were as meteors shooting across the horizon; the effect produced was of small amount. The mind of adults, in its then uncultivated state, could not understand the value, much less appreciate and apply, the gift thus placed within its reach. Mankind were dazzled, but not instructed; with the few where an impression was made, it was at best but transient. The seed thus cast into ground not previously prepared for its reception, required the subsequent diligent care of the husbandman, in order that it might produce fruit; and for lack of this assistance it perished.

At the middle of the eighteenth century, it will be found that the middle classes at that period had made some progress in the cultivation of the mind; and although the contrast between that period and the present is very great—so great that we are apt to think the amount of knowledge possessed at that period to have been very trifling and of little value—yet it would be found, did we possess the same facilities, enabling us to judge as we have between that period and the present, that the knowledge possessed at that period was not only spread over a larger field, and its advantages tested by a greater number than at any previous period, but the advance made was very considerable, and a strong desire existed that its benefits should be imparted to the classes immediately beneath them. From that time up to the period of the French Revolution, this had made rapid strides. Men became sensible of the responsibility, in a moral point of view, resting upon them, when the talents entrusted to their keeping had been allowed to lie useless. This had not been previously considered or understood; but now that the value of a cultivated mind became known, and the importance attached to all that were removed, however little, from the ignorant mass, the work was set about with alacrity, the progress made being sufficient to give a spur to the exertions of those who had shewn but little interest in the matter, although their attention must have been alive to a part of the advantages following its adoption.

At this period, the state of society in France and England was about the same. The mind, roused from its slumber of ages, was intoxicated by the power it felt within its reach. A sense of injuries inflicted was the first incentive, as all might expect, to action; and man thus became the willing dupe of all who held out bright promises of advancement or reward. Not possessing sufficient discrimination to know the distinction which must always exist in society, they believed the political demagogue when he proclaimed that "might was right." A century previous, and the oration which could now call into fierce action the mental and physical powers of the people, would have had no effect; they were then too ignorant to understand what were really grievances. During this period, and for many years subsequent, when this country was involved in continual war, but little progress was made in the education of the rising generation. The state of society was of too feverish a nature to allow of much being done; but no sooner had the sword been laid aside, and man had assumed his proper duties, than the attention of all became, as if by common consent, turned to this subject. Societies were rapidly formed for erecting and forming schools; schools in connection with places of worship of all denominations were established; men of great intellectual attainments and enlarged powers of mind cheerfully volunteered their services in this great cause; and a proper direction and impetus was thus given to the current which before had been permitted to flow into improper channels, and had been productive of harm. We find such men as Lord Brougham and Dr. Birkbeck using the force of their eloquence and the weight of their influence in support of mechanics' institutions; and in their train followed a host, since known to the world by their learning, who have most successfully carried out the brilliant idea thus conceived; and although the foundation stone was laid amidst much uncertainty and doubt, they were enabled by their joint exertions to erect a fabric worthy of being dedicated to science, the contemplation of which, although still capable of great improvement, must be a source of pride to those who have done their share towards its erection.

At this period, it may be said that the friends of humanity may at length begin to congratulate themselves that the all important subject of education has at length acquired that strong interest in the

public mind they have so long been labouring to implant. So great indeed has been the interest manifested by nearly all classes of people in this country within the last few years, that no doubt can exist in the minds of any, that have at all turned their attention to this subject, but that we are on the eve of a great and radical change in the means provided for the education of the children of the poor. Through the darkness in which the mental horizon has been so long enveloped—through the mists of ignorance and superstition in which mankind have been too long contented to exist, rays of light have at length begun to penetrate, faint and feeble at present though they be, yet sufficient to point out more clearly than we have hitherto been able to see, the confusion of things around, and give a spur and incentive to the exertions of those good men through whose instrumentality we have been enabled to march thus far and lead the mind to hope for, nay more, to predict the time when the sun of education shall have arisen with all the effulgence of noon-day splendour; when its cheering rays shall have penetrated and illumined every obscure cot. As the natural sun at its rising doth dispel the mists of morning, diffusing life through the animal and vegetable kingdoms, calling into existence energies and powers which for awhile have laid dormant, so we may predict that a like kindly and benign influence will be exerted upon the minds of many who either from prejudice or ignorance of facts at present stand aloof, and by their very non-identification with this movement present an obstruction to the otherwise rapid progress which education would make.

I propose first to call your attention to the state of crime and ignorance at present existing in a few of our principal towns, and from the returns I have obtained to show the very intimate connection existing between the two, deducing from this the necessity of some general system of education being adopted. I do this having reference more particularly to that class just alluded to, whose minds, notwithstanding the mass of facts which have of late years been presented to them at every turn, refuse to acknowledge the want of any great extension of education being provided for the poorer classes. Although we must hope this class is small in number, yet I fear it is sufficiently numerous to warrant a brief investigation into

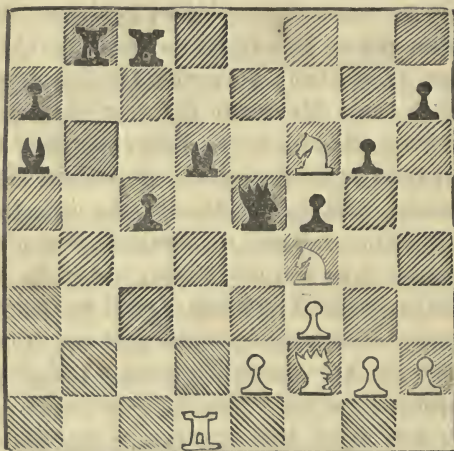
this part of our subject, for in addition, to those men whose minds have long been made up as to the existence of these facts, for the more frequently they are brought before them, a greater and more powerful interest must be excited and lead us to hope will have a corresponding effect in hastening the time when some national plan of education will be adopted.

C H E S S P R O B L E M .

No. IX.

BY L'ONONIMO.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to Mate in three moves.

SOLUTION OF CHESS PROBLEM, No. 8.

BY B. J.

WHITE

BLACK.

- | | |
|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 Q. to K. 6th sq. ch. | 1 K. to K. R., sq. |
| 2 Kt. to K. B 7th sq. ch. | 2 K. to Kt's., sq. |
| 3 Kt. to K. R. 6th sq. ch. | 3 K. to K. R. sq. |
| 4 Q. to K. Kt's. 8th sq. ch. | 4 R. takes Q. |
| 5 Kt. to K. B. 7th sq. and Mates. | |





THE HULL

LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL

MISCELLANY.

JUNE.



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JUNE.

Vol. II.

THE LIFE OF PETER BUFF.

DEAR READER !—I am now about describing to you some of the many misfortunes that have befallen me through life. I am afraid you will smile ; sometimes I am inclined to be merry at them myself, but that's not often. I started very early in life with misfortune. I had a peculiar way of throwing myself or falling out of my nurse's arms, and was occasionally found with my heels uppermost, and my head in a bucket of water ; sometimes varying it by tumbling into a dirty ditch behind the house. I was no doubt born for misfortunes, or I should have been finished in my early days. I should suppose there never was a boy that had swallowed so much mud ; if it had been solid, there must have been sufficient to have qualified me as a voter for the county, on account of being a *landed* proprietor.

After putting sundry ugly marks on my face by falling, and getting several nursery maids discharged for letting me fall, with numerous other accidents and occurrences of the like nature, I was by some extraordinary and unheard of means preserved until I arrived at an age when it was thought expedient to send me to a preparatory day school, before leaving home as a boarder. This was very pleasant news to me, as I had some vague and indistinct notion that school was a sort of earthly paradise ; perhaps it may be to some boys, but I did not always find it so. My father not being able to go with

me, I was sent off alone, to the school of a gentleman who was familiarly known as "Old Scruff." On arriving at his door, I knocked timidly several times; but no one coming, I began to be of opinion that it must be a holiday. Just as I had made up my mind to this comfortable conclusion (for I did not much like going to school for the first time alone), I was accosted by a butcher's boy with "Now, youngster! do you want to be in at old Scruff's?" "Yes, sir," said I. "Stand clear, then," says the butcher, "and here goes," giving two or three tremendous kicks at the door, almost enough to knock in the panels, after which he speedily vanished. Scarcely had the butcher disappeared, before out rushed old Scruff, who, collaring me, marched me in a sort of triumphal manner into the school-room, to the great delight of the boys then and there assembled. On getting me in, Scruff, acting up to the apothecary's direction, "when taken to be well shaken," shook me violently, though a remarkably good tempered man. "So, sir," said he, "I have caught you at last, eh? you are often at this game." I was so horribly frightened, I could only groan. "Well, sir, we will see what the constable can make of you, eh?" "Please, sir," said I, mustering a little courage, "I'm the new boy." "New boy!" cried old Scruff, looking quite amazed; "well, if you do this when you are a new boy, pray, sir, what will you do when you are an old one? perhaps try your hand at housebreaking, eh? What's your name?" "Peter Buff, sir," said I, crying; "and I'm sure I didn't kick at the door, sir;" and amidst the laughter of the boys, I related the assistance volunteered by the butcher's boy. On the old gentleman hearing my statement, he patted me on the head, told me always to speak truth, and, leading me to my seat amongst the other boys, he set me to work. Work! I sometimes think now of that which at school we used to call work—a little summing, a great deal of laughing and talking, and no flogging. During my stay at old Scruff's, I got into a little scrape, the penalty of which I fortunately managed to escape. An urchin had thrown a snow-ball at me; I of course returned the compliment; but luckless Peter! I missed the boy, and sent the snow-ball through a tradesman's window, who soon had me in safe custody, and asked my name. "John Brown," said I.

"Where do you live?" "Grafton-street, sir." "What is your father?" "A gentleman," I replied. "Very well," said he; "you may go." I this time contrived to shift the consequences of my ill luck on to John Brown, who was a school-fellow, and who got a double beating from his father—first, for breaking the window, and, secondly, for stoutly denying that he had done so; for the tradesman on going to Grafton-street, and finding on seeing the boy that he had been hoaxed, thought the only chance of being paid was by stating he believed that to be the boy.

I did not stay very long with good old Scruff, but was sent to the academy of the Rev. Jonas Thrashemwell, whom I soon found out was a very different person to old Scruff.

Mr. Thrashemwell was near in everything but flogging; in that he was one of the most liberal men on the face of the earth. I continued at this school for several years, during which time I wrote, by direction of the master, glowing accounts home of my treatment; but at the holidays, on arriving home, shewing that these were only pretty romances, invented for the satisfaction of disconsolate fathers and mothers when bereaved for a time of their sons.

One night there arrived by coach a long, lanky, simple sort of lad, who rejoiced in the cognomen of John Nokes. He seemed very shy, and much frightened at being left with such a horde of young savages. The next morning, before school began, and when we were all assembled in the school-room, I went up to him and said, "Nokes, my boy, how are you? I'm very glad to see you," holding out my hand. "Thank you," said he, just taking one of my fingers; "but I'm sure I do not know you." "Not know me, Peter Buff! why you remember us being at Green's school together." "I never was at Green's school," said Master Nokes. "O, come, none of that; why you know you were turned out for helping yourself to the other boys' cakes that came from home." "I'm sure I was not," said he, beginning to whimper. "Why you have now the marks on your back of the flogging you got for stealing Harry Johnson's figs." "I have not," said Nokes. Turning round to the boys, I said, "Off with his jacket and waistcoat, you'll soon see for yourselves." This was soon accomplished, Nokes being too frightened to offer any resist-

ance. On coming to his shirt, Nokes faltered out, "I'm sure I'm not the boy." "I'll soon shew you;" and drawing his shirt over his head, his bare back was made a target for a couple of buckets of water which were conveniently at hand. Nokes yelled out excessively, which brought Mr. Thrashemwell into the room, who, having found out the chief conspirator, the unfortunate Peter, I was forthwith flogged, and then boarded on bread and water for a week—a favorite mode of punishment here, as it saved our master something in the culinary department.

Our respected tutor had a very curious way, when going to beat a boy, of quoting, "as Soloman said, 'spare the rod and spoil the child;'" through which I got myself into more difficulties. One morning, his son and heir, Master Thrashemwell, who was a youth of great promise—at least so thought his father,—stole, or as boys say, "cribbed" a lot of marbles from another boy, which being duly reported to the reverend Jonas, he called up the hopeful youth, and after lecturing him on the enormity of the offence, and compelling restitution of the stolen property, finished with—"You may now go to your seat, and recollect that———" "As Solomon says," interrupted I, "'spare the rod and spoil the child.'" "That's right, Peter," said Mr. Thrashemwell, "you're a clever boy; and for fear you should be spoilt, just come here, will you?" I approached him rather hesitatingly—for although his words seemed to convey encouragement, yet there seemed to be a mischievous expression in his eye; however, I went to him, and received a practical illustration of Solomon's prescription.

Soon after this I left school, previously cutting my autograph in huge capitals on Mr. Thrashemwell's mahogany desk;—this I left as an affectionate memorial.

On my arriving at home, it was thought high time for me to be sent to some business or profession; and after due inquiry, I was introduced to the office of Mr. Tight, solicitor, where I was to learn the art and mystery of the law.

I did not remain long with Mr. Tight; but during my stay, I was sent by my employer to serve some sort of a paper (which I afterwards found was a subpœna) on a gentleman; no difficulty being

expected, I was merely sent with directions to give him a shilling at the same time. On reaching his house, and being shewn into the room, I told him from whom I came. Guessing my errand, he said, "O, tell Mr. Tight I shall not want that paper." "And the shilling, sir?" inquired I; "shall you want that?" "No; you may keep that yourself, my boy." Thanking him, I made my best bow, and departed. On getting to the office, the other boy and myself agreed to spend the shilling; so getting a couple of bottles of porter, by the time Mr. Tight came in we were in what may be termed a state of oblivion. "Well, Peter," said he, "did you see Mr. Toddle and give him the paper?" "Yes, sir, I saw him, and he said he should not want the paper." "Well, then, where is it?" "Here, sir," cried I, pulling it out of my pocket, quite delighted to think I should obtain great praise for my sagacity. "Ah, I dare say we can do without him; and where's the shilling, Peter?" "He gave it me to spend, sir," said I. "You're a comical fellow, Peter," said Mr. Tight, laughing; "but you'll never make a lawyer." "Why not, sir?" said I, attempting to cover an empty porter bottle with some loose papers; "do comical fellows never make lawyers?" "Never, Peter, never; they are only fit for judges." "Judges, sir!" said I, with a stare. "Yes, judges, Peter; they are all comical fellows, are judges; you would be surprised, Peter, how they make the junior barristers laugh." What should surprise me at this I could not tell; whether it was the porter that had confused my intellect, or whether it was totally past my comprehension, I cannot say; and before I had time to ask Mr. Tight for an explanation, he had entered his own office.

On leaving this gentleman, I went into the office of Mr. Bluenose, a merchant. I shall always remember him with affection; he was a kind, good soul—good to his men, his clerks, and to everybody and everything. In his office I passed a very happy time. The other boy and myself used to go through a sort of melodrama every day, as opportunity served; my fellow-clerk used to personate Count Ticklerib, and I the virtuous peasant. We used to have some terrific combats, and hundreds of times I have been ordered to be doubly ironed and cast into the dreadful dungeons of Ticklerib castle; but

still there I was, as an Irishman would say, always "to the fore," going through the same combats, and eventually slaying the count himself, chasing him several times round the office, and giving him divers deadly thrusts with a long ruler. One day the count and I were in the most fearful part of a dreadful combat; I had chased him three times round the office, and having got him on his knees, I prepared to give him the finishing stroke, and rushing forward, crying "Die, base tyrant!" I tripped over him and fell headlong into the pit of the governor's stomach (who was just entering the office), flooring him completely; and there we all lay, forming quite a proper conclusion (three dead men) to a melodrama. "Holloa! Peter! what are you after?" shouted the governor. "Slaying the tyrant, Ticklerib," said I. "Which is him?" said he, on gaining his perpendicular." "This is the base tyrant," said I, bringing forward the other boy. "Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the governor; "I dare say it served him right. And now, boys, to work."

On another occasion, the count and I were playing a game at "hide and seek," when I got into a large book-case; he was on the point of starting on his look-out expedition, when in walked the governor. I was in what the Yankees call a "fix;" I dare not come out, and I did not like to stay in. Immediately on Mr. Bluenose's entering, the count was busily employed in mending a pen, which, by some fatality, always wanted mending on the governor coming suddenly into the office. I had not been long boxed up before the count was sent out on business, and Mr. Bluenose commenced writing a letter. I lay as still as possible, but something—perhaps the dust—got up my nose, and I was suddenly attacked with a violent fit of sneezing. The effect was electric! Up jumped the governor with an emphatic "What the devil's that?" I could hear him poking about the office, and at last settle down to write again. I lay quite still for some time after this; but feeling very uncomfortable, and wishing to beguile time by peeping through the key-hole, I screwed myself up into some very disagreeable positions, until I slipped, and, falling against the door, rolled out with a lot of old books. "Holloa!" shouted old Bluenose; "thieves! robbery! murder! Oh, oh, Peter! why is that you? What do you mean,

you confounded young rascal, by frightening me in this manner? I'm all of a tremble," said he. "And I'm all of a heap, sir," said I, from among the books. "I hope you are not hurt, Peter," said the governor. "No, sir," I said; "but it is not at all pleasant to be put on the shelf for so long a time in a book-case, and on a warm day, too." "I dare say you are right, Peter; but how came you there?" So I told him, and also informed him that when I was in the book-case, I began to think of the "black hole" at Calcutta, and by degrees, what with the place and what with the imagination, I grew so warm that I expected nothing less than becoming a spontaneous combustible, when fortunately I was relieved of these apprehensions by rolling out." He laughed heartily at my mishap, and sent me with a letter to the office of another merchant. During the time I was absent the count returned, and Mr Blueskin, calling him into his office, said he had a few questions to put to him, and began by asking him if he believed in ghosts. This was rather a poser to the count, for he did not like to say he did not believe in them for fear he should see one to convince him; and he did not like to say he did believe in them, because he thought that would look unmanly. The governor, not noticing his hesitation, continued. "Now I am not in the habit of giving credence to stories of the supernatural, but I have this afternoon, as I sat in this office, been perfectly convinced of the existence of what are generally termed ghosts." The count now began to look rather pale, and to remember with fear and misgiving that his father's mother's brother was said to have once seen one; and now he wished he had spoken out boldly, and declared his entire and firm belief in ghosts, for then, he thought to himself, they might have behaved handsomely to him, and not trouble him at all; but now he had some doubt as to what might be done. "Yes," said the governor, "this office must be haunted. Did you ever hear any strange noise in it, Thomas?"—(this was the count's christian name.) "No, sir, never," said Thomas—not thinking it at all necessary to mention the horrible noises that he had assisted me in making at various times. "Well, I certainly heard a most unaccountable noise this afternoon; it seemed to me to come out of that book-case. Ha!" continued Mr. Bluenose, start-

ing up, "I hear it again!" The count, immediately on the mention of the book-case, found a clue to the mystery; so thinking in his difficulties that honesty was the best policy, he made a clean breast. "O, is that all, Thomas?" said the governor, at the conclusion; then you had better let him out; he must be tired by this time." So the count stepped nimbly up to the book-case, and gently opening the door, said, "You can come out now, Peter;" but peeping in, he saw I was not there. This rather puzzled him; just at this moment I entered, when, finding the governor laughing, and the count still kneeling against the book-case, I supposed he had been tricked by Mr. Bluenose, which I found to be the case on returning to our own office, where the count told me the particulars.

During my stay at Mr. Blueskin's I joined a literary society, and became quite popular with the members, from my first-rate essay (though I say it myself) on "The intimate connection between the roast beef of old England and its national glory." Among the members were some extraordinary characters, but the limits of this article do not allow my giving any account of them.

I had now been some years with Mr. Bluenose, when a heavy misfortune befel me—us, I may say, for the count was also a sufferer. Our dear, dear master was taken ill, and soon after breathed his last. This was a serious blow to all concerned, not only because we sincerely respected our kind employer, but further, our daily bread was dependent on him; for I had for some time before this (through the death of my parents) had to shift for myself. When the day arrived on which our master was to be buried, our once pleasant little office bore a very sad appearance. Shutters half closed—books unopened, and we in low whispered tones reminding each other of some of his many acts of kindness to us. After the funeral, it was intimated to us that we should have to find other situations, as soon as ever the accounts could be closed, the business then ceasing. The affairs were shortly after wound up, and we took our departure.

We found it a very hard task indeed to empty our little drawers, and bid farewell to our old companions;—they were but old desks and worm-eaten stools, yet still they seemed like parting with our dear friends. There was my old office stool, and there was also the

count's, both worn bright with constant use; and there were our names carved thereon, in most grotesque letters, done at the time of our taking possession. There were other names besides ours on these stools; they had been a sort of chronicle of the office, for there were the names of many of our predecessors, some of whom were now merchants, and others half-starved clerks, as we expected to be before long. The count took a lingering look at that famous weapon, the long ruler, and with a melancholy shake of the head as he laid it down for the last time, said—"You're going into other hands now, and you'll never more slay the tyrant Ticklerib. * * * *

For a long time after this I had nothing to do but walk up and down the streets, until I became nearly barefoot. This was dreary work; none but those who have felt what it is to be willing and able to work, and yet be compelled to submit to idleness and starvation, can imagine the sufferings of a man so placed; what it can be to a man with a wife and three or four children, for whom he suffers and cares more than for himself, God only knows—it seemed to me, who had myself only to think of, to be a most dreadful suffering. Compelled by the very nature of the employment I sought to keep up as genteel an appearance as possible, I had to do it often with an empty stomach. Sometimes I got a few days' employment in arranging the books of small tradesmen; sometimes other trifling jobs, neither profitable nor lasting, but still welcome. One day, a person who knew me asked if I should have any objection to earn a sovereign. I replied that it was so long since I had had the chance that I could not positively say, but to the best of my belief and judgment, I should have no objection. On my hearing of the manner in which it was to be earned, I almost regretted that I had got to know any such mode of earning money. It was after much persuasion that I at last consented, and then it was only through hunger pleading so hard, that it beat conscience out of the field.

Having received part payment in advance, I proceeded to get something to eat, which was no sooner done than conscience got up a regular row; but I was too far advanced now—I must needs go on, for I could not possibly pay back what I had received from them and already expended.

The night fixed upon for our expedition was very stormy, which was more favourable to us than otherwise, and we thanked our stars that the job was likely to be done in safety. There were only two of us; a third was to meet us on the road and carry away the prize, while we remained to clear away anything that might lead to our detection.

On arriving at the place of assignation, we set to work, and were very busily employed, when I felt something tightly grasp my arm; the suddenness of this, at such a time and place (a cemetery), quite startled me for the moment, and filled me with a superstitious terror. A light of a most unearthly hue was now reflected full upon my companion, when to my astonishment I perceived he was in as great trepidation as myself. The light, however, was not so supernatural as I at first imagined, but simply the light from a bull's-eye lantern, the owner of which was one of those ambiguous and now obsolete characters, called watchmen, and who had caused me so much terror by seizing hold of my arm. I and my companion (who was similarly accompanied) were marched across the church-yard with slow and measured steps, until we reached a wall over which we had to climb (a rather awkward affair for the watchmen, encumbered with their coats and lanterns, and having us to take care of). Our conductors paused, sighed, shook their heads, and, having looked affectionately in each other's face for some minutes, and not finding any other safe mode of proceeding, the one who felt so much interest in my affairs advanced gloomily, and by dint of great exertion placed himself across the wall, and began to drag me up; but I made no resistance, and quickly was seated alongside of him. He seemed fatigued with his exertions; so watching my opportunity, I suddenly raised my foot, by which movement the lantern was propelled a distance of several yards. This unexpected manœuvre so disconcerted my old guardian, that he unconsciously loosed his hold of my collar, when, being desirous of cutting the connection, I dropped from the wall, and scampered off as fast as possible.

Some few months after this affair (when through the kindness of a friend I had got into a situation), I went accompanied by some others to a tavern in the neighbourhood, where, meeting with some

very agreeable company, we were passing the time very pleasantly, when a man of a very seedy and broken down appearance came into the room, and, after eyeing me for some time, came up, and, seizing my hand, said, "Why, Peter, old chap! how are you?" I was ready to drop into the earth at this rencontre, for I recognised in the seedy-togged stranger my church-yard companion; I managed, however, to look at him with an air of astonishment. "What!" said he, "you know Jack Sly!" "No, I don't," I replied, pretending to look very thoughtful. "Yes, you do," said the seedy stranger in a persuasive tone; "you recollect the body." "Body!" repeated I; "what body?" "Why, — churchyard," said the rejected Mr. Sly—and then he went through a regular pantomime exhibition of digging a grave, and running away with something on his back. Mortified at this exposure, I said, "Sir, I do not move in your sphere of action." "My *spear* of action! you be blowed," retorted Mr. Sly. "Ain't you Peter Buff?—and didn't you go with me to rob a churchyard?—and wasn't I caught?—and didn't the magistrates kindly recommend me to try my luck for six months at the wheel of fortune? (which is continually making a man get up in the world)—and didn't I get out yesterday?—and ain't I here, Peter Buff?" The latter fact was indeed indisputable; so seizing my hat, I rushed out amidst the laughter of the company; but it was no joke to me, as I lost my situation through it. And here I am again, in want of one.

If any gentleman wants a clerk, whose principle duty would be to look out of the window, and who would be allowed to pass half an hour in a morning over a refreshing pot of porter, I can confidently recommend myself as likely to suit, and fully capable of performing these onerous duties.

Begging the Public to bear in mind that I am (as the free and independent burgess says to the candidate) open to an offer, I remain,

Theirs sincerely,

PETER BUFF.

HOME TREASURES.

BY WILLIAM J. BOSOMWORTH.

My home, though 'tis humble, 'tis happy and free,
 Like a casket it holds many jewels for me ;
 When old Winter comes in with his mantle of white,
 And the heir of his dower grim darkness of night,—
 When mighty winds rustle, and tempests ride high,
 And the thousand bright stars never light up the sky,—
 Yet I can rejoice, with mirth and with glee,
 For the home that I love is a treasure to me.

Dark care may come o'er me, and friends may depart,
 And leave me to sorrow, and anguish of heart;
 Their bosoms of friendship, or smile on the face,
 May die without leaving a vestige or trace ;
 Thus friends may depart, and coming of years
 May blight my bright hopes, and cherish my fears ;
 Yet then I'll repine not, or murmuring be,
 For my own fire-side seems a solace to me.

There are some bright stars in my few chosen books,
 Which light up my soul with their riches and looks ;
 The breathings of Shakspeare, the sweetness of Moore,
 And the splendour of Milton doth grace the rich store ;
 I feast on their beauties, and my longing soul yearns
 When I read the heart's language in Byron and Burns ;
 Then my soul is uplifted with sweet poesy,
 For the Bards of our land are a treasure to me.

Though care is my boon, and grief is my dower,
 And held me for years with their prevalent power—
 Though the tyrant would press me to anguish of soul,
 And the hand of oppression hold me in control—
 Though my path may be clouded with many dark fears,—
 Yet I hope for the sunshine in changing of years ;
 And still I am happy, as all men should be,
 " For the wife of my youth is a treasure to me."

EDUCATION OF THE WORKING CLASSES.

*Being the substance of a Lecture delivered at the Hull Mechanics' Institute,
February 1st, 1844.*

BY MR. WILLIAM DENISON.

(Continued from page 80.)

[Mr. D. then brought forward valuable statistical documents from the police reports of Hull, Manchester, Liverpool, Bradford, Leeds, and other places, shewing in each case the intimate connection of ignorance and crime. Other documents, many of which were of a startling nature, were brought forward at great length, from the reports of the British and Foreign School Society, the "Journal of Education," Hill's work on "National Education," &c. &c., proving that not only in various parts of the country, but in the city of London, the grossest ignorance and demoralization is found to exist. Mr. D. continued.]

Did time allow, I could present you with a great number of similar accounts, all proving the ignorance of the population. It may be said, in conclusion, that they are ignorant of the most simple facts, being very superstitious, believing in the existence of ghosts, &c. &c., and are readily made the dupes of the designing.

The political demagogue, no matter how extravagant and inapplicable his schemes, readily finds those who are willing listeners at his beck. Machines are destroyed, and the torch of the incendiary lays waste in one hour the hopes of years. The itinerant quack finds a ready market for his nostrums; the farther he keeps from towns the more profitable his calling.

The religious fanatic, no matter how wild and infuriated his language, finds ready listeners. Let him preach the gospel in the hot-tempered language of the puritan—let him even proclaim he is charged with a direct commission from heaven, and possesses a knowledge of the affairs of all—and *hundreds will believe him.*

Having called your attention, at as great a length as the limits of a single lecture will allow, to the state of ignorance and crime existing in some of our principal towns, and taking this in conjunction with the glance we have had of the ignorance found in the country, coupled as this also is found to be with crime, it is proved, I think, that the connection of the two is of so close and intimate a nature, that when we speak of one, our remarks may with equal propriety be applied to the other; and further, that this is a state of things the existence of which in any country we must deplore, more particularly in our own, which claims to rank high in the scale of the civilized nations of the world. I wish—before making any general remarks upon the means at present in existence to suppress or check this mass of wickedness, or of the advantages which would follow the adoption of an extensive system of education for those who are unable or unwilling to provide it for themselves—to call your attention, which I do with great pleasure, to the means provided by the governments of Prussia and America to supply this desideratum. I do this more particularly that a case, as it were, may be made out upon which we may be justified in founding our claims for the adoption of similar means, in order that corresponding results may be obtained.

[Want of space compels us to pass over entirely this part of the lecture, which we do with regret; the accounts furnished from various authorities of the means provided by the governments of Prussia and America being highly interesting, and calculated to do away with any doubt, if any existed, of the efficacy of government interference with the education of the people. Mr. D. continued.]

I am aware that the foregoing remarks do not treat of the systems of education in Prussia and America at the length it is desirable they should, in order that a just conclusion of the merits of each may be arrived at; but this in one brief address was out of the question. Sufficient has, I trust, been shewn to prove not only that they are suited to the wants of the people in both countries, more particularly in Prussia, but that they are much superior to the combined systems in operation at the present time in this country.

That much has been done, say within the last fifteen or twenty years, no one I think will doubt; the result of which onward move-

ment is full of encouragement and hope. Recent events must have proved to all that, independent of any national plan of education being adopted, much will be done by religious societies towards what the majority believe to be necessary—viz., imparting to all a sound and useful education.

Time will not allow me to make any remarks in reference to the means of education for the poorer classes, except that I consider they are inefficient to accomplish the end in view; they have only been able to present an obstacle to the current of vice and ignorance which had rushed onward with increased velocity as the vices of one generation were added to those they inherited from the generation which preceded it; and further, that any system or systems dependant upon subscriptions and other casual resources—in short, any plan which is not truly national, both in its nature and extent—must fall short of accomplishing what education is capable of and destined to accomplish. To the shame be it said of the government of this country, scarcely anything has been done by it to educate the poor; trifling grants to societies is the sum total of their assistance. It is imperative, in my humble opinion, upon the government providing means of education for those who are unable to provide such for themselves. Laws are made to punish crime and vagabondizing, and to afford protection to the honest and industrious; then why, the question may fairly be asked, should they at all hesitate to erect schools and provide teachers, that all may be educated upon sound moral principles, *without favour to sect or party*, when incontrovertible facts from all parts of the country can be furnished, proving that ignorance and crime are so intimately connected, that it may with truth be said, where ignorance is found, crime to a greater or less extent has its abode. The government of a country may be looked upon in the same light as the father of a family—as the one is the head of the household, so is the other the head of a nation; the latter not only punishes the guilty, but it provides suitable accommodation for the aged and destitute, taxing the community for the support (to carry out the idea) of the household in every department. After doing this, why, the question may again be asked, is the education of the poor unprovided for? The larger half of the

sums now paid for the support of goals, police, criminal prosecutions, poor-houses, &c., would undoubtedly be saved. Whether the support of these are provided for by the government, or paid by the people as county rates or poor rates, the question remains the same; it comes from the industrious classes, and ought, if any means can be devised, to be saved them. Any state of society we can conceive will present its darker as well as its brighter parts; goals and penitentiaries will be found necessary, but upon a much smaller scale than at present. The poor will at all times require the assistance of the wealthy; age and natural infirmities will to the end of time be supplicants for charity; but when the fact is ascertained that crowds may be seen daily seeking relief, the remote cause for the major part being compelled to do so would be found to be the indulgence of some vice, which early moral training would have remedied. Much might be said of the saving to the community in the decreased amount of money which would be required for the support of our infirmaries, dispensaries, and other similar charitable institutions, much of the disease and misery being clearly ascribable to ignorance. Sickness, from living in close, ill-ventilated apartments, want of proper clothing, and proper attention not being paid to cleanliness, are among the number, nearly all which might have been prevented had they been instructed in youth. That it is the province of a government to take upon itself the education of the people, may be proved further, that it alone is in possession of the requisite machinery to carry out any plan of such an extensive nature; the money by taxing those only who are able to pay is thus properly raised. That the poor have a right to look for this assistance I think ought not to be questioned; the greater number of the poorer classes are only able (when employment can easily be obtained) to provide food and clothing for themselves and families, and thus are prevented (even did the desire generally exist) from giving their offspring that amount of instruction it is desirable they should obtain. Nature is taxed to the utmost possible extent; twelve and fifteen hours' labour and toil are cheerfully given for the public service, and it is not, in my opinion, making any unreasonable or extravagant demand, that their children should be raised from that dark state of ignorance in

which it has been their lot unfortunately to exist. Let us hope that ere many years shall have passed adequate means will be in operation to fully meet this demand. But in every means that may hereafter be devised to accomplish this end, it must (in my opinion), in order that the entire amount of benefit may be derived, be compulsory upon parents sending their children to school. This may at first fall strange upon the ear, accustomed as we are to be told of our national liberty—that an Englishman's house is his castle, and so forth; but these ideas will speedily pass away when the subject is fairly investigated. Proofs sufficient have been shewn that this plan works admirably in Prussia; indeed the system would be ineffective without its operation. The ignorance of parents, with its allies of bigotry and superstition, would have to be combated; for it is impossible to convince them, unless by experience, of the barriers which these present to the improvement of their condition in any way. They are not in this case the proper judges; content, from many years of habit, to be encrusted with the vice and misery in which they were reared, they in fact believe that their state is the happiest that can be found, and they must be looked upon in the same light as lunatics, who, when confined, consider themselves aggrieved, as being incapable of exercising a right judgment upon what most intimately concerns them. The most effectual plan to teach the children of this depraved class would be to make it compulsory upon the parents, by fines and imprisonment where necessary, to compel the regular attendance of their children at school; this regulation would by its own working do away in time with its necessity. The mind being thus roused from its state of torpor, would revel in its awakened vigour. Proud of what by diligent cultivation it had attained—conscious of the superiority at which by its means it had arrived—no external appliances would be required to compel the parent to send his offspring to school; but, as we have seen is the case in Prussia, they would be wishful to send them even before the time the law made it compulsory. Every possible inducement should be held out to the children; interesting and instructive lectures should be given—say on astronomy, geography, chemistry, history, the arts, &c., illustrated where possible by diagrams and experiments. In a case, I am informed, where

this admirable mode of teaching is in operation in this town, no inducement is strong enough to keep the scholars from school on that day, and it is looked forward to with the greatest pleasure. The best works in poetry as well as in prose should be placed in their hands; a study of the beautiful in nature and in art should be induced; the beauties of creation should in early years be pointed out. They should be taught to look upon the starry heavens—the wide-spreading sea—the foaming cataract—the green-clad mountain—the unfolding blossom, in a far different manner than their fathers had. Each sense would then contribute to their delight, from habitual converse with the beautiful in nature; the wild rose and the dew-drop would possess an interest in their minds, the contemplation of which would be a source of pure delight; and as its awakened faculties were brought into exercise, the sunlight of *Mind* would burst upon them; they would be led to trace effect to cause—to look, in the beautiful words of the poet, “from nature up to nature’s God”—and would feel conscious, that when surrounded by the works of nature, they stood, as has been beautifully expressed, “in the immediate presence of their Creator.”

In connection with these means in towns like Hull, galleries for paintings, statuary, and works of art, should be provided, with free admission to all; courses of lectures, in all the branches of science should be given by men qualified by their learning to do so, with the least possible charge for admission. Thus the minds of all would not only be cultivated, but refined; even in adults of the present day, much might be done if this was set about immediately. The duties of domestic life would be discharged in a very different manner from what is the case in the present day; the education of all would be carried on at home as well as at school; the better feelings of our nature would be constantly in exercise. The force of example, all know, acts most powerfully upon youth. The mother, it has been stated, teaches more than the schoolmaster. If, then, the parent is properly qualified for her important task, a race would speedily spring up, totally different from what had two generations before preceded it.

To conclude, it is no stretch of imagination to say—for what has been accomplished fully warrants the inference—that instead of it

being painful to have intercourse with the poor of our country, from the scenes of profligacy, vice, and misery to which we must be witnesses, a new order of things would speedily arise; self-respect being called into operation, their conversation and dwellings would be the very opposite of what they now are. To mingle with them—to alleviate the sufferings of the afflicted and the destitute—would be a work of love. As members of a Christian community—as lovers of your fellow-creatures—I would say to all who possess any influence (and there are but few who do not possess some)—unite and use every means in your power to forward this great work; for you may be assured a rich and plentiful harvest awaits your exertions, and by so doing, you are best shewing your gratitude for the advantages you yourselves possess.

THE SEA.

TIME rolls on, year on year, and age on age
Accumulating; ruin and decay
Destroy relentlessly all human works.
Yet the wide Sea no signs of coming age
Presents to man. The murmur of its waves
Has ceaselessly for fifty centuries
And more continued; tide has follow'd tide
Without an intermission; storms have howl'd,
And fearfully—consigning, deep in brine,
To rest the weather-beaten sailor's corpse.
Alas! what fleets have sunk to rise no more!
The flags of every nation rotting lie
In deep sea-caves; and here in awful depths,
Miles, miles beneath the place where plummet's reach,
Burns the marine volcano—water mix'd
With flame sulphureous. What mystery
To human minds! But all is mystery there.
The world of waters is a world unknown,
And still will be, till th' last trump shall sound,
Whose awful pealings nought may disregard.

ARTHUR.

STANZAS.

THE human heart was never framed
 In solitude to dwell,
 Though monks have sought the cloister shade,
 And hermits sought the cell.

Alone, a thousand feelings burn
 Within its narrow bound,
 And throb with agonising pain,
 More keenly than a wound.

In kind companionship, they flow
 As some bright mountain spring,
 And scatter round exulting joy,
 And rich refreshments bring.

But nought can deeper pleasure yield —
 All earth's delights above—
 Than kindred hearts together link'd
 By pure exalted love.

How sweet to share each lively joy,
 Fresh as it springs to birth ;
 And sweet to mingle sorrow, too,
 For sorrow dwells on earth !

Man in his wretchedness and care
 Would lean on woman's breast ;
 And woman, in her feebleness,
 Upon his strength would rest ;

And with united aid, amid
 The pangs to mortals given,
 Upheld by faith and hope and peare,
 Walk hand in hand to heaven.

“ POUNDS, SHILLINGS, AND PENCE.”

BY SLIM SLAM SLUM, ESQ.

“ WAYS AND MEANS ” is a sentence which at once establishes its weight, and carries with it peculiar feelings. To the man in difficulties, it sounds like the benevolent strains of some kind philanthropist; to the wretched *geni* whose livings are in other people's pockets, it comes like unexpected advice; and the poor soul who has had the misfortune to retire from a bad trade to a worse place, hears it with feelings fragrant with deliverance. This self-same piece of intelligence appears to be a mighty lump of kindness, and may be defined in a variety of ways. We may look upon it as a “ new way to pay old debts ”—an easy way of acquiring a fortune, or a fine discovery as a preventative from insolvency or bankruptcy. These are all very good in their places; but “ ways and means ” means as often “ silver and gold ” as anything else.

Money is nearly an exception to any other article; to-day it is a virtue—to-morrow a vice; sometimes “ the root of all evil ”—at other times the source of all good; worshipped by the rich, loved by the poor, hoarded by the miser, made current by the profligate, and universally esteemed by all. It is also the cause of mighty effects—the promoter of diligence, the soother of care, and the rewarder of peril. With what joy does the young urchin commit to memory his usually unpleasant task, when he knows a penny is to reward him for his labour! The tradesman toils in paths of care and anxiety with a smile of gladness when he thinks it is for precious gold; and the adventurer exposes himself to death, with the idea that an independency will be the result.

I have often amused myself in great cities and bustling towns with studying the *mugology* of the passers by, and have read in wrinkled faces and hurried steps one continued pursuit of wealth. Only perambulate the streets of a city which finds employment, amusement, and starvation for more than half a million living souls; observe them as they pass, like one continued cloud—hundreds in

pain—thousands in care—and all in anxiety! A stranger, who had never seen more than the few individuals who constituted the inhabitants of his own village, would wonder what was their object, or whither they could be going. These crowds of young and old, rich and poor, lord and beggar, are all in one mind, pursuing one object—after money, and going to find it.

The ways and means of acquiring money are nearly as numerous as the persons who practice them; and when once acquired to advantage, the money is half coined. Were we to enumerate the plans and plots, with their various peculiarities, we might make as many books as would erect a structure equal in magnitude to the great wall of China; nevertheless there are a few instances and things, which are every day occurrences, which we cannot pass over without relating as the predominant love of “pounds, shillings, and pence.”

Old Jacob Timpley (or as he was universally called in the neighbourhood, Master Jacob Timpley, senior,) was landlord of a dirty-looking public-house, in a back street in the smokey town of ———; notwithstanding the locality, it was regularly “licensed to sell British and foreign spirits by retail.” This said Jacob had acquired a considerable fortune by ten thousand “ways and means,” and had at times exhibited a great deal of benevolence to the poor creatures who rented the first floor *below* stairs, in gifts of small beer in cases of illness, and a few halfpence when something stronger was required. Sometimes these miserable creatures, who made most of their cash payable at the bar of Master Jacob, would borrow small loans; and if they only had the manners to return them, all went on right;—their “ways and means” of moving Jacob’s sympathy were by pleasing his pride, that they might the easier slip into his pocket.

One morning, while he was (with all due deference to him as a domestic economist) washing his glasses, a little ragged youngster, whose chin rested on the counter, kindly accosted the old gentleman with “If you please, Master Jacob Timpley, senior, mother wishes to know how you are this morning, and if those pills did you any good.”

“Who is your mother?” asked Jacob.

“P-p-please, sir, my mother is——my mother.”

"What's her name?" inquired the man of malt.

"She's called Mrs. Catherine Scruff."

"O, I know," said Jacob; "tell her I'm pretty well."

"Yes sir; and would you have the kindness to lend her a fourpenny bit?" asked young Scruff in a persuasive tone.

After such inquiries and civilities, old Jacob could not reasonably object to this modest request, and he threw down four penny pieces, assuring the young gentleman they would do equally as well as a fourpenny bit.

The little rogue had not been gone more than fifteen minutes, when in came Mrs. Catherine herself—a tall, stout woman, a native of the Emerald Isle—accosting the old fellow with, "Plase, Misther Timpley, I'll throuble you for the loan of a shilling till Sathurday." "Then indeed you won't," said the landlord, sharply; "it's only just this moment you sent your son for fourpence, which I gave him."

"Then indeed I never did that same thing. It's a plot—a plot of the child's father. I'm not responsible at all at all; and I'll go and search for the rogue, and if I find him, I'll either screw the money from him or the nose from his face."

We need not say what is likely to follow when "Greek meets Greek;" however, the child's father, as the wife termed him, adopted this plan as his only "ways and means," or as he termed it himself, the "artful dodge."

Reader!—imagine yourself in the midst of a large and populous town, placed as an observer of "men and manners;" commence with the poorest, and end with the richest; note minutely the tricks and stratagems of gaining the needful;—the beggar studies his eloquence in order to move the passer by; the working classes toil like slaves; the tradesman tries fifty methods, such as "selling off under prime cost," &c.; and the gentleman gains his money by—his money.

The great difference that exists in society between the grades of pounds, shillings, and pence, is wonderful. The man of pounds comes under the appellation of a great man; the man of shillings is considered to go through the world with ease; and the millions who are men of pence and *no* pence are too often the oppressed of those who are richer than themselves.

Money is the grand thing which secures you universal respect. Shew people that you have money, and they'll shew you kindness; give it to the unpolished, and he will bring into play the whole of his etiquette. Yet pounds, shillings, and pence are too often taken as the standard of the man, because it is universally admired from the man of ledgers to the school-boy, who is early initiated into the mysteries of "£ s. d."

L I N E S

ON A PORTRAIT—"THE SHADE OF SADNESS."

Oh! lovely maiden! why upon thy brow
 Hath pass'd a shade of sadness? Thou art young:
 Thy cheek is in its bloom—thine eye is bright—
 And thy sweet lips are form'd for dimpled smiles.
 The chill of age—the piercing cares of earth—
 Have not swept o'er thee with their deadly blast.
 Then why this sadness? Need I ask again?
 That mournful look reveals the secret tale.
 Thine heart hath loved; and now the first dark doubt
 Of him whose vows were whisper'd in thine ear,
 Soft as the breezes of the flowery spring,
 Hath siezed upon thee, and within thy breast
 Works like a poison. Be that bitter doubt
 A vain imagining—a baseless thought!
 Or soon thy beauty will consume away,
 Like sunset hues beneath the veil of night;
 And thy warm heart—affection's living fount—
 Will gush with streams of agony. Oh, love!
 The winter's tempest cannot blight like thee,
 For spring repairs its ravages. No spring
 Revives affection's flowers within the breast,
 When cold desertion, with its icy frost,
 Hath wither'd all their sunny loveliness.

A PAGE

FROM

THE HISTORY OF THE SUBTERRANEAN RECESSES.

THE hour of midnight had struck, when a young man was observed descending an immense flight of steps, which led to a door overhung by a small lamp, which enabled him to read—and his heart beat high as he deciphered the characters—"SUBTERRANEAN RECESSES." Before he took up the hammer, which lay at the foot of the door for the purpose of knocking for admission, he paused, and thought—Am I willing to submit to the rules of this place?—can I forego the society of all whom I have hitherto known?—can I find anything congenial to my soul among the stern spirits that dwell here? A recollection, however, that the first quarter after twelve was alone allotted for admittance, put an end to his hesitation. Lifting and applying the hammer, three heavy knocks resounded on the massive door; after waiting a few minutes, he imagined he heard footsteps—step after step, gradually increasing in loudness, apprised him of the approach of one of the inmates. "Follow me," was the laconic reply of the individual who opened the door to the statement which the young man had made. Turning round, he watched the operation of rebarring the door, when he became fully alive to the circumstances in which he had placed himself in seeking admission to this mysterious abode. Like lightning the thought struck him—What have I done!—what madness has possessed me! And have I really shut myself out from the light of the sun, and all that it shines upon, for at least twenty years! O madness! "What!" he exclaimed aloud; and before he could finish the sentence, fell heavily on the damp pavement in a fainting fit.

* * * * *

Three individuals were seated in one of the private rooms of the Subterranean Recesses, conversing; one had been connected with it twenty-five years, another three, and the other was the young man already introduced, one year of the twenty which he must stay having expired. Within that period, many a time had he execrated the fatal day whose sun rose on him a free and happy citizen of Herculaneum, and set—while he was on his way to enjoy the pleasures of social intercourse with some chosen companions—to rise no more on *him*, perhaps for ever! Those lovely female countenances, which the latter end of that day enchanted him, rose before his imagination but to mock him. Time, however, had began its office; the paroxysms of melancholy were not quite so strong as at first, but that was all that could be said of them. In one of his most cheerful moods, he listened to the conversation of his two elder brethren, and at distant intervals advanced an opinion himself. The conversation ran thus, Zeno addressing Theseus:

“What are your views respecting a resort to Single Combat in settling a dispute?”

“That it is an act of insanity.”

“Do you charge all who have resorted to it in all ages thus?”

“All, without an exception; and were I to return to society, I would treat an individual who challenged me accordingly—either giving him no reply, or answering him thus: ‘I refuse to act as you desire—we do not condescend to give insanity full and detailed reasons.’”

“How would you treat the imputations of cowardice to which you would subject yourself by such refusal?”

“With contempt. Contempt can seldom be manifested innocently; but in this case it might.”

“How would you shew it?”

“By noticing such remarks in the same tone of voice, and in the same manner as I should answer any other remark indicating insanity.”

“You would not transgress the rules of politeness?”

“I should not scruple to turn my back immediately, after having given as condensed a reply as possible.”

"Have you any plan to suggest for the suppression of these combats?"

"None; unless it were a total neglect of persons engaging in them—an utter disregard of all their words and actions (excepting injurious ones) during the remainder of their life—a virtual exclusion from society."

"Your plan is harsh; and even if men were convinced that it was their duty to adopt it, they would find it exceedingly difficult to perform."

"I had a friend, however, who *did* perform it. A citizen with whom he was very familiar—often visiting and receiving visits in return, to whom, in fact, his daughter was about to be married—fought; but my friend never countenanced him afterwards. You have suffered from similar encounters; perhaps you would relate to our young friend the circumstances."

"I have no objection, if he is disposed to listen to them."

"Certainly, I am, sir."

"I lost my father when in my sixth year, who fell by the hand of one who always passed for his intimate friend. The attachment manifested towards each other was indeed extraordinary, and generally challenged observation, insomuch that they were sometimes styled brothers. They never quarrelled but once, and that quarrel was a fatal one. What was the astonishment of the families of each—and indeed of the whole city—to observe, after a certain festival, on the arm of each the signal always worn during the seven days preceding a private conflict! *What* could have happened? These bosom companions wearing the well known ribbon! Astonishment knew no bounds; and I remember well seeing groups in various parts of the town lifting their hands, and declaring in loud tones their utter inability to solve the startling problem. Young as I was, I very soon comprehended the import of what was passing; indeed the meaning of the signal already referred to was known to every child in the city. I cannot describe the paroxysm of grief into which my mother was thrown on being made aware of the mournful truth. If the human features are capable of assuming an expression of anguish,—if the tones of the voice can communicate unutterable (unutterable in

words) distress,—if convulsions, fierce and demon-like, can indicate a terrible agitation in the soul,—then the feelings of my mother, on hearing that he whom she loved as her own life was about to be engaged in deadly combat, might be correctly read by those who were near her. I never saw such a spectacle: when a worse catastrophe occurred—when her foreboding fears were confirmed, and she was made a widow—there were no such outward indications, although severe sufferings really were hers. You talk of insanity as the prompter of those who engage in single combat: whether you are correct or not, no doubt the fiend hovers near, for he took possession of my mother. She raved fearfully after the fatal issue, and three weeks after destroyed herself. The beginning and end of one month formed a parenthesis, within which was included a succession of occurrences which blighted our hitherto happy family; the parents were consigned prematurely to the grave—the children were scattered. Floating smoothly as we had all been down what was to us a pleasant stream, we suddenly were hurried down a cataract. Fiercely boiled the foaming waters; and had not the irrepressible buoyancy of youth been on the side of my brothers and sisters and myself, all would have been overwhelmed. On the day appointed for the combat, all Herculeaneum was in motion. Without the city, a large plain was always the theatre of action. Here were assembled ten thousand people, forming a ring. In the centre stood my father and his former friend, each armed with a dirk. The day was oppressively hot, scarcely a breath of air stirring, and each wore an exceedingly light garment. The graceful motions of my father, which I was viewing for the last time, attracted particular attention. I say *I*, for I was the only one of the family present, as no females are permitted to attend. None know what I suffered on that dreadful morning. I recollected my mother, and the terrible fit in which I had seen her. I recollected the tender love which my father had shewn to all of us. In the childishness of my heart, I said to my companion—‘I think I had better ask the man not to hurt poor father much: will you go too?’ We attempted to approach them, but were driven back. My heart now overflowed;—I burst into tears and loud lamentations, exclaiming, ‘Oh! my poor father!’ and similar expressions.

Although those around sympathised with me, they gave me to understand I must either cease my lamentations or be taken away. The signal for the combat was the great bell of the city striking the hour of noon. The din of voices gradually hushed as that time approached. The tallest of the spectators arranged themselves behind those of lower stature, and all were breathlessly awaiting the combat between two men who had each been chief magistrate, and whose mysterious friendship and quarrel were so remarkable. The combatants had assumed the proper attitude—the immense multitude theirs; when the solemn sound of the first stroke of the enormous bell interrupted the stillness prevailing. Deep and dreadful sounded the note; two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve followed, the last stroke still sounding when the two dirks dazzled the eye with their rapid movements as they glittered in the meridian sun. In two seconds my father fell;—before the minute had elapsed he had ceased to breathe. I cannot describe what followed—only that a frantic desire to be avenged on the murderer of my father seized me. Subsequent circumstances altered my desire to a determination, which I wrote in blood, that my life should be devoted to the abolishment of the fiend-like custom which had ruined our once happy family. My vow became known; all Herulaneum knew of it. They recognised in the lad of ten years of age as he passed through the streets, not merely the features of their former citizen, but a determined expression which would have challenged observation had his vow not been known. Their consciences told them that I was right; and before I was able to take a single active measure, combats began sensibly to decrease. I was a living warning to them. From that hour to this I have been a barrier against this horrid custom, and shall continue to be so until death shall oblige me to relax my endeavours; and even then, the results of the literary labours of my life will remain. The world shall have my thoughts solemnly and (if there is any strength in language) strongly laid before them. I have collected together accounts of combats, with their results, calculated to make the blood run chill; and I will not hold anything back for the purpose of sparing feelings. Men's minds shall be harrowed up; accounts of domestic woe, containing passages wherein

the broken heart of the forlorn widow and the blighted prospects of the poor orphan are faithfully delineated, shall be freely given; and I will clench the nail by appeals iterated and reiterated to their consciences to cherish a hatred for the infernal cause of all this mischief. Thus will I do; but if I could, mark me, such is my malignancy (if you think it should be so called), that I would blast with eternal infamy the 'polite murderer' and all his descendants. An immense scroll should contain the names of all as occupying a rank lower than that part of mankind who have manifested the sympathies of humanity without any contact with blood—that ominous word, BLOOD! But I am growing warm. In my sober moments, I do not waste my time in thus plotting impossibilities, but with what I may term a truly matter-of-fact spirit, prosecute my purpose, taking duly into consideration the state of society as it is, and tempering with mercy the plans which I suggest in the volumes which I am preparing. You would doubtless observe the objection which I raised against the plan proposed by our friend; you might attribute that objection to indifference, but you was under a mistake if you did. I live only to uproot that sanguinary custom which turned me aside from the ways of men—which, when it deprived me of my father, drove me to form a vow, in the keeping of which I have thought myself bound to avoid entangling myself in matrimony—and finally have found it expedient to enter these Recesses, where nothing can interrupt me in prosecuting the great business of my life."

The young man had listened attentively, and now felt disposed (a disposition which he had not had before) to make known the cause of his appearance in the Subterranean Recesses.

"My motive in coming here," said he, "was to avoid a combat of this nature; and although I have a thousand times cursed the hour when I so determined, I might have either been killed or have killed one who might be said to be a companion——"

"Or of making up the quarrel, I suppose?"

"That was impossible. I was grossly insulted."

"You use the word 'impossible';—now I object to the almost constant use of this word in affairs of this sort. When an amicable

settlement of a dispute is suggested, the words, 'O, that is impossible,' are uttered without thought. If the phrase 'O, that is impossible,' were used when a resort to single combat was hinted at, it might be tolerated; although then the laws of language would be infringed. It is impossible for man to arrest the course of a comet, but it is not impossible for him either to fight or to make peace, Men have done both, and that which has been done may be repeated."

"My courage would have been impeached had I made any overtures towards reconciliation.

"To introduce the word 'courage,' as you have now done, is to prostitute it. Courage is that which scorns in the day of battle to shrink from taking its share of the danger. To screen itself at the expense of comrades, being altogether unjust, is abominable. Courage would (as history records it has done) prompt two leaders of armies to engage in single combat, instead of engaging both armies—thereby preventing the effusion of rivers of blood. Courage interposes to rescue a traveller from a highwayman, a drowning man from a watery grave, or a fellow-creature from a flaming dwelling. In the heat of wine, a miserable brawl arises in a company. What has courage to do with it?—what imminent danger does any one need to be rescued from?—what is necessary beyond a little every-day, common-place tact? Has philosophy advanced so little, that men are ignorant about the commotions into which the mind can be thrown by the most trivial event? and that the remarks made at such times are far different from those made when the mind is calm and undisturbed? My friend, you perceive, can account for the serving a challenge after a pitiful brawl, on no other principle than that insanity results from the passion to which the individual is subject."

"May not his seclusion from society for twenty-five years have incapacitated him from judging?"

"My young friend,—my lengthened seclusion from society enables me to judge more impartially. I am unimpassioned—unbiassed—when I give it as my deliberate opinion that the mists of insanity envelope the mind at such a period. This is an opinion which I can never relinquish; my reason, calmly and coply exercised, will not allow me."

"At all events, I do not come under your class of insane, as I did not fight, but came here instead."

"You do not."

"Young man, you have heard that I have bound myself by a vow to oppose this custom with all my energy. Now it is therefore my duty to solicit your co-operation when you return to society. Nearly half of life will then still remain to you, as you will only be forty years of age; if I cannot prevail upon you now to promise to do so, I must take advantage of the time which you have to remain here in advancing arguments, the ultimate effect of which will no doubt convince you as to what will be your duty."

"I am no friend to the custom, sir."

"But my object will be to make you an active and relentless enemy to it. If any individual leaves the Recesses without giving me a solemn assurance that he will be such, the fault does not rest with me; there is no remissness on my part in urging with all possible earnestness the arguments with which I am furnished. I have the satisfaction of knowing that one hundred men, in the prime of life, are solemnly pledged to wage constant war with my sworn enemy, in whatever part of the world they are found."

"I admire your zeal, sir."

"And I admire your apathy; but am not surprised that my arguments do not make more impression. I am accustomed to progress very slowly in my attempts to influence the mind. From what I have said, you will know that I have had many differently constituted minds to deal with. In almost every instance the progress was slow, but perseverance always insured me the victory."

"Your experience will have rendered you expert."

"Your remarks amuse me; you continue the conversation, but neither acknowledge or question the validity of my arguments. Here again experience befriends me, or I should imagine myself to be beating the air. Hours of conversation have I spent with individuals, and have received none but unmeaning replies; yet, barren as these replies were, I was confirmed in the opinion that truth in my hands has made advances. Let the advocates of truth take courage; truth cannot be brought in contact perseveringly with the human mind without having its beneficial results."

" Brother, you are right ; I have often reminded you of this. Our business as professed philosophers is calmly to advance naked truth, sending it forth to the world in the utmost simplicity of style ; and then without wasting our time in watching too solicitously the result. to set about the discovery of further truth to be given to the world in a similar way. I wish to do all the good which is by any means possible ; and when one thing has received the benefit of my utmost efforts, I must instantly withdraw myself from it, and direct my attention elsewhere."

" Would you favour me with a page or two of your powerful composition, by way of preface to my volume ?"

The hoary-headed sage sat down, and submitted to me the following preface ; much of its strength, however, has been lost in the hands of the translator.

" Reader !—did you ever read a book recommending you to commit suicide ? What opinion would you form of the author of the following pages were you to find them filled with serious arguments urging the commission of this act ? I care not a straw what you think of me ; my intention is forthwith to furnish you with explanations and points of the most approved methods of committing suicide, not merely in the usual mode, but in company. Addressing you as a member of polished society, my advice is—Quarrel ; whatever you do quarrel. But I ought to point out the class of persons to be quarrelled with. Now, I strongly advise you to select fools—young fools, if you can fall in with them. Old fools are generally obtuse ; but young fools would be satisfactorily quick of apprehension. To a man of strong mind, the intervening hours between the arranging of a combat and the actual encounter are maddening. But the fools are spell-bound ; each believes retreat impossible—each believes it incumbent upon him to maintain the farce with indifference. Poor, shallow-pated mortals ! What loss will it be to the world if they should happen to kill each other ? Who will retrench the slightest portion of a single meal through sorrow ? Who will sleep half a minuta less ? The offices of honour or emolument filled by them will be greedily snatched up by men whose common sense will probably intimate to them the folly of quitting the world thirty or

forty years before the call of nature The man who in his youth was the school-mate of one, and who, returning after an absence of twenty years from his native land, thinks of paying a visit to his companion in boyhood ; he calls, and by a stranger is told the fate of the former inhabitant. ‘ Twelve years ago, sir, he fell, in vindicating his honour.’ ‘ Vindicating his honour !’ repeats the astonished man, as he thoughtfully walks away. ‘ Dead twelve years ! humph ! fool, at bottom, after all.’ The travelled and experienced man had heard of such affairs transpiring, perhaps at great distances, with but little reflection about them ; but in this instance, the consideration of their merits being suddenly thrust upon him, his instant and decided verdict is ‘ Folly, folly.’ Reader ! my verdict is not merely folly, but *Madness*—INSANITY. In the ensuing pages you will have the subject discussed at great length. Its history will be given. Read for yourself, and decide. I shall be in a condition at a very early period to present the volumes to the world. Whatever may be their success, I have not been remiss in using my very utmost exertions. Let them be read as the production of one who has sternly denied himself of the pleasures of life ; the soft music of the female voice he has felt was not fitting for him. Study, daily—nightly—has been his ; with sickness has he had to struggle with a fainting of heart known only to himself ; when human nature has begged hard for a little mercy, a solemn, irrevocable vow has arisen before him ; and as none know the fearful terms in which that vow was couched—terms at which his blood freezes when he recalls them to mind—none can credit how its cruel details have through absolute terror been fulfilled almost to the letter. I have kept it. My repose has varied from four to five hours nightly, and my lamp of study has burned diurnally almost twenty hours. I was aware when I made my vow that my constitution would suffer ; and so it has. Surely, however, if men think themselves at liberty to curtail their lives some scores of years, I am not to be censured too strongly for having shortened my days a little in endeavouring to persevere, nay, to conjure, men not to sacrifice so extravagantly as they have done (or I should say, not to sacrifice at all) their lives to so barbarous a custom.”

The three friends then separated for the night.

FADED FLOWERS.

The flowers now are faded
 That you twined amongst my hair :
 You said that they were lovely,
 But that I was twice as fair.

You said my brow was fairer
 Than the " lily of the vale ;"
 And that when placed beside mine eye,
 The " blue bell " e'en look'd pale.

'Mong the lilies and the roses,
 You had placed " Forget-me-not ;"
 And I believed you, when you said
 I ne'er should be forgot.

You press'd unto your lips my hand,
 And said 'twould soon be thine ;
 And when I smiled, you said
 No smile was half so sweet as mine.

But soon those flowers faded
 That you placed around my brow ;
 But ere the first had perish'd,
 You forgot your solemn vow.

For another you have left me
 To mourn o'er happier hours,
 And to think upon your falsehood
 When I see these faded flowers.

BOTANICAL NOTICE FOR MAY.

(Omitted in our last for want of space.)

THE most conspicuous objects which present themselves to the eye of the Botanist during this month, "the merry month of May," are the butter-cup and daisy. These will be the subjects of a few remarks, as they are the representatives of two very numerous classes of plants, the *ranunculacæ* and *compositæ*.

There are no less than seventeen different species of the *ranunculus* or crowfoot growing in the meadows and ditches in the neighbourhood of Hull; that which is the most conspicuous in our fields is the *ranunculus bulbosus*, but nearly two hundred species are now known as growing in various parts of the globe.

The *ranunculus* belongs to the Linnean class and order, *polyandria polygynia*, that is having many stamens and many pistils, the stamens arising from the receptacle.

The *ranunculacæ* are characterised by having three, four, or five leaves to both calyx and flower, the stamens are numerous, the anther valves straight, carpels (that is the seed vessels) more or less distinct. But to speak now particularly of the construction of the buttercup of our meadows. Beneath the yellow petals there may be seen *five* small greenish-yellow leaflets; these are the sepals of the calyx, they fall off soon after the flower opens; within these are five other organs of a bright yellow colour on both sides; they stand up and form a little cup, in the bottom of which the other parts of the flower are curiously arranged; these are the petals of the corolla. At the base of each will be seen a little scale from which honey exudes; this was called by Linnæus, a nectary. Within the corolla are found a large number of stamens with short filaments, which are all separately implanted on the receptacle. Almost buried within the stamens, and occupying the centre of the flower, are a number of little green grains; these are too small to be seen readily without a magnifying glass; each of these is a single carpel, they each bear a horn-like

projection, which is the style, and the tip of this, which is now shining and wider than the style, is the stigma. Each one of these carpels contains a single ovula or young seed, which occupies but a small part of the cavity of the carpel at first, but in time the ovula increases in size so as to fill the cavity of the carpel completely. After the calyx, corolla, and stamens have fallen off, the cluster of carpels do not materially change in form, but increase in size and ripen into the fruit of the plant.

On looking at the other parts of the plant, it will be observed that the leaves are dark green, and that they are very much divided by deep indentations, and the form of the leaf is more simple as we ascend from the root to the summit of the plant.

The juices of this tribe of plants are invariably acrid, especially those of the *ranunculus acris*, or burning crowfoot of our meadows, and the *ranunculus scleratus* or wicked crowfoot of our ditches and ponds. The juices of these plants excoriate the skin, and even form ulcers that are difficult to heal; and simply carrying specimens in the hand for a short time will sometimes inflame its surface.

The *ranunculus aquatilis* or water crowfoot is not in possession of these acrid properties in such a high degree as the rest, indeed so mild is it, that in some parts of the country it is made use of as fodder for cows and even horses. There is one peculiarity respecting it which is worth naming, that is, the difference in form of the leaves which are submersed from those which are floating upon the surface of the water; the former are subdivided into a number of hair-like filaments, whilst the latter are but little separated into lobes. Some foreign species of *ranunculus* are much cultivated in gardens, on account of the beauty of their flowers, which have a tendency to become double.

To the group *ranunculaceæ* also belong the anemonies, whose flowers are so attractive with their white, blue, or purple petals on wooded banks. These have the calyx and corolla mixed together so that we cannot distinguish the one from the other; and when their flowers are gone they bear little tufts of feathery tails, or oval, woolly heads in the place of the clusters of grains which we observed in the *ranunculus*. If we observe the leaves, or stamens, or young carpels,

or the ripe seed of the anemone, we shall find all those parts constructed in every essential respect like the crowfoot. In this group may also be classed hepaticas, globe-flowers, marsh marigolds, christmas-roses, and winter aconites, each differing in one respect or other but possessing the essential characters already explained. The larkspur, aconite, and peonies are also plants which come under the same class with the above; they are, it is true, somewhat more removed in some parts of their conformation, but they have the two essential marks of distinction in their carpels and stamens.

The last subdivision of this order which we shall enumerate is that which contains the *clematis*, a genus of climbing plants, of which the species, native to Britain, is known under the name of traveller's joy; and another, which is much cultivated in gardens is commonly called virgin's bower. These are almost the only plants of the order which form woody stems; they grow in hedges and against walls, their petioles, or leaf stalks, being prolonged as tendrils; and in spite of the acidity of their juices, their flowers are mostly fragrant.

The daisy (*bellis perennis*) may be looked upon as the type of plants, *compositæ*, having compound flowers. They belong to the Linnæan class and order syngenesia polygamia, having the anthers united into a tube.

Rousseau says, "Take one of those flowers which cover all the pastures, and which every body knows by the name of *daisy*. Look at it well, for I am sure you would never have guessed from its appearance that this flower, which is so small and delicate, is really composed of between two and three hundred other flowers, all of these perfect—that is, each of them having its corolla, stamens, pistil, and fruit; in a word, as perfect in its species as a flower of the hyacinth or lily. Every one of these leaves, which are white above and red underneath, and form a kind of crown round the flower, appearing to be nothing more than little petals, are in reality so many true flowers; and every one of these tiny yellow things also, which you see in the centre, and which at first, perhaps, you have taken for nothing but stamens, are real flowers."

These are monopetalous corolla, which expand, and a glass will easily discover in them the pistil, and even the anthers with which it

is surrounded. Commonly the yellow florets towards the centre are still rounded and closed. These, however, are flowers like the others, but not yet open; for they expand successively from the edge inwards. This is enough to show the possibility of all these small affairs, both white and yellow, being so many distinct flowers; and this is a constant fact.

The daisy has the defect, as a means of illustration, of a compound flower, that its parts are so very similar as to be distinguished with difficulty. For this reason it will be better to take the common dandelion (*leontodon taraxacum*) for our pattern and guide. Besides what has already been described, we shall find at the bottom of the tube of the corolla a few little hairy scubs which stand on the top of the ovary, in the place of the calyx; botanists call them the *pappus*—(the *pappus* is absent in the daisy). This sometimes forms a beautiful plume of feathers, which catches the wind and enables the seed to soar into the air, and to scatter itself to a distance.

The delicate feathery balls of the dandelion, which children amuse themselves with blowing them away into the air, are the fruit of that plant crowned by the pappus. Below the pappus is the ovary, containing one single ovule; it terminates in a slender style, which passes through the tube of the corolla, and forks at the top into two stigmas.

The most casual observer cannot have failed to remark to what a great extent this order of plants prevails even in Britain. It would seem that they predominate rather in temperate regions, especially of the northern hemisphere, where they are considered as forming about one-sixth of the whole vegetation. In Britain, about 140 species of them may be reckoned, constituting about one-tenth of the whole number of native flowering plants. In France, they are estimated at about one-seventh, and in Germany at one-eighth; whilst in Lapland they are only one-fifteenth. In Sicily they are said to constitute more than half; and nearly the same proportion is found in some parts of North America.

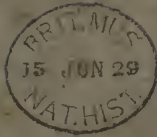
The whole order is divided into three subdivisions, viz., the *cichoraceæ*, from the common cichory or succory, with which they all agree in possessing a milky juice; this subdivision is characterized by

the head of the flower being composed of ligulate or strap-shaped florets, to the utter exclusion of the tubular florets, as in the dandelion. The *cinarocephalæ*, or thistle-headed plants, have, like the thistle, a head of flowers, composed entirely of tubular florets, that have also hard and spiny leaves; the *artichoke* belongs to this subdivision. And the *corymbifera*, which contain both sort of florets, the ligulate ones at the ray or circumference, and the tubular ones at the centre or disk; they are therefore also called composite plants. To this belong the sun-flower, chamomile, daisy, marigold, groundsel, wormwood, and many others.

In considering the properties of the order, it will be necessary to advert separately to each subdivision. The *cichoracæ* possess a milky juice, which is bitter and astringent, as well as narcotic or stupifying. These properties are strongly manifested in the *lactuca virosa*, or strong-scented lettuce. By proper cultivation, however, the injurious properties may be so far removed from several species of this group, such as the lettuce, endive, and succory, that they become wholesome articles of food. The roots of the dandelion are much used in this country for medicinal purposes, the extract prepared from them being considered by many as an useful tonic, promoting also the various secretions. In the *cinarocephalæ* bitterness predominates, and the principle to which it is due is generally mixed with gum.

In the *corymbifera*, the bitterness common to all the *compositæ* is combined with a resinous principle of stimulating character. Few supply articles of food; almost the only species of which any part is eaten being a species of sun-flower, of which the root is known under the name of Jerusalem artichoke. The seeds of the common sun-flower are a nutritious food for poultry, and they are made into cakes by the North American Indians. The chamomile is often made use of for its bitter qualities, and is in repute as a tonic and stomachic; but there are many species in which the bitter, the resinous, or the astringent properties are more predominant, and which have, therefore, their respective peculiar uses.—J. H. G.





TO OUR READERS.

IN consequence of the Publishers of the "HULL LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANY" being about to decline business, the present Number will be the last of that work.

